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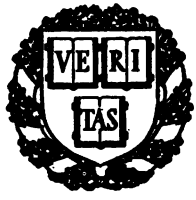

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PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICOL, AT THE
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G. Lewis. del. for the Rev.d D. Dibdins Tour – New Edition. H. Robinson. sculp.

ANN OF BRITANY.

From an Illuminated Missal in the Royal Library at Paris.

Vol. 2. p. 78.

London. Published June 1829 by R. Jennings Poultry.

A

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

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IN

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

BY THE REVEREND

THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT ROUEN, AND OF THE ACADEMY OF UTRECHT.

SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME II.

DEI OMNIA PLENA.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY ROBERT JENNINGS,
AND JOHN MAJOR.

1829.

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LETTER I.

PARIS. THE BOULEVARDS. PUBLIC BUILDINGS. STREET SCENERY. FOUNTAINS.*

Paris, June 18, 1818.

You are probably beginning to wonder at the tardiness of my promised Despatch, in which the architectural minutiæ of this City were to be somewhat

* [Several Notes in this volume having reference to Mons. Crapelet, a Printer of very considerable eminence at Paris, it may be proper to inform the Reader that that portion of this Tour, which may be said to have a more exclusive reference to France, usually speaking—including the notice of Strasbourg—was almost entirely translated by Mons. Crapelet himself. An exception however must be made to those parts which relate to the *King's Private Library* at Paris, and to *Strasbourg*: these having been executed by different pens, evidently in the hands of individuals of less wrongheadedness and acrimony of feeling than the Parisian Printer. Mons. Crapelet has prefixed a Preface to his labours, in which he tells the world, that, using my more favourite metaphorical style of expression, "a Crusade has risen up against the Infidel Dibdin."

Metaphorical as may be this style, it is yet somewhat alarming:

systematically described. But, as I have told you towards the conclusion of my previous letter, it would be to very little purpose to conduct you over every inch of ground which had been trodden and described by a host of Tourists, and from which little of interest or of novelty could be imparted. Yet it seems to be absolutely incumbent upon me to say *something* by way of local description.

Perhaps the BOULEVARDS form the most interesting feature about Paris. I speak here of the *principal* Boulevards:—of those, extending from *Ste. Madelaine* to *St. Antoine;* which encircle nearly one half the capital. Either on foot, or in a carriage, they afford you singular gratification. A very broad road way, flanked by two rows of trees on each side, within which the population of Paris seems to be in incessant agitation—lofty houses, splendid shops, occasionally a retired mansion, with a parterre of blooming

for, most assuredly, when I entered and quitted the "beau pays" of France, I had imagined myself to have been a courteous, a grateful, and, under all points of view, an ORTHODOX Visitor. It seems however, from the language of the French Typographer, that I acted under a gross delusion; and that it was necessary to have recourse to his sharp-set sickle to cut away all the tares which I had sown in the soil of his country. Upon the motive and the merit of his labours, I have already given my unbiassed opinion.* Here, it is only necessary to observe, that I have not, consciously, falsified his opinions, or undervalued his worth. Let the Reader judge between us.]

* Vide Preface.

flowers in front—all manner of merchandize exposed in the open air—prints, muslins, *kaleidoscopes*, (they have just introduced them*) trinkets, and especially watch chains and strings of beads, spread in gay colours upon the ground—the undulations of the chaussée—and a bright blue sky above the green trees—all these things irresistibly rivet the attention and extort the admiration of a stranger. You may have your boots cleaned, and your breakfast prepared, upon these same boulevards. Felicitous junction of conveniences!

This however is only a hasty sketch of what may be called a morning scene. AFTERNOON approaches: then, the innumerable chairs, which have been a long time unoccupied, are put into immediate requisition: then commences the "high exchange" of the loungers. One man hires two chairs, for which he pays two sous: he places his legs upon one of them, while his body, in a slanting position, occupies the other. The places, where these chairs are found, are usually flanked by coffee houses. Incessant reports from drawing the corks of beer bottles resound on all sides. The ordinary people are fond of this beverage; and for four or six sous they get a bottle of pleasant, refreshing, small beer. The draught is usually succeeded by a doze—in the open air. What is common, excites no surprise; and the stream of popula-

* [They have now entirely lost the recollection, as well as the sight, of them.]

tion rushes on without stopping one instant to notice these somniferous indulgences. Or, if they are not disposed to sleep, they sit and look about them: abstractedly gazing upon the multitude around, or at the heavens above. Pure, idle, unproductive listlessness is the necessary cause of such enjoyment.

Evening approaches: when the Boulevards put on their gayest and most fascinating livery. Then commences the bustle of the *Ice Mart:* in other words, then commences the general demand for ices: while the rival and neighbouring *caffés* of Tortoni and Riche have their porches of entrance choked by the incessant ingress and egress of customers. The full moon shines beautifully above the foliage of the trees; and an equal number of customers, occupying chairs, sit without, and call for ices to be brought to them. Meanwhile, between these loungers, and the entrances to the caffés, move on, closely wedged, and yet scarcely in perceptible motion, the mass of human beings who come only to exercise their eyes, by turning them to the right or to the left: while, on the outside, upon the chaussée, are drawn up the carriages of visitors (chiefly English ladies) who prefer taking their ice within their closed morocco quarters. The varieties of ice are endless, but that of the *Vanille* is justly a general favourite: not but that you may have coffee, chocolate, punch, peach, almond, and in short every species of gratification of this kind; while the glasses are filled to a great height, in a pyramidal shape, and

some of them with layers of strawberry, gooseberry, and other coloured ice—looking like pieces of a Harlequin's jacket—are seen moving to and fro, to be silently and certainly devoured by those who bespeak them. Add to this, every one has his tumbler and small water-bottle by the side of him: in the centre of the bottle is a large piece of ice, and with a tumbler of water, poured out from it, the visitor usually concludes his repast. The most luxurious of these ices scarcely exceeds a shilling of our money; and the quantity is at least half as much again as you get at a certain well-known confectioner's in Piccadilly.

It is getting towards MIDNIGHT; but the bustle and activity of the Boulevards have not yet much abated. Groups of musicians, ballad-singers, tumblers, actors, conjurors, slight-of-hand professors, and raree-shew men, have each their distinct audiences. You advance. A little girl with a raised turban (as usual, tastefully put on) seems to have no mercy either upon her own voice or upon the hurdy-gurdy on which she plays: her father shews his skill upon a violin, and the mother is equally active with the organ; after "a flourish"—not of "trumpets"—but of these instruments—the tumblers commence their operations. But a great crowd is collected to the right. What may this mean? All are silent; a ring is made, of which the boundaries are marked by small lighted candles stuck in pieces of clay. Within this circle stands a man—apparently strangled: both arms are extended,

and his eyes are stretched to their utmost limits. You look more closely—and the hilt of a dagger is seen in his mouth, of which the blade is introduced into his stomach! He is almost breathless, and ready to faint —but he approaches, with the crown of a hat in one hand, into which he expects you should drop a sous. Having made his collection, he draws forth the dagger from its carnal sheath, and, making his bow, seems to anticipate the plaudits which invariably follow.* Or, he changes his plan of operations on the following evening. Instead of the dagger put down his throat, he introduces a piece of wire up one nostril, to descend by the other—and, thus self-tortured, demands the remuneration and the applause of his audience. In short, from one end of the Boulevards to the other, for nearly two English miles, there is nought but animation, good humour, and, it is right to add, good order;—while, having strolled as far as the Boulevards *de Bondy*, and watched the moon-beams sparkling in the waters which play there within the beautiful fountain so called,—I retread my steps, and seek the quiet quarters in which this epistle is penned.

The next out-of-door sources of gratification, of importance, are the *Gardens of the Thuileries*, the *Champs Elysées*, and the promenade within the

* ["The Parisians would doubtless very willingly get rid of such a horrid spectacle in the streets and places of the Metropolis: besides, it is not unattended with danger to the Actors themselves."—CRAPELET.]

Palais Royal; in which latter plays a small, but, in my humble opinion, the most beautifully constructed fountain which Paris can boast of. Of this, presently. The former of these spots is rather pretty than picturesque: rather limited than extensive: a raised terrace to the left, on looking from the front of the Thuileries, is the only commanding situation—from which you observe the Seine, running with its green tint, and rapid current, to the left—while on the right you leisurely examine the rows of orange trees and statuary which give an imposing air of grandeur to the scene. At this season of the year, the fragrance of the blossoms of the orange trees is most delicious. The statues are of a colossal, and rather superior kind... for garden decoration. There are pleasing vistas and wide gravel walks, and a fine evening usually fills them with crowds of Parisians. The palace is long, but rather too low and narrow; yet there is an air of elegance about it, which, with the immediately surrounding scenery, cannot fail to strike you very agreeably. The white flag of St. Louis floats upon the top of the central dome. The *Champs Elysées* consist of extensive wooded walks; and a magnificent road divides them, which serves as the great attractive mall for carriages—especially on Sundays—while, upon the grass, between the trees, on that day, appear knots of male and female citizens enjoying the waltz or quadrille. It is doubtless a most singular, and animated scene: the utmost order and good humour

prevailing. The *Place Louis Quinze*, running at right angles with the Thuileries, and which is intersected in your route to the *Rue de la Paix*, is certainly a most magnificent front elevation; containing large and splendid houses, of elaborate exterior ornament. When completed, to the right, it will present an almost matchless front of domestic architecture, built upon the Grecian model. It was in this place, facing his own regal residence of the Thuileries, that the unfortunate Louis—surrounded by a ferocious and bloodthirsty mob—was butchered by the guillotine.

Come back with me now into the very heart of Paris, and let us stroll within the area of the *Palais Royal*. You may remember that I spoke of a fountain, which played within the centre of this popular resort. The different branches, or *jets d'eau*, spring from a low, central point; and crossing each other in a variety of angles, and in the most pleasing manner of intersection, produce, altogether, the appearance of the blossom of a large flower: so silvery and transparent is the water, and so gracefully are its glassy petals disposed. Meanwhile, the rays of the sun, streaming down from above, produce a sort of stationary rainbow: and, in the heat of the day, as you sit upon the chairs, or saunter beneath the trees, the effect is both grateful and refreshing. The little flower garden, in the centre of which this fountain seems to be for ever playing, is a perfect model of neatness and tasteful disposition: not a weed dare

intrude: and the earth seems always fresh and moist from the spray of the fountain—while roses, jonquils, and hyacinths scatter their delicious fragrance around. For one minute only let us visit the *Caffé des Mille Colonnes:* so called (as you well know) from the number of upright mirrors and glasses which reflect the small columns by which the ceiling is supported. Brilliant and singular as is this effect, it is almost eclipsed by the appearance of the Mistress of the House; who, decorated with rich and rare gems, and seated upon a sort of elevated throne—uniting great comeliness and (as some think) beauty of person—receives both the homage and (what is doubtless preferable to her) the *francs* of numerous customers and admirers. The "wealth of either Ind" sparkles upon her hand, or glitters upon her attire: and if the sun of her beauty be somewhat verging towards its declension, it sets with a glow which reminds her old acquaintance of the splendour of its noon-day power. It is yet a sharply contested point whether the ice of this house be preferable to that of Tortoni: a point, too intricate and momentous for my solution. "Non nostrum est . . . tantas componere lites."

Of the *Jardin des Plantes,* which I have once visited, but am not likely to revisit—owing to the extreme heat of the weather, and the distance of the spot from this place—scarcely too much can be said in commendation: whether we consider it as a *dépôt* for live or dead animals, or as a school of study and

instruction for the cultivators of natural history. The wild animals are kept, in their respective cages, out of doors, which is equally salutary for themselves and agreeable to their visitors. I was much struck by the perpetual motion of a huge, restless, black bear, who has left the marks of his footsteps by a concavity in the floor:—as well as by the panting, and apparently painful, inaction of an equally huge white or gray bear—who, nurtured upon beds of Greenland ice, seemed to be dying beneath the oppressive heat of a Parisian atmosphere. The same misery appeared to beset the bears who are confined, in an open space, below. They searched every where for shade; while a scorching sun was darting its vertical rays upon their heads. In the Museum of dead, or stuffed animals, you have every thing that is minute or magnificent in nature, from the creeping lizard to the towering giraffe, arranged systematically, and in a manner the most obvious and intelligible: while Cuvier's collection of fossil bones equally surprises and instructs you. It is worth all the *catacombs* of all the capitals in the world. If we turn to the softer and more beauteous parts of creation, we are dazzled and bewildered by the radiance and variety of the tribes of vegetables—whether as fruits or flowers; and, upon the whole, this is an establishment which, in no age or country, hath been surpassed.

It is not necessary to trouble you with much more of this strain. The out-of-door enjoyments in Paris

are so well known, and have been so frequently described—and my objects of research being altogether of a very different complexion—you will not, I conclude, scold me if I cease to expatiate upon this topic, but direct your attention to others. Not however but that I think you may wish to know my sentiments about the principal ARCHITECTURAL BUILDINGS of Paris—as you are yourself not only a lover, but a judge, of these matters—and therefore the better qualified to criticise and correct the following remarks—which flow "au bout de la plume"—as Madame de Sévigné says. In the first place, then, let us stop a few minutes before the THUILERIES. It hath a beautiful front: beautiful from its lightness and airiness of effect. The small central dome is the only raised part in the long horizontal line of this extended building: not but what the extremities are raised in the old fashioned sloping manner: but if there had been a similar dome at each end, and that in the centre had been just double its present height, the effect, in my humble opinion, would have harmonised better with the extreme length of the building. It is very narrow; so much so, that the same room contains windows from which you may look on either side of the palace: upon the gardens to the west, or within the square to the east.

Adjoining to the Thuileries is the LOUVRE: that is to say, a long range of building to the south, parallel with the Seine, connects these magnificent residences:

and it is precisely along this extensive range that the celebrated *Gallery of the Louvre* runs. The principal exterior front, or southern extremity of the Louvre, faces the Seine; and to my eye it is nearly faultless as a piece of architecture constructed upon Grecian and Roman models. But the interior is yet more splendid. I speak more particularly of the south and western fronts: that facing the north being more ancient, and containing female figure ornaments which are palpably of a disproportionate length. The Louvre quadrangle (if I may borrow our old college phrase) is assuredly the most splendid piece of ornamental architecture which Paris contains. The interior of the edifice itself is as yet in an unfinished condition;* but you must not conclude the examination of this glorious pile of building, without going round to visit the *eastern* exterior front—looking towards Notre-Dame. Of all sides of the square, within or without, this colonnade front is doubtless the most perfect of its kind. It is less rich and crowded with ornament than any side of the interior —but it assumes one of the most elegant, airy, and perfectly proportionate aspects, of any which I am just

* [" And will continue to be so, it is feared—to the regret of all Frenchmen—for a long time. It is however the beginning of a new reign. The building of some new Edifices will doubtless be undertaken. But if the King were to order the *finishing* of all the public Buildings of Paris, the epoch of the reign of Charles X. would assuredly be the most memorable for Arts, and the embellishment of the Capital." CRAPELET. 1825.]

now able to recollect. Perhaps the basement story, upon which this double columned colonnade of the Corinthian Order runs, is somewhat too plain—a sort of affectation of the rustic. The alto-relievo figures in the centre of the tympanum have a decisive and appropriate effect. The advantage both of the Thuileries and Louvre is, that they are well seen from the principal thoroughfares of Paris: that is to say, along the quays, and from the chief streets running from the more ancient parts on the south side of the Seine. The evil attending our own principal public edifices is, that they are generally constructed where they *cannot* be seen to advantage. Supposing one of the principal entrances or malls of London, both for carriages and foot, to be on the *south* side of the Thames, what could be more magnificent than the front of *Somerset House*, rising upon its hundred columns perpendicularly from the sides of a river... three times as broad as the Seine, with the majestic arches of *Waterloo Bridge!*—before which, however, the stupendous elevation of *St. Paul's* and its correspondent bridge of *Black Friars*, could not fail to excite the wonder, and extort the praise, of the most anti-anglican stranger. And to crown the whole, how would the venerable nave and the towers of *Westminster Abbey*—with its peculiar bridge of Westminster . . give a finish to such a succession of architectural objects of metropolitan grandeur! Although in the very heart of Parisian wonder, I cannot help,

you see, carrying my imagination towards our own capital; and suggesting that, if, instead of furnaces, forges, and flickering flames—and correspondent clouds of dense smoke—which give to the southern side of the Thames the appearance of its being the abode of legions of blacksmiths, and glass and shot makers—we introduced a little of the good taste and good sense of our neighbours—and if . . . But all this is mighty easily said—though not quite so easily put in practice. The truth however is, my dear friend, that we should *approximate* a little towards each other. Let the Parisians attend somewhat more to our domestic comforts and commercial advantages—and let the Londoners sacrifice somewhat of their love of warehouses and manufactories—and then you will have hit the happy medium, which, in the metropolis of a great empire, would unite all the conveniences, with all the magnificence, of situation.

Of other buildings, devoted to civil purposes, the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, the HÔTEL DES INVALIDES, with its gilded dome (a little too profusely adorned,) the INSTITUTE, and more particularly the MINT, are the chief ornaments on the south side of the Seine. In these I am not disposed to pick the least hole, by fastidious or hypercritical observations. Only I wish that they would contrive to let the lions, in front of the façade of the Institute, (sometimes called the *Collège Mazarin* or *des Quatre Nations*—upon the whole, a magnificent pile) discharge a good large

mouthful of water—instead of the drivelling stream which is for ever trickling from their closed jaws. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the appearance of these meagre and unappropriate objects: the more to be condemned, because the French in general assume great credit for the management of their fountains. Of the four great buildings just noticed, that of the Mint, or rather its façade, pleases me most. It is a beautiful elevation, in pure good taste; but the stone is unfortunately of a coarse grain and of a dingy colour. Of the BRIDGES thrown across the Seine, connecting all the fine objects on either side, it must be allowed that they are generally in good taste: light, yet firm; but those, in iron, of Louis XVI. and *des Arts*, are perhaps to be preferred. The *Pont Neuf*, where the ancient part of Paris begins, is a large, long, clumsy piece of stone work: communicating with the island upon which *Notre Dame* is built. But if you look eastward, towards old Paris, from the top of this bridge—or if you look in the same direction, a little towards the western side, or upon the quays,—you contemplate, in my humble opinion, one of the grandest views of street scenery that can be imagined! The houses are very lofty—occasionally of six or even eight stories—the material with which they are built is a fine cream-coloured stone: the two branches of the river, and the back ground afforded by *Notre Dame*, and a few other subordinate public buildings, altogether produce an effect—especially as

you turn your back upon the sun, sinking low behind the *Barrière de Neuilly*—which would equally warm the hearts and exercise the pencils of the TURNERS and CALCOTS of our own shores. Indeed, I learn that the former distinguished artist has actually made a drawing of this picture. But let me add, that my own unqualified admiration had preceded the knowledge of this latter fact. Among other buildings, I must put in a word of praise in behalf of the HALLE-AUX-BLE'S—built after the model of the Pantheon at Rome. It is one hundred and twenty French feet in diameter; has twenty-five covered archways, or arcades, of ten feet in width; of which six are open, as passages of ingress and egress—corresponding with the like number of opposite streets. The present cupola (preceded by one almost as large as that of the Pantheon at Rome) is built of iron and brass—of a curious, light, and yet sufficiently substantial construction—and is unassailable by fire. I never passed through this building without seeing it well stocked with provender; while its area was filled with farmers, who, like our own, assemble to make the best bargain. Yet let me observe that, owing to the height of the neighbouring houses, this building loses almost the whole of its appropriate effect.

Nor should the EXCHANGE, in the *Rue des Filles St. Thomas*, be dismissed without slight notice and commendation. It is equally simple, magnificent, and striking: composed of a single row, or peristyle, of

Corinthian pillars, flanking a square of no mean dimensions, and presenting fourteen pillars in its principal front. At this present moment, it is not quite finished; but when completed, it promises to be among the most splendid and the most perfect specimens of public architecture in Paris.* Beautiful as many may think *our* Exchange, in my humble opinion it has no pretensions to compete with that at Paris. The HÔTEL DE VILLE, near the *Place de Grève*, is rather in the character of the more ancient buildings in France: it is exceedingly picturesque, and presents a noble façade. Being situated amidst the older streets of Paris, nothing can harmonise better with the surrounding objects. Compared with the metropolis, on its present extended scale, it is hardly of sufficient importance for the consequence usually attached to this kind of building; but you must remember that the greater part of it was built in the sixteenth century, when the capital had scarcely attained half its present size. The *Place de Grève* during the Revolution, was the spot in which the guillotine performed almost all its butcheries. I walked over it with a hurrying step: fancying the earth to be yet moist with the blood of so many immolated victims. Of other HÔTELS, I shall mention only those of DE SENS and DE SOUBISE. The entrance into the former yet

* [It is now completed: but seven years elapsed, after the above description, before the building was in all respects considered to be finished.]

exhibits a most picturesque specimen of the architecture of the early part of the XVIth century. Its interior is devoted to every thing... which it ought *not* to be. The Hôtel de Soubise is still a consequential building. It was sufficiently notorious during the reigns of Charles V. and VI.: and it owes its present form to the enterprising spirit of Cardinal Rohan, who purchased it of the Guise family towards the end of the XVIIth century. There is now, neither pomp nor splendour, nor revelry, within this vast building. All its aristocratic magnificence is fled; but the antiquary and the man of curious research console themselves on its possessing treasures of a more substantial and covetable kind. You are to know that it contains the *Archives of State* and the *Royal Printing Office.*

Paris has doubtless good reason to be proud of her public buildings; for they are numerous, splendid, and commodious; and have the extraordinary advantage over our own of not being tinted with soot and smoke. Indeed, when one thinks of the sure invasion of every new stone or brick building in London, by these enemies of external beauty, one is almost sick at heart during the work of erection. The lower tier of windows and columns round St. Paul's have been covered with the dirt and smoke of upwards of a century: and the fillagree-like embellishments which distinguish the recent restorations of Henry the VIIth's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, are already beginning to lose their delicacy of appearance from a similar cause.

But I check myself. I am at Paris—and not in the metropolis of our own country.

A word now for STREET SCENERY. Paris is perhaps here unrivalled: still I speak under correction—having never seen Edinburgh. But, although *portions* of that northern capital, from its undulating or hilly site, must necessarily present more picturesque appearances, yet, upon the whole, from the superior size of Paris, there must be more numerous examples of the kind of scenery of which I am speaking. The specimens are endless. I select only a few—the more familiar to me. In turning to the left, from the *Boulevard Montmartre* or *Poissonière,* and going towards the *Rue St. Marc,* or *Rue des Filles St. Thomas* (as I have been in the habit of doing, almost every morning, for the last ten days—in my way to the Royal Library) you leave the *Rue Montmartre* obliquely to the left. The houses here seem to run up to the sky; and appear to have been constructed with the same ease and facility as children build houses of cards. In every direction about this spot, the houses, built of stone, as they generally are, assume the most imposing and picturesque forms; and if a Canaletti resided here, who would condescend to paint without water and wherries, some really magnificent specimens of this species of composition might be executed —equally to the credit of the artist and the place.

If you want old fashioned houses, you must lounge in the long and parallel streets of *St. Denis* and

St. Martin; but be sure that you choose dry weather for the excursion. Two hours of heavy rain (as I once witnessed) would cause a little rushing rivulet in the centre of these streets—and you could only pass from one side to the other by means of a plank. The absence of *trottoirs*—or foot-pavement—is indeed here found to be a most grievous defect. With the exception of the *Place Vendome* and the *Rue de la Paix*, where something like this sort of pavement prevails, Paris presents you with hardly any thing of the kind; so that, methinks, I hear you say, "what though your Paris be gayer and more grand, our London is larger and more commodious." Doubtless this is a fair criticism. But from the *Marché des Innocens*—a considerable space, where they sell chiefly fruit and vegetables,*—(and which reminded me something of the market-places of Rouen) towards the *Hôtel de Ville* and the *Hôtel de Soubise*, you will meet with many extremely curious and interesting specimens of house and street scenery: while, as I before observed to you, the view of the houses and streets in the *Isle St. Louis*, from the *Pont des Ars*, the *Quai de Conti*, the *Pont Neuf*, or the *Quai des Augustins*—or, still better, the *Pont Royal*—is absolutely one of the grand-

* [A most admirable view of this Market Place, with its picturesque fountain in the centre, was painted by the younger Mr. Chalon, and exhibited at Somerset House. A well executed *print* of such a thoroughly characteristic performance might, one would imagine, sell prosperously on either side of the channel.]

est and completest specimens of metropolitan scenery which can be contemplated. Once more: go as far as the *Pont Louis XVI.*, cast your eye down to the left; and observe how magnificently the Seine is flanked by the Thuileries and the Louvre. Surely, it is but a sense of justice and a love of truth which compel an impartial observer to say, that this is a view of regal and public splendor—without a parallel in our own country!

The *Rue de Richelieu* is called the Bond-street of Paris. Parallel with it, is the *Rue Vivienne.* They are both pleasant streets; especially the former, which is much longer, and is rendered more striking by containing some of the finest hotels in Paris. Hosiers, artificial flower makers, clock-makers, and jewellers, are the principal tradesmen in the Rue de Richelieu; but it has no similarity with Bond-street. The houses are of stone, and generally very lofty—while the *Academie de Musique** and the *Bibliothèque du Roi* are public buildings of such consequence and capacity (especially the former) that it is absurd to name the street in which they are situated with our own. The

* [This building, which may perhaps be better known as that of the *Opera,* is now rased to the ground—in consequence of the assassination of the Duke de Berri there, in February, 1820, on his stepping into his carriage on quitting the Opera. But five years were suffered to elapse before the work of demolition was quite completed. And when will the monument to the Duke's memory be raised?—CRAPELET.]

Rue Vivienne is comparatively short; but it is pleasing, from the number of flowers, shrubs, and fruits, brought thither from the public markets for sale. No doubt the *Place Vendome* and the *Rue de la Paix* claim precedence, on the score of magnificence and comfort, to either of these, or to any other streets; but to my taste there is nothing (next to the Boulevards) which is so thoroughly gratifying as the Rue de Richelieu. Is it because some few hundred thousand printed volumes are deposited therein? But of all these, the *Rue St. Honoré*, with its faubourg so called, is doubtless the most distinguished and consequential. It seems to run from west to east entirely through Paris; and is considered, on the score of length, as more than a match for our Oxford street.

It may be so; but if the houses are loftier, the street is much narrower; and where, again, is your foot-pavement—to protect you from the eternal movements of fiacre, cabriolet, voiture and diligence? Besides, the undulating line of our Oxford-street presents, to the tasteful observer, a sight—perfectly unrivalled of its kind—especially if it be witnessed on a clear night, when its thousand gas-lighted lamps below emulate the starry lustre of the heavens above! To an inexperienced eye, this has the effect of enchantment. Add to the houses of Oxford-street but two stories, and the appearance of this street, in the day time, would be equally imposing: to which add—what can never be added—the atmosphere of Paris!

You will remark that, all this time, I have been wholly silent about the *Palace de Luxembourg*, with its beautiful though flat gardens—of tulips, jonquils, roses, wall flowers, lilac and orange trees—its broad and narrow walks—its terraces and statues. The façade, in a line with the *Rue Vaugirard*, has a grand effect—in every point of view. But the south front, facing the gardens, is extremely beautiful and magnificent; while across the gardens, and in front,—some short English mile—stands the OBSERVATORY. Yet fail not to visit the interior square of the palace, for it is well worth your notice and admiration. This building is now the *Chambre des Pairs*. Its most celebrated ornament was the famous suite of paintings, by Rubens, descriptive of the history of Henry IV. These now adorn the gallery of the Louvre. It is a pity that this very tasteful structure—which seems to be built of the choicest stone—should be so far removed from what may be called the fashionable part of the city. It is in consequence reluctantly visited by our countrymen; although a lover of botany, or a florist, will not fail to procure two or three roots of the different species of *tulips*, which, it is allowed, blow here in uncommon luxuriance and splendor.

The preceding is, I am aware, but a feeble and partial sketch—compared with what a longer residence, and a temperature more favourable to exercise (for we are half scorched up with heat, positive and reflected) —would enable me to make. But " where are my fa-

vourite ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES?" methinks I hear you exclaim. Truly you shall know as much as I know myself; which is probably little enough. Of NOTRE-DAME, the west front, with its marygold window, is striking both from its antiquity and richness. It is almost black from age; but the alto-relievos, and especially those above the doors, stand out in almost perfect condition. These ornaments are rather fine of their kind. There is, throughout the whole of this west front, a beautiful keeping; and the towers are, *here*, somewhat more endurable—and therefore somewhat in harmony. Over the north-transept door, on the outside, is a figure of the Virgin—once holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Of the latter, only the feet remain. The drapery of this figure is in perfectly good taste: a fine specimen of that excellent art which prevailed towards the end of the XIIIth century. Above, is an alto-relievo subject of the slaughter of the Innocents. The soldiers are in quilted armour. I entered the cathedral from the western door, during service-time. A sight of the different clergymen engaged in the office, filled me with melancholy—and made me predict sad things of what was probably to come to pass! These clergymen were old, feeble, wretchedly attired in their respective vestments—and walked and sung in a tremulous and faltering manner. The architectural effect in the interior is not very imposing: although the solid circular pillars of the nave — the double aisles round

the choir—and the old basso-relievo representations of the life of Christ, upon the exterior of the walls of the choir—cannot fail to afford an antiquary very singular satisfaction. The choir appeared to be not unlike that of St. Denis.

The next Gothic church, in size and importance, is that of St. GERVAIS—situated to the left, in the Rue de Monceau. It has a very lofty nave, but the interior is exceedingly flat and divested of ornament. The pillars have scarcely any capitals. The choir is totally destitute of effect. Some of the stained glass is rich and old, but a great deal has been stolen or demolished during the Revolution. There is a good large modern picture, in one of the side chapels to the right: and yet a more modern one, much inferior, on the opposite side. In almost every side chapel, and in the confessionals, the priests were busily engaged in the catechetical examination of young people previous to the first Communion on the following sabbath, which was the Fête-Dieu. The western front is wholly Grecian—perhaps about two hundred years old. It is too lofty for its width—but has a grand effect, and is justly much celebrated. Yet the *situation* of this fine old Gothic church is among the most wretched of those in Paris. It is preserved from suffocation, only by holding it head so high. Next in importance to St. Gervais, is the Gothic church of St. EUSTACHE: a perfect specimen, thoughout, of that adulterated style of Gothic architecture (called its *restoration!*) which

prevailed at the commencement of the reign of Francis I. Faulty, and even meretricious, as is the whole of the interior, the choir will not fail to strike you with surprise and gratification. It is light, rich, and lofty. This church is very large, but not so capacious as St. Gervais—while situation is, if possible, still more objectionable.

Let me not forget my two old favourite churches of ST. GERMAIN DES PRÈS, *and St. Geneviève;* although of the latter I hardly know whether a hasty glimpse, both of the exterior and interior, be not sufficient; the greater part having been destroyed during the Revolution.* The immediate vicinity of the former is sadly choaked by stalls and shops—and the west-front has been cruelly covered by modern appendages. It is the church dearest to antiquaries; and with reason.† I first visited it on a Sunday, when that part of the Service was performed which required the fullest intonations of the organ. The effect altogether was very striking. The singular pillars—of which the capitals are equally massive and grotesque, being sometimes composed of human beings, and sometimes of birds and beasts, especially towards the choir—the

* [It is now entirely demolished, to make way for a large and commodious Street which gives a complete view of the church of St. Stephen. CRAPELET.]

† The views of it, as it appeared in the XVIth century, represent it nearly surrounded by a wall and a moat. It takes its name as having been originally situated *in the fields.*

rising up and sitting down of the congregation, and the yet more frequent movements of the priests—the swinging of the censers—and the parade of the vergers, dressed in bag wigs, with broad red sashes of silk, and silk stockings—but, above all, the most scientifically touched, as well as the deepest and loudest toned, organ I ever heard—perfectly bewildered and amazed me! Upon the dispersion of the congregation—which very shortly followed this religious excitation—I had ample leisure to survey every part of this curious old structure; which reminded me, although upon a much larger scale, of the peculiarities of St. Georges de Bocherville, and Notre Dame at Guibray. Certainly, very much of this church is of the twelfth century—and as I am not writing to our friend P*** I will make bold to say that some portions of it yet "smack strongly" of the eleventh.

Nearer to my residence, and of a kindred style of architecture, is the church of ST. GERMAIN AUX AUXERROIS. The west front or porch is yet sound and good. Nothing particularly strikes you on the entrance, but there are some interesting specimens of rich old stained glass in the windows of the transepts. The choir is completely and cruelly modernised. In the side chapels are several good modern paintings; and over an altar of twisted columns, round which ivy leaves, apparently composed of ivory, are creeping, is a picture of three figures in the flames of purgatory. This side-chapel is consecrated to the offering up of orisons

"for the souls in purgatory." It is gloomy and repulsive. Death's heads and thigh bones are painted, in white colours, upon the stained wall; and in the midst of all these fearful devices, I saw three young ladies intensely occupied in their devotions at the railing facing the altar. Here again, I observed priests examining young people in their catechism; and others in confessionals, receiving the confessions of the young of both sexes, previous to their taking the first sacrament on the approaching *Fête-Dieu*.

Contiguous to the Sorbonne church, there stands, raising its neatly constructed dome aloft in air, the *Nouvelle Eglise Ste. Geneviève*, better known by the name of the PANTHEON. The interior presents to my eye the most beautiful and perfect specimen of Grecian architecture with which I am acquainted. In the crypt are seen the tombs of French warriors; and upon the pavement above, is a white marble statue of General Leclerc (brother in law of Bonaparte,) who died in the expedition to St. Domingo. This statue is too full of conceit and affectation both in attitude and expression. The interior of the building is about 370 English feet in length, by 270 in width; but it is said that the foundation is too weak. From the gallery, running along the bottom of the dome—the whole a miniature representation of our St. Paul's—you have a sort of Panorama of Paris; but not, I think, a very favourable one. The absence of sea-coal fume strikes you very agreeably; but, for pictu-

resque effect, I could not help thinking of the superior beauty of the panorama of Rouen from the heights of Mont Ste. Catharine. It appears to me that the small lantern on the top of the dome wants a finishing apex.†

Yonder majestic portico forms the west front of the church called St. SULPICE . . . It is at once airy and grand. There are two tiers of pillars, of which this front is composed: the lower is Doric; the upper Ionic: and each row, as I am told, is nearly forty French feet in height, exclusively of their entablatures, each of ten feet. We have nothing like this, certainly, as the front of a parish church, in London. When I except St. Paul's, such exception is made in reference to the most majestic piece of architectural composition, which, to my eye, the wit of man hath yet devised. The architect of the magnificent front of St. Sulpice was SERVANDONI; and a street hard by (in which Dom Brial, the father of French history, resides) takes its name from this architect. There are two towers—one at each end of this front,—about two hundred and twenty feet in height from the pavement: harmonising well with the general style of architecture, but of which, that to the south (to the

† [Two years ago was placed, upon the top of this small lantern, a gilt cross, thirty-eight feet high: 41 of English measurement: and the church has been consecrated to the Catholic service. CRAPELET. Thus, the criticism of an English traveller, in 1818, was not entirely void of foundation.]

best of my recollection) is left in an unaccountably, if not shamefully, unfinished state.* These towers are said to be about one *toise* higher than those of Notre Dame. The interior of this church is hardly less imposing than its exterior. The vaulted roofs are exceedingly lofty; but for the length of the nave, and more especially the choir, the transepts are disproportionably short. Nor are there sufficiently prominent ornaments to give relief to the massive appearance of the sides. These sides are decorated by fluted pilasters of the Corinthian order; which, for so large and lofty a building, have a tame effect. There is nothing like the huge, single, insulated column, or the clustered slim pilasters, that separate the nave from the side aisles of the Gothic churches of the early and middle ages.

The principal altar, between the nave and the choir, is admired for its size, and grandeur of effect; but it is certainly ill-placed, and is perhaps too ornamental, looking like a detached piece which does not harmonise with the surrounding objects. Indeed, most of the altars in French churches want simplicity and appropriate effect: and the whole of the interior of the choir is (perhaps to my fastidious eye only,) destitute of that quiet solemn character, which ought always to belong

* [Our public buildings, which have continued long in an unfinished state, strike the eyes of foreigners more vividly than they do our own: but it is impossible to face the front of St. Sulpice without partaking of the sentiment of the author. CRAPELET.]

to places of worship. Rich, minute, and elaborate as are many of the Gothic choirs of our own country, they are yet in harmony; and equally free from a frivolous or unappropriate effect. Behind the choir, is the Chapel of Our Lady: which is certainly both splendid and imposing. Upon the ceiling is represented the Assumption of the Virgin, and the walls are covered with a profusion of gilt ornament, which, upon the whole, has a very striking effect. In a recess, above the altar, is a sculptured representation of the Virgin and Infant Christ, in white marble, of a remarkably high polish: nor are the countenances of the mother and child divested of sweetness of expression. They are represented upon a large globe, or with the world at their feet: upon the top of which, slightly coiled, lies the "bruised" or dead serpent. The light, in front of the spectator, from a concealed window, (a contrivance to which the French seem partial) produces a sort of magical effect. I should add, that this is the largest parochial church in Paris; and that its organ has been pronounced to be matchless.

The rival churches of St. Sulpice—rival ones, rather from similarity of structure, than extent of dimensions —are the ORATOIRE and St. ROCH: both situated in the Rue St. Honoré. St. Roch is doubtless a very fine building—with a well-proportioned front—and a noble flight of steps; but the interior is too plain and severe for my taste. The walls are decorated by un-

fluted pilasters, with capitals scarcely conformable to any one order of architecture. The choir however is lofty, and behind it, in Our Lady's Chapel if I remember rightly, there is a striking piece of sculpture, of the Crucifixion, sunk into a rock, which receives the light from an invisible aperture as at St. Sulpice. To the right, or rather behind this chapel, there is another—called the *Chapel of Calvary*,—in which you observe a celebrated piece of sculpture, of rather colossal dimensions, of the entombment of Christ. The dead Saviour is borne to the sepulchre by Joseph of Arimathea, St. John, and the three Maries. The name of the sculptor is *Deseine*. Certainly you cannot but be struck with the effect of such representations—which accounts for these two chapels being a great deal more attended, than the choir or the nave of the church. It is right however to add, that the pictures here are preferable to those at St. Sulpice: and the series of bas-reliefs, descriptive of the principal events in the life of Christ, is among the very best specimens of art, of that species, which Paris can boast of.

Very different from either of these interiors is that of *St. Philippe du Roule;* which presents you with a single insulated row of fluted Ionic pillars, on each side of the nave; very airy, yet impressive and imposing. It is much to my taste; and I wish such a plan were more generally adopted in the interiors of Grecian-constructed churches. The choir, the altar

. . . the whole is extremely simple and elegant. Nor must the roof be omitted to be particularly mentioned. It is an arch, constructed of wood; upon a plan originally invented by Philibert Delorme—so well known in the annals of art in the sixteenth century. The whole is painted in stone colour, and may deceive the most experienced eye. This beautiful church was built after the designs of Chalgrin, about the year 1700; and is considered to be a purer resemblance of the antique than any other in Paris. This church, well worth your examination, is situated in a quarter rarely visited by our countrymen—in the *Rue du Faubourg du Roule*, not far from the barriers.

Not very remotely connected with the topic of CHURCHES, is that of the SABBATHS . . as spent in Paris. They are nearly the same throughout all France. As Bonaparte had no respect for religion itself, so he had less for the forms connected with the upholding of it. Parades, battles, and campaigns—were all that he cared about: and the Parisians, if they supplied him with men and money—the *materiel* for the execution of these objects—were left to pray, preach, dance, or work, just as they pleased on the Sabbath day. The present King,* as you well know, attempted the introduction of something like an *English Sabbath*: but it would not do. When the French read and understand GRAHAME† as well as they do THOMSON,

* [Louis XVIII.]

† *read and understand* GRAHAME.]—Mr. Grahame is both a

they will peradventure lend a ready and helping hand towards the completion of this laudable plan. At present, there is much which hurts the eye and ear of a well-educated and well-principled Englishman. There is a partial shutting up of the shops before twelve; but after mid-day the shop-windows are uniformly closed throughout Paris. Meanwhile the cart, the cabriolet, the crier of herbs and of other marketable produce—the sound of the whip or of the carpenter's saw and hammer—the shelling of peas in the open air, and the plentiful strewing of the pod hard by—together with sundry other offensive and littering accompaniments—all strike you as disagreeable deviations from what you have been accustomed to witness at home. Add to this, the half-dirty attire—the unshaven beard of the men, and the unkempt locks of the women—produce further revolting sensations. It is not till past mid-day that the noise of labour ceases, and that the toilette is put into a complete state for the captivation of the beholder. By four or five o'clock the streets become half thinned. On a Sunday, every

very readable and understandable author. He has reason to be proud of his poem called the SABBATH: for it is one of the sweetest and one of the purest of modern times. His *scene* however is laid in the country, and not in the metropolis. The very opening of this poem refreshes the heart—and prepares us for the more edifying portions of it, connected with the performance of the religious offices of our country. This beautiful work will LIVE as long as sensibility, and taste, and a virtuous feeling, shall possess the bosoms of a British Public.

body rushes into the country. The tradesman has his little villa, and the gentleman and man of fortune his more capacious rural domain; and those, who aspire neither to the one or the other, resort to the *Bois de Boulogne* and the *Champs Elysées*, or to the gardens of *Beaujon*, and *Tivoli*—or to the yet more attractive magnificence of the palace and fountains of *Versailles*—where, in one or the other of these places, they carouse, or disport themselves—in promenades, or dancing groups—till

. . . Majores . . cadunt de montibus umbræ.

This, generally and fairly speaking, is a summer Sabbath in the metropolis of France.

Unconscionable as you may have deemed the length of this epistle, I must nevertheless extend it by the mention of what I conceive to be a very essential feature both of beauty and utility in the street scenery of Paris. It is of the FOUNTAINS that I am now about to speak; and of some of which a slight mention has been already made. I yet adhere to the preference given to that in the *Palais Royal;* considered with reference to the management of the water. It is indeed a purely aqueous exhibition, in which architecture and sculpture have nothing to do. Not so are the more imposing fountains of the MARCHÉ DES INNOCENS, DE GRENELLE, and the BOULEVARD BONDY. For the first of these,* the celebrated *Lescot*, abbé

* See the note p. 20, ante.

de Clagny, was the designer of the general form; and the more celebrated Jean Goujon the sculptor of the figures in bas-relief. It was re-touched and perfected in 1551, and originally stood in the angle of the two streets, of *aux Fers* and *St. Denis*, presenting only two façades to the beholder. It was restored and beautified in 1708; and in 1788 it changed both its form and its position by being transported to the present spot—the *Marché des Innocens*—the market for vegetables. Two other similar sides were then added, making it a square: but the original performances of Goujon, which are considered almost as his master-piece, attract infinitely more admiration than the more recent ones of Pajou. Goujon's figures are doubtless very delicately and successfully executed. The water bubbles up in the centre of the square, beneath the arch, in small sheets, or masses; and its first and second subsequent falls, also in sheets, have a very beautiful effect. They are like pieces of thin, transparent ice, tumbling upon each other; but the *lead*, of which the lower half of the fountain is composed—as the reservoir of the water—might have been advantageously exchanged for *marble*. The lion at each corner of the pedestal, squirting water into a sarcophagus-shaped reservoir, has a very absurd appearance. Upon the whole, this fountain is well deserving of particular attention. The inscription upon it is FONTIVM NYMPHIS; but perhaps, critically speaking, it is now in too exposed a situation for the cha-

racter of its ornaments. A retired, rural, umbrageous recess, beneath larch and pine—whose boughs

Wave high and murmur in the hollow wind—

seems to be the kind of position fitted for the reception of a fountain of this character.

The FONTAINE DE GRENELLE is almost entirely architectural; and gives an idea of a public office, rather than of a conduit. You look above—to the right and the left—but no water appears. At last, almost by accident, you look down, quite at its base, and observe two insignificant streams trickling from the head of an animal. The central figure in front is a representation of the city of Paris: the recumbent figures, on each side, represent, the one the Seine, the other the Marne. Above, there are four figures which represent the four Seasons. This fountain, the work of Bouchardon, was erected in 1739 upon the site of what formed a part of an old convent. A more simple, and a more striking fountain, to my taste, is that of the ECOLE DE CHIRURGIE; in which a comparatively large column of water rushes down precipitously between two Doric pillars—which form the central ones of four—in an elegant façade.

Yet more simple, more graceful, and more capacious, is the fountain of the BOULEVARD BONDY—which I first saw sparkling beneath the lustre of a full moon. This is, in every sense of the word, a fountain. A constant but gentle undulation of water, from three

aqueous terraces, surmounted by three basins, gradually diminishing in size, strike you with peculiar gratification—view it from whatever quarter you will: but seen in the neighbourhood of *trees*, the effect, in weather like this, is absolutely heart-refreshing. The only objectionable part of this elegant structure, on the score of art, are the lions, and their positions. In the first place, it is difficult to comprehend why the mouth of a *lion* is introduced as a channel for the transmission of water; and, in the second place, these lions should have occupied the basement portion of the structure. This beautiful fountain, of which the water is supplied by the *Canal d'Ourcq*, was finished only about seven or eight years ago. Nor let the FOUNTAIN OF TRIUMPH or VICTORY, in the *Place du Châtelet*, be forgotten. It is a column, surmounted by a gilt statue of Victory, with four figures towards its pedestal. The four jets-d'eau, from its base,—which are sufficiently insignificant—empty themselves into a circular basin; but the shaft of the column, to my eye, is not free from affectation. The names of some of Bonaparte's principal victories are inscribed upon that part of the column which faces the Pont au Change. There is a classical air of elegance about this fountain, which is fifty feet in height.

But where is the ELEPHANT Fountain?—methinks I hear you exclaim. It is yet little more than in embryo: that is to say, the plaster-cast of it only is visible—with the model, on a smaller scale, completed

in all its parts, by the side of it. It is really a stupendous affair.* On entering the temporary shed erected for its construction, on the site of the Bastille, I was almost breathless with astonishment for a moment. Imagine an enormous figure of the unwieldy elephant, *full fifty feet high!* You see it, in the front, foreshortened—as you enter; and as the head is the bulkiest portion of the animal, you may imagine something of the probable resulting effect. Certainly it is most imposing. The visitor, who wishes to make himself acquainted with the older, and more original, national character of the French—whether as respects manners, dresses, domestic occupations, and public places of resort—will take up his residence in the *Rue du Bac*, or at the *Hotel des Bourbons;* within twenty minutes walk of the more curious objects which are to be found in the Quartiers Saint André des Arcs, du Luxembourg, and Saint Germain des Près. Ere he commence his morning perambulations, he will look well at his map, and to what is described, in the route which he is to take, in the works of Landon and of Legrand, or of other equally accurate topographers. Two things he ought invariably to bear in mind: the first, not to undertake too much, for the sake of saying how *many* things he has seen:—and the second, to make himself thoroughly master of what he *does* see. All this is very easily accomplished: and a fare of thirty sous will take you, at starting, to almost any

* [It is now completed.]

part of Paris, however remote: from whence you may shape your course homewards at leisure, and with little fatigue. Such a visitor will, however, sigh, ere he set out on his journey, on being told that the old Gothic church of *St. André-des-Arcs*—the Abbey of *St. Victor*—the churches of the *Bernardins*, and of *St. Etienne des Près*, the *Cloisters* of the *Cordeliers*, and the *Convent of the Celestins*... exist no longer.. or, that their remains are mere shadows of shades! But in the three quarters of Paris, above mentioned, he will gather much curious information—in spite of the havoc and waste which the Revolution has made; and on his return to his own country he will reflect, with pride and satisfaction, on the result of his enterprise and perseverance.

To my whimsically formed taste, OLD PARIS has in it very much to delight, and afford valuable information. Not that I would decry the absolute splendor, gaiety, comfort, and interminable variety, which prevail in its more modern and fashionable quarters. And certainly one may fairly say, that, on either side the Seine, Paris is a city in which an Englishman,—who is resolved to be in good humour with all about him, and to shew that civility to others which he is sure to receive from the better educated classes of society here—cannot fail to find himself pleased, perfectly at ease, and well contented with his fare. Compared with the older part of London, the more ancient division of Paris is infinitely more interesting, and of

a finer architectural construction. The conical roofs every now and then remind you of the times of Francis I.; and the clustered arabesques, upon pilasters, or running between the bolder projections of the façades, confirm you in the chronology of the buildings. But time, caprice, fashion, or poverty, will, in less than half a century, materially change both the substance and surfaces of things. It is here, as at Rouen—you bewail the work of destruction which has oftentimes converted cloisters into workshops, and consecrated edifices into warehouses of every description. Human nature and the fate of human works are every where the same. Let two more centuries revolve, and the THUILERIES and the LOUVRE may possibly be as the BASTILLE and the TEMPLE.

Such, to my feelings, is Paris—considered only with reference to its *local:* for I have really done little more than perambulate its streets, and survey its house-tops—with the important exceptions to be detailed in the succeeding letters from hence. Of the treasures contained *beneath* some of those "house-tops"—more especially of such as are found in the shape of a BOOK—whether as a MS. or a Printed Volume—prepare to receive some particulars in my next.

LETTER II.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI. THE LIBRARIANS.

Hôtel des Colonies, Rue de Richelieu.

THE moment is at length arrived when you are to receive from me an account of some of the principal treasures contained in the ROYAL LIBRARY of Paris. I say "*some*":—because, in an epistolary communication, consistently with my time, and general objects of research—it must be considered only as a slight selection, compared with what a longer residence, and a more general examination of the contents of such a collection, might furnish. Yet, limited as my view may have been, the objects of that view are at once rich and rare, and likely to afford all true sons of BIBLIOMANIA and VIRTU the most lively gratification. This is a bold avowal: but I fear not to make it, and the sequel shall be the test of its modesty and truth.

You observe, I have dated my letter from a different quarter. In fact, the distance of my former residence from the Bibliothèque du Roi—coupled with the oppressive heat of the weather—rendered my morning excursions thither rather uncomfortable; and instead of going to work with elastic spirits, and an untired frame, both Mr. Lewis and myself felt

jaded and oppressed upon our arrival. We are now, on the contrary, scarcely fifty yards from the grand door of entrance into the library. But this is only tantalizing you. To the LIBRARY, therefore, at once let us go. The exterior and interior, as to architectural appearance, are rather of a sorry description: heavy, comparatively low, without ornament, and of a dark and dingy tint. Towards the street, it has the melancholy air of a workhouse. But none of the apartments, in which the books are contained, look into this street; so that, consequently, little inconvenience is experienced from the incessant motion and rattling of carts and carriages—the Rue de Richelieu being probably the most frequented in Paris. Yet, repulsive as may be this exterior, it was observed to me—on my suggesting what a fine situation the quadrangle of the Louvre would make for the reception of the royal library—that, it might be questioned whether even *that* quadrangle were large enough to contain it;—and that the present building, however heavy and ungracious of aspect, was better calculated for its present purpose than probably any other in Paris. In the centre of the edifice—for it is a square, or rather a parallelogram-shaped building—stands a bronze naked figure of Diana; stiff and meagre both in design and execution. It is of the size of life; but surely a statue of *Minerva* would have been a little more appropriate? On entering the principal door, in the street just mentioned, you turn to the right,

and mount a large stone staircase—after attending to the request, printed in large characters, of "*Essuyez vos Souliers*"—as fixed against the wall. This entrance goes directly to the collection of PRINTED BOOKS. On reaching the first floor, you go straight forward, within folding doors; and the first room, of considerable extent, immediately receives you. The light is uniformly admitted by large windows, to the right, looking into the quadrangle before mentioned.

You pass through this room—where scarcely any body lingers—and enter the second, where are placed the EDITIONES PRINCIPES, and other volumes printed in the fifteenth century. To an *experienced* eye, the first view of the contents of this second room is absolutely magical. Such copies of such rare, precious, magnificent, and long-sought after impressions!.. It is fairy-land throughout. There stands the *first Homer*, unshorn by the binder; a little above, is the first *Roman edition of Eustathius's* Commentary upon that poet, in gorgeous red morocco, but printed UPON VELLUM! A Budæus *Greek Lexicon* (Francis I.'s own copy) also UPON VELLUM! The *Virgils, Ovids, Plinies*... and, above all, the *Bibles*—But I check myself; in order to conduct you regularly through the apartments, ere you sit down with me before each volume which I may open. In this second room are two small tables, rarely occupied, but at one or the other of which I was stationed (by the kind offices of M. Van Praet) for fourteen days—with almost every

thing that was exquisite and rare, in the old book-way, behind and before me. Let us however gradually move onwards. You pass into the third room. Here is the grand rendezvous of readers. Six circular or rather oval tables, each capable of accommodating twelve students, and each generally occupied by the full number, strike your eye in a very pleasing manner, in the centre of this apparently interminable vista of printed volumes.

But I must call your particular attention to the *foreground* of this magical book-view. To the left of this third room, on entering, you observe a well-dressed Gentleman (of somewhat shorter stature than the author of this description) busied behind a table; taking down and putting up volumes: inscribing names, and numbers, and titles, in a large folio volume; giving orders on all sides; and putting several pairs of legs into motion in consequence of those orders—while his own are perhaps the least spared of any. This gentleman is no less a personage than the celebrated Monsieur VAN PRAET; one of the chief librarians in the department of the printed books. His aspect is mild and pleasant; while his smart attire frequently forms a striking contrast to habiliments and personal appearances of a very different, and less conciliating description, by which he is surrounded.* M. Van Praet must be now approach-

* [Mons. Crapelet takes fire at the above passage: simply because he misunderstands it. In not one word, or expression

ing his sixtieth year; but his age sits bravely upon him—for his step is rapid and firm, and his physiognomical expression indicative of a much less protracted period of existence.* He is a Fleming by birth; and, even in shewing his first Eustathius, or first Pliny, UPON VELLUM, you may observe the natural enthusiasm of a Frenchman tempered by the graver emotions of a native of the Netherlands.

This distinguished Bibliographer (of whom, somewhat more in a future epistle) has now continued nearly forty years in his present situation; and when infirmity, or other causes, shall compel him to quit it, France will never replace him by one possessing more appropriate talents. He doats upon the objects committed to his trust. He lives almost entirely among his dear books . . . either on the first floor or on the ground floor: for when the hour of departure, two o'clock, arrives, M. Van Praet betakes him to the quieter book realms below—where, surrounded by *Grolier*, *De Thou*, and *Diane de Poictiers*, copies, he disports him till his dinner hour of four or five—and 'as the evening shades prevail,' away hies he to his favourite '*Théatre des Italiens*,' and the scientific

of it, is there any thing which implies, directly or indirectly, that "it would be difficult to find another public establishment where the officers are more active, more obliging, more anxious to satisfy the Public than in the above." I am talking only of *dress*—and commending the silk stockings of Mons. Van Praet at the expense of those by whom he is occasionally surrounded.]

* [So, even NOW: 1829.]

treat of Italian music. This I know, however—and this I will say—in regard to the amiable and excellent gentleman under description—that, if I were King of France, Mons. Van Praet should be desired to sit in a roomy, morocco-bottomed, mahogany arm chair —not to stir therefrom—but to issue out his edicts, for the delivery of books, to the several athletic myrmidons under his command. Of course there must be occasional exceptions to this rigid, but upon the whole salutary, "Ordonnance du Roy." Indeed I have reason to mention a most flattering exception to it—in my own favour: for M. Van Praet would come into the second room, (just mentioned) and with his own hands supply me with half a score volumes at a time—of such as I wished to examine. But, generally speaking, this worthy and obliging creature is too lavish of his own personal exertions. He knows, to be sure, all the bye-passes, and abrupt ascents and descents; and if he be out of sight—in a moment, through some secret aperture, he returns as quickly through another equally unseen passage. Upon an average, I set his bibliomaniacal peregrinations down at the rate of a full French league per day. It is the absence of all pretension and quackery—the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which he opens his well-charged battery of information upon you—but, more than all, the glorious honours which are due to him, for having assisted to rescue the book treasures of the Abbey of St. Germain des Près from destruction,

during the horrors of the Revolution—that cannot fail to secure to him the esteem of the living, and the gratitude of posterity.

We must now leave this well occupied and richly furnished chamber, and pass on to the fourth room—in the centre of which is a large raised bronze ornament, representing Apollo and the Muses—surrounded by the more eminent literary characters of France in the seventeenth century. It is raised to the glory of the grand monarque Louis XIV. and the figure of Apollo is intended for that of his Majesty. The whole is a palpable failure: a glaring exhibition of bad French taste. Pegasus, the Muses, rocks, and streams, are all scattered about in a very confused manner; without connection, and of course without effect. Even the French allow it to be "mesquin, et de mauvais goût." But let me be methodical. As you enter this fourth room, you observe, opposite—before you turn to the right—a door, having the inscription of CABINET DES MEDAILLES. This door however is open only twice in the week; when the cabinet is freely and most conveniently shewn. Of its contents—in part, precious beyond comparison—this is the place to say only one little word or two: for really there would be no end of detail were I to describe even its most remarkable treasures. Francis I. and his son Henry II. were among its earliest patrons; when the cabinet was deposited in the Louvre. The former enriched it with a series of

Laquiche, del. *for The Revd. D. Dibdins Tour. New Edition.* *C. Pye, sc.*

GOLD MEDAL OF LOUIS XII.

From the Cabinet des Medailles at Paris.

London, Published June 1829, by R. Jennings Poultry.

valuable gold medals, and among them with one of Louis XII., his predecessor; which has not only the distinction of being beautifully executed, but of being the largest, if not the first, of its kind in France.*

The specimens of Greek art, in coins, and other small productions, are equally precious and select. Vases, shields, gems, and cameos—the greater part of which are described in Caylus's well-known work—are perfectly enchanting. But the famous AGAT of the STE. CHAPELLE—supposed to be the largest in the world, and which has been engraved by Giradet in a manner perfectly unrivalled—will not fail to rivet your attention, and claim your most unqualified commendation. The sardonyx, called the VASE of

* In the year 1814, the late M. Millin published a dissertation upon this medal, to which he prefixed an engraving of the figure of Louis. There can indeed be but one opinion that the Engraving is unworthy of the Original.

[For an illustration of the *Medallic History of France*, I scarcely recollect any one object of Art which would be more gratifying, as well as apposite, than a faithful Engraving of such a Medal: and I call upon my good friend M. DU CHESNE to set such a History on foot. There is however another medal, of the same Monarch, of a smaller size, but of equal merit of execution, which has been selected to grace the pages of this second edition—in the OPPOSITE PLATE. The inscription is as follows: LUDOVICO XII. REGNANTE CÆSARE ALTERO. GAUDET OMNIS NATIO: from which it is inferred that the Medal was struck in consequence of the victory of Ravenna, or of Louis's triumphant campaigns in Italy. A short but spirited account is given of these campaigns in Le Noir's *Musée des Monumens Français*; tome ii. p. 145-7.

PTOLEMY, is another of the great objects of attraction in the room where we are now tarrying—and beautiful, and curious, and precious, it unquestionably is. Doubtless, in such a chamber as this, the classical archæologist will gaze with no ordinary emotions, and meditate with no ordinary satisfaction. But I think I hear the wish escape him—as he casts an attentive eye over the whole—"why do they not imitate US in a publication relating to them? Why do they not put forth something similar to what we have done for our *Museum Marbles?* Or rather, speaking more correctly, why are not the *Marlborough Gems* considered as an object of rivalry, by the curators of this exquisite cabinet? Paris is not wanting both in artists who design, and who engrave, in this department, with at least equal skill to our own."*

Let us now return to the Books. In the fourth book-room there is an opening in the centre, to the left, nearly facing the bronze ornament—through which, as you enter, and look to the left, appear the upper halves of two enormous GLOBES. The effect is at first, inconceivably puzzling and even startling: but you advance, and looking down the huge aperture occasioned by these gigantic globes, you observe

* ["And it is Mr. DIBDIN who makes this confession! Let us render justice to his impartiality on this occasion. Such a confession ought to cause some regret to those who go to seek engravings in London." CRAPELET, vol. ii. p. 89. The reader shall make his own remark on the force, if there be any, of this gratuitous piece of criticism of the French Translator.]

their bases resting on the ground floor: both the upper and ground floor having the wainscots entirely covered by books. These globes are the performance of Vincent Coronelli, a Venetian; and were presented to Louis XIV. by the Cardinal d'Etrées, who had them made for his Majesty. You return back into the fourth room—pace on to its extremity, and then, at right angles, view the fifth room—or, comprising the upper and lower globe rooms, a seventh room; the whole admirably well lighted up from large side windows. Observe further—the whole corresponding suite of rooms, on the ground floor, is also nearly filled with printed books, comprising the *unbound copies* —and one chamber, occupied by the more exquisite specimens of the presses of the *Alduses*, the *Giuntæ*, the *Stephens*, &c. UPON VELLUM, or on *large paper*. Another chamber is exclusively devoted to large paper copies of *all* descriptions, from the presses of all countries; and in one or the other of these chambers are deposited the volumes from the Library of *Grolier* and *De Thou*—namés, dear to Book-Collectors; as an indifferent copy has hardly ever yet been found which was once deposited on the shelves of either. You should know that the public do not visit this lower suite of rooms, it being open only to the particular friends of the several Librarians. The measurement of these rooms, from the entrance to the extremity of the fifth room, is upwards of 700 feet.

Now, my good friend, if you ask me whether the

interior of this library be superior to that of our dear BODLEIAN, I answer, at once, and without fear of contradiction—it is very much *inferior*. It represents an interminable range of homely and commodious apartments; but the Bodleian library, from beginning to end—from floor to ceiling—is grand, impressive, and entirely of a bookish appearance. In that spacious and lofty receptacle—of which the ceiling, in my humble opinion, is an unique and beautiful piece of workmanship—all is solemn, and grave, and inviting to study: yet echoing, as it were, to the footsteps of those who once meditated within its almost hallowed precincts—the *Bodleys*, the *Seldens*, the *Digbys*, the *Lauds* and *Tanners*, of other times!* But I am dreaming: forgetting that, at this moment, you are impatient to enter the *MS. Department* of the Royal Library at Paris. Be it so, therefore. And yet the very approach to this invaluable collection is difficult of discovery. Instead of a corresponding lofty stone stair-case, you cross a corner of the square, and enter a passage, with an iron gate at the extremity—leading to the apartments of Messrs. Millin and Langlès. A narrow staircase, to the right, receives you: and this

* [And, till within these few months, those of the REV. DR. NICOLL, Regius Professor of the Hebrew Language! That amiable and modest and surprisingly learned Oriental Scholar died in the flower of his age (in his 36th year) to the deep regret of all his friends and acquaintances, and, I had well nigh said, to the irreparable loss of the University.]

stair-case would appear to lead rather to an old armoury, in a corner-tower of some baronial castle, than to a suite of large modern apartments, containing probably, upon the whole, the finest collection of *Engravings* and of *Manuscripts*, of all ages and characters, in Europe. Nevertheless, as we cannot mount by any other means, we will e'en set footing upon this stair-case, humble and obscure as it may be. You scarcely gain the height of some twenty steps, when you observe the magical inscription of CABINET DES ESTAMPES. Your spirits dance, and your eyes sparkle, as you pull the little wire—and hear the clink of a small corresponding bell. The door is opened by one of the attendants in livery—arrayed in blue and silver and red—very handsome, and rendered more attractive by the respectful behaviour of those who wear that royal costume. I forgot to say that the same kind of attendants are found in all the apartments attached to this magnificent collection—and, when not occupied in their particular vocation of carrying books to and fro, these attendants are engaged in reading, or sitting quietly with crossed legs, and peradventure dosing a little. But nothing can exceed their civility; accompanied with a certain air of politeness, not altogether divested of a kind of gentlemanly deportment.

On entering the first of those rooms, where the prints are kept, you are immediately struck with the narrow dimensions of the place—for the succeeding

room, though perhaps more than twice as large, is still inadequate to the reception of its numerous visitors.* In this first room you observe a few of the very choicest productions of the burin, from the earliest periods of the art, to the more recent performances of *Desnoyer*, displayed within glazed frames upon the wainscot. It really makes the heart of a connoisseur leap with ecstacy to see such *Finiguerras, Baldinis, Boticellis, Mantegnas, Pollaiuolos, Israel Van Meckens, Albert Durers, Marc Antonios, Rembrandts, Hollar, Nanteuils, Edelincks, &c.*; while specimens of our own great master engravers, among whom are *Woollet* and *Sharp*, maintain a conspicuous situation, and add to the gratification of the beholder. The idea is a good one; but to carry it into complete effect, there should be a gallery, fifty feet long, of a confined width, and lighted from above:† whereas the present room is scarcely twenty feet square, with a disproportionably low ceiling. However, you cannot

* ["This observation is just; and it is to be hoped that they will soon carry into execution the Royal ordonance of October, 1816, which appropriates the apartments of the Treasury, contiguous, to be united to the establishment, as they become void. However, what took place in 1825, respecting some buildings in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, forbids us to suppose that this wished for addition will take place." CRAPELET, p. 93.]

† [M. Crapelet admits the propriety of such a suggested improvement; and hopes that government will soon take it up for the accommodation of the Visitors—who sometimes are obliged to wait for a *vacancy*, before they can commence these researches.]

fail to be highly gratified—and onwards you go—diagonally—and find yourself in a comparatively long room—in the midst of which is a table, reaching from nearly one end to the other, and entirely filled (every day) with visitors, or rather students—busied each in their several pursuits. Some are quietly turning over the succeeding leaves, on which the prints are pasted: others are pausing upon each fine specimen, in silent ecstacy—checking themselves every instant lest they should break forth into rapturous exclamations! . . "silence" being rigidly prescribed by the Curators—and, I must say, as rigidly maintained. Others again are busied in deep critical examination of some ancient ruin from the pages of *Piranesi* or of *Montfaucon*—now making notes, and now copying particular parts. Meanwhile, from the top to the bottom of the sides of the room, are huge volumes of prints, bound in red morocco; which form indeed the materials for the occupations just described.*

But, hanging upon a pillar, at the hither end of this second room, you observe a large old drawing of a head or portrait, in a glazed frame; which strikes you in every respect as a great curiosity. M. Du Chesne, the obliging and able director of this department of the collection, attended me on my first visit. He saw me looking at this head with great eagerness. "Enfin voilà quelque chose qui mérite bien vôtre attention"—

* [Mons. Crapelet estimates the number of these splendid volumes (in 1825,) at "more than six thousand!"]

observed he. It was in fact the portrait of "their good but unfortunate KING JOHN"—as my guide designated him. This Drawing is executed in a sort of thick body colour, upon fine linen: the back-ground is gold: now almost entirely tarnished—and there is a sort of frame, stamped, or pricked out, upon the surface of the gold—as we see in the illuminations of books of that period. It should also seem as if the first layer, upon which the gold is placed, had been composed of the white of an egg—or of some such glutinous substance. Upon the whole, it is an exceedingly curious and interesting relic of antient graphic art.

To examine minutely the treasures of such a collection of prints—whether in regard to ancient or modern art—would demand the unremitted attention of the better part of a month; and in consequence, a proportionate quantity of time and paper in embodying the fruits of that attention.* There is only one other curiosity, just now, to which I shall call your attention. It is the old wood cut of ST. CHRISTOPHER —of which certain authors have discoursed largely.† They suppose they have an impression of it here—

* [M. Crapelet might have considered this confession as a reason, or apology, sufficient for not entering into all those details or descriptions, which he seems surprised and vexed that I omitted to travel into.]

† *An enquiry into the History of Engraving upon Copper and in Wood,* 1816, 4to. 2 vol. by W. Y. Ottley. Mr. Ottley, in vol. i. p. 90, has given the whole of the original cut: while in the first

whereas that of Lord Spencer has been hitherto considered as unique. His Lordship's copy, as you well know, was obtained from the Buxheim monastery, and was first made public in the interesting work of Heineken.* The copy now under consideration is not pasted upon boards, as is Lord Spencer's—forming the interior linings in the cover or binding of an old MS. —but it is a loose leaf, and is therefore subject to the most minute examination, or to any conclusion respecting the date which may be drawn from the *water-mark*. Upon *such* a foundation I will never attempt to build an hypothesis, or to draw a conclusion; because the same water-mark of Bamberg and of Mentz, of Venice and of Rome, may be found within books printed both at the commencement and at the end of the fifteenth century. But for the print—as it *is*. I have not only examined it carefully, but have procured, from M. Cœuré, a fac-simile of the head only —the most essential part—and both the examination and the fac-simile convince me . . . that the St. Christopher in the Bibliothèque du Roi is NOT an impression from the *same block* which furnished the St. Christopher now in the library of St. James's Place.

The general character of the figure, in the Royal Library here, is thin and feeble compared with that

volume p. iii. of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, only the figure and date are given.

* *Idée générale d'une Collection complette des Estampes. Leips.* 1771. 8vo.

xiith—and more of the immediately following centuries. Some of these bindings (among which I include *Diptychs*) may be as old as the eleventh—and they have been even carried up to the tenth century.

Let us however return quickly back again; and begin at the beginning. The first room, as I before observed, has some of the most exquisitely illuminated, as well as some of the most ancient MSS., in the whole library. A phalanx of *Romances* meets the eye; which rather provokes the courage, than damps the ardor, of the bibliographical champion. Nor are the illuminated *Bibles* of less interest to the graphic antiquary. In my next letter you shall see what use I have made of the unrestrained liberty granted me, by the kind-hearted Curators, to open what doors, and examine what volumes, I pleased. Meanwhile let me introduce you to the excellent Monsieur Gail, who is sitting at yonder desk—examining a beautiful Greek MS. of Polybius, which once belonged to Henry II. and his favourite Diane de Poictiers. M. Gail is the chief Librarian presiding over the Greek and Latin MSS., and is himself Professor of the Greek language in the royal college of France. Of this gentleman I shall speak more particularly anon. At the present moment it may suffice only to observe that he is thoroughly frank, amiable, and communicative, and dexterous in his particular vocation: and that he is, what we should both call, a hearty, good fellow—a natural character. M. Gail is accompanied

by the assistant librarians MM. De l'Epine, and Méon: gentlemen of equal ability in their particular department, and at all times willing to aid and abet the researches of those who come to examine and appreciate the treasures of which they are the joint Curators. Indeed I cannot speak too highly of these gentlemen—nor can I too much admire the system and the silence which uniformly prevail.

Another principal librarian is M. Langlès:* an author of equal reputation with Monsieur Gail—but his strength lies in Oriental literature; and he presides more especially over the Persian, Arabic, and other Oriental MSS. To the naïveté of M. Gail, he adds the peculiar vivacity and enthusiasm of his countrymen. To see him presiding in his chair (for he and M. Gail take alternate turns) and occupied in reading, you would think that a book worm could scarcely creep between the tip of his nose and the surface of the *Codex Bombycinus* over which he is poring. He is among the most short-sighted of mortals—as to *ocular* vision. But he has a bravely furnished mind; and such a store of spirits and of good humour—talking withal unintermittingly, but very pleasantly—that you find it difficult to get away from him. He is no indifferent speaker of our own language; and I must say, seems rather proud of such an acquirement. Both he and M. Gail, and M. Van Praet, are men of

* [He died in 1824 and a notice of his Life and Labours appeared in the *Annales Encyclopèdiques*.]

rather small stature—*triplicates*, as it were, of the same work*—but of which M. Gail is the tallest copy. One of the two head librarians, just mentioned, sits at a desk in the second room—and when any friends come to see, or to converse with him—the discussion is immediately adjourned to the contiguous boudoir-like apartment, where are deposited the rich old bindings of which you have just had a hasty description. Here the voices are elevated, and the flourishes of speech and of action freely indulged in.

In the way to the further apartment, from the boudoir so frequently mentioned, you pass a small room —in which there is a plaster bust of the King—and among the books, bound, as they almost all are, in red morocco, you observe two volumes of tremendously thick dimensions; the one entitled *Alexander Aphrodiæsus, Hippocrates, &c.*—the other *Plutarchi Vitæ Parallelæ et Moralia, &c.* They contain nothing remarkable for ornament, or what is more essential, for intrinsic worth. Nevertheless you pass on: and the last—but the most magnificent—of *all* the rooms, appropriated to the reception of books, whether in ms. or in print, now occupies a very considerable portion of your attention. It is replete with treasures of every description: in ancient art, antiquities, and both sacred and profane learning: in languages from all quarters, and almost of all ages of the world. Here I

* ["M. Dibdin may well make the *fourth* copy—as to size." CRAPELET, p. 115.]

opened, with indescribable delight the ponderous and famous *Latin Bible of Charles the Bald*—and the religious manual of his brother the *Emperor Lotharius*—composed chiefly of transcripts from the Gospels. Here are ivory bindings, whether as diptychs, or attached to regular volumes. Here are all sorts and sizes of the uncial or capital-letter MSS—in portions, or entire. Here, too, are very precious old illuminations, and specimens—almost without number—admirably arranged, of every species of BIBLIOGRAPHICAL VIRTÙ, which cannot fail to fix the attention, enlarge the knowledge, and improve the judgment, of the curious in this department of research.

Such, my dear friend, is the necessarily rapid—and, I fear, consequently imperfect—sketch which I send you of the general character of the BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI; both as respects its dead and its living treasures. It remains to be seen how this sketch will be completed.—and I hereby give you notice, that my next letter will contain some account of a few of the more ancient, curious, and splendid MANUSCRIPTS—to be followed by a second letter, exclusively devoted to a similar account of the PRINTED BOOKS. If I execute this task according to my present inclinations—and with the disposition which I now feel, together with the opportunities which have been afforded me—it will not, I trust, be said that I have been an idle or unworthy visitor of this magnificent collection.

LETTER III.

THE SAME SUBJECTS CONTINUED.

Paris, June 14, 1818.

As I promised, at the conclusion of my last, you shall accompany me immediately to the ROYAL LIBRARY; and taking down a few of the more ancient MANUSCRIPTS relating to *Theology*—especially those, which, from age, art, or intrinsic worth, demand a more particular examination—we will both sit down together to the enjoyment of what the librarians have placed before us. In other words, I shall proceed to fill up the outline (executed with a hurrying pencil) which was submitted to you in my previous letter. First, therefore, for

BIBLES, LITURGIES, RITUALS, LEGENDS, MORAL TREATISES, &c.

Quatuor Evangelia. "*Codex Membranaceus, Olim Abbatiæ S. Medardi Suessionensis in uncialibus litteris et auricis scriptus. Sæc. VI.*" The preceding is written in an old hand, inserted in the book. It is a folio volume of unquestionably great antiquity; but I should apprehend that it is *antedated* by at least *two* centuries. It is full of embellishment, of a varied and

splendid character. The title to each Gospel is in very large capital letters of gold, upon a purple ground: both the initial letter and the border round the page being elaborately ornamented. The letter prefixed to St. Matthew's Gospel is highly adorned, and in very good taste. Each page consists of two columns, in capital letters of gold, throughout: within borders of a quiet purple, or lilac tint, edged with gold. It has been said that no two borders are alike altogether. A portrait of each Evangelist is prefixed to the title; apparently coeval with the time: the composition is rather grotesque; the colours are without any glaze, and the perspective is bad.

LATIN BIBLE OF CHARLES THE BALD. Folio. When this volume was described by me, on a former occasion,* from merely printed authorities, of course it was not in my power to do it, if I may so speak, "after the life,"—for although nearly ten centuries have elapsed since this Bible has been executed, yet, considering its remote age, it may be said to be fresh and in most desirable condition. The authority, just hinted at, notices that this magnificent volume was deposited in the library by *Baluze*, the head librarian to Colbert; but a note in that eminent man's hand writing, prefixed, informs us that the Canons of the Cathedral church at Metz made Colbert a present of it.

The reverse of the last leaf but one is occupied by

* *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. xxxi.

Latin verses, in capital letters of gold, at the top of which, in two lines, we make out—"*Qualiter uiuian⁹ monachus sci martini consecrat hanc bibliam Karolo ipatorj*," &c. The ensuing and last leaf is probably, in the eye of an antiquarian virtuoso, more precious than either of its decorative precursors. It exhibits the PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE BALD; who is surrounded by four attendants, blended, as it were, with a group of twelve below—in the habits of priests—listening to the oration of one, who stands nearly in the centre.* This illumination, in the whole, measures about fourteen inches in height by nearly ten and a half in width: the purple ground being frequently faded into a greenish tint. The volume itself is about twenty inches in height by fifteen wide.

PSALTER OF CHARLES THE BALD. This very precious volume was also in the library of the Great Colbert. It is a small quarto, bound in the most sumptuous manner. The exterior of the first side of the binding has an elaborate piece of sculpture, in ivory, consisting of small human figures, beasts, &c.; and surrounded with oval and square coloured stones. The exterior of the other, or corresponding, side of the binding has the same species of sculpture, in ivory; but no stones. The text of the volume is in gold capitals throughout; but the ornaments, as well as the portrait of Charles, are much inferior to those in that

* Earl Vivian, and eleven monks, in the act of presenting the volume to Charles.

just described. However, this is doubtless a valuable relic.

PRAYER BOOK OF CHARLES THE BALD; in small 4to. This is rather an *Evangelistarium,* or excerpts from the four Gospels. The writing is a small roman lower-case. The illuminations, like those in the Bible, are rubbed and faded, and they are smaller. The exterior ornament of the binding, in the middle, contains a group of ivory figures—taken from the *original* covering or binding.

BOOK OF THE GOSPELS, OF THE EMPEROR LOTHARIUS. Although it is very probable that this book may be of a somewhat earlier date than the MS. just described, yet as its original possessor was brother to *Charles the Bald,* it is but courtesy to place him in the second rank after the French monarch; and accordingly I have here inserted the volume in the order which I apprehend ought to be observed. An ancient ms. memorandum tells us that this book was executed in the 855th year of the Christian era, and in the 15th of the Emperor's reign. On the reverse of the first leaf is the portrait of the Emperor, with an attendant on each side. The text commences on the recto of the second leaf. On the reverse of the same leaf, is a representation of the Creator. Upon the whole, this book may be classed among the most precious specimens of early art in this library. On the cover are the royal arms.

LATIN BIBLE. Fol. This MS. of the sacred text is

in four folio volumes, and undoubtedly cannot be later than the thirteenth century. The text is written with three columns in each page. Of the illuminations, the figures are sketches, but freely executed: the colouring coarse and slightly put on: the wings of some of the angels reminded me of those in the curious *Hyde-Book*, belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham at Stowe; and of which, as you may remember, there are fac-similes in *the Bibliographical Decameron.** The group of angels (on the reverse of the fourth leaf of the first volume) attending the Almighty's commands, is cleverly managed as to the draperies. The soldiers have quilted or net armour. The initial letters are sometimes large, in the fashion of those in the Bible of Charles the Bald, but very inferior in execution. In this MS. we may trace something, I think, of the decline of art.

PSALTERIUM LATINÈ, 8vo. If I were called upon to select any one volume, of given octavo dimensions, I do not know whether I should not put my hand upon the *present*—for you are hereby to know that this was the religious manual of ST. LOUIS:—his own choice copy—selected, I warrant, from half a score of performances of rival scribes, rubricators, and illuminators. Its condition is absolutely wonderful—nor is the history of its locomotiveness less surprising. First, for an account of its contents. On the reverse of the first fly-leaf, we read the following memorandum—in

* Vol. i. p. lvi.—vii.

red: "*Cest psaultier fu saint loys. Et le dõna la royne Iehanne deureux au roy Charles filz du roy Iehan, lan de nres' mil troys cens soissante et neuf. Et le roy charles pnt filz du dit Roy charles le donna a madame Marie de frãce sa fille religieuse a poissi. le iour saint michel lan mil iiij^{c}.*" This hand writing is undoubtedly of the time.

A word now about the history of this volume. As this extract indicates, it was deposited in a monastery at Poissy. When that establishment was dissolved, the book was brought to M. Chardin, a bookseller and a bibliomaniac. He sold it, some twenty-five years ago, to a Russian gentleman, from whom it was obtained, at Moscow, by the Grand Duke Nicholas.* The late King of France, through his ambassador, the Count de Noailles, obtained it from the Grand Duke—who received, in return, from his Majesty, a handsome present of two Sèvre vases. It is now therefore safely and judiciously lodged in the Royal Library of France. It is in wooden covers, wrapped in red velvet. The vellum is singularly soft, and of its original pure tint.

HISTORICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE BIBLE. Lat. and Fr. Folio. If any MS. of the sacred text were to be estimated according to the *number of the illuminations* which it contained, the present would unquestionably claim precedence over every other. In short, this is the MS. of which Camus, in the *Notices et Extraits*

* [The present Emperor of Russia.]

des MSS. de la Bibliothèque Nationale, vol. vi. p. 106, has given not only a pretty copious account, but has embellished that account with fac-similes—one large plate, and two others—each containing four subjects of the illuminations. After an attentive survey of the various styles of art observable in these decorations, I am not disposed to allow the antiquity of the MS. to go beyond the commencement of the xvth century. A sight of the frontispiece causes a re-action of the blood in a lover of genuine large margins. The book is cropt—not *quite* to the quick! . . but then this frontispiece displays a most delicate and interesting specimen of graphic art. It is executed in a sort of gray tone:—totally destitute of other colour. According to Camus, there are upwards of five thousand illuminations; and a similar work, in his estimation, could not *now* be executed under 100,000 francs.

A Similar MS. This consists but of one volume, of a larger size, of 321 leaves. It is also an historical Bible. The illuminations are arranged in a manner like those of the preceding; but in black and white only, delicately shaded. The figures are tall, and the females have small heads; just what we observe in those of the *Roman d'Alexandre*, in the Bodleian library. It is doubtless a manuscript of nearly the same age, although this may be somewhat more recent.

Liber Generationis Ihi Xti. Of all portions of the sacred text—not absolutely a consecutive series of

the Gospels, or of any of the books of the Old Testament—the present is probably, not only the oldest MS. in that particular department, but, with the exception of the well known *Codex Claromontanus*, the most ancient volume in the Royal Library. It is a folio, having purple leaves throughout, upon which the text is executed in silver capitals. Both the purple and the silver are faded. On the exterior of the binding are carvings in ivory, exceedingly curious, but rather clumsy. The binding is probably coeval with the MS. They call it of the ninth century; but I should rather estimate it of the eighth. It is undoubtedly an interesting and uncommon volume.

Evangelium Sti. Iohannis. This is a small oblong folio, bound in red velvet. It is executed in a very large, lower-case, coarse gothic and roman letter, alternately:—in letters of gold throughout. The page is narrow, the margin is large, and the vellum soft and beautiful. There is a rude portrait of the Evangelist prefixed, on a ground entirely of gold. The capital initial letter is also rude. The date of this manuscript is pushed as high as the eleventh century: but I doubt this antiquity.

Liber Precum: Cum Notis, Canticis et Figuris. I shall begin my account of Prayer Books, Breviaries, &c. with the present: in all probability the most ancient within these walls. The volume before me is an oblong folio, not much unlike a tradesman's day-book. A ms. note by Maugerard, correcting a

previous one, assigns the composition of this book to a certain Monk, of the name of *Wickingus*, of the abbey of Prum, of the Benedictin order. It was executed, as appears on the reverse of the forty-eighth leaf, "*under the abbotships of Gilderius and Stephanus.*" It is full of illuminations, heavily and clumsily done, in colours, which are now become very dull. I do not consider it as older than the twelfth century, from the shield with a boss, and the depressed helmet. There are interlineary annotations in a fine state of preservation. In the whole, ninety-one leaves. It is bound in red morocco.

BREVIARE DE BELLEVILLE: Octavo. 2 volumes. Rich and rare as may be the graphic gems in this marvellous collection, I do assure you, my good friend, that it would be difficult to select two octavo volumes of greater intrinsic curiosity and artist-like execution, than are those to which I am now about to introduce you:—especially the first. They were latterly the property of Louis XIV. but had been originally a present from Charles VI. to our Richard II. Thus you see a good deal of personal history is attached to them. They are written in a small, close, Gothic character, upon vellum of the most beautiful colour. Each page is surrounded by a border, (executed in the style of the age—perhaps not later than 1380) and very many pages are adorned by illuminations, especially in the first volume, which are, even now, as fresh and perfect as if just painted. The figures are small,

but have more finish (to the best of my recollection) than those in our Roman d'Alexandre, at Oxford.

At the end of the first volume is the following inscription—written in a stiff, gothic, or court-hand character: the capital letters being very tall and highly ornamented. "*Cest Breuiare est a l'usaige des Jacobins. Et est en deux volumes Dont cest cy Le premier, et est nomme* Le Breuiaire de Belleville. *Et le donna el Roy Charles le vj^e^. Au roy Richart Dangleterre, quant il fut mort Le Roy Henry son successeur L'envoya a son oncle Le Duc de Berry, auquel il est a present.*" This memorandum has the signature of "Flamel," who was Secretary to Charles VI. On the opposite page, in the same ancient Gothic character, we read: "*Lesquelx volumes mon dit Seigneur a donnez a ma Dame Seur Marie de France. Ma niepce.*" Signed by the same. The Abbé L'Epine informs me that Flamel was a very distinguished character among the French: and that the royal library contains several books which belonged to him.

Breviary of John Duke of Bedford. Pursuing what I imagine to be a tolerably correct chronological order, I am now about to place before you this far-famed *Breviary:* companion to the Missal which originally belonged to the same eminent Possessor, and of which our countrymen* have had more frequent

* A very minute and particular description of this Missal, together with a fac-simile of the Duke of Bedford kneeling before his tutelary Saint George, will be found in the *Bibliographical Decameron,* vol. i. p. cxxxvi—cxxxix.

opportunities of appreciating the splendour and beauty than the Parisians; as it is not likely that the former will ever again become the property of an Englishman. Doubtless, at the sale of the Duchess of Portland's effects in 1786, some gallant French nobleman, if not Louis XVI. himself, should have given an unlimited commission to purchase it, in order that both *Missal* and *Breviary* might have resumed that close and intimate acquaintance, which no doubt originally subsisted between them, when they lay side by side upon the oaken shelves of their first illustrious Owner. Of the *two* performances, however, there can be no question that the superiority lies decidedly with the *Missal:* on the score of splendour, variety, and skilfulness of execution.

The last, and by much the most splendid illumination, is *that* for which the artists of the middle age, and especially the old illuminators, seem to have reserved all their powers, and upon which they lavished all their stock of gold, ultramarine, and carmine. You will readily anticipate that I am about to add—the *Assumption of the Virgin.* One's memory is generally fallacious in these matters; but of all the exquisite, and of all the minute, elaborate, and dazzling works of art, of the illuminatory kind, I am quite sure that I have not seen any thing which *exceeds* this. To *equal* it—there may be some few: but its superior, (of its own particular class of subject) I think it would be very difficult to discover.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis. This may be called

either a large thick octavo, or a a very small folio. Probably it was originally more decidedly of the latter kind. It is bound in fish skin; and a ms. note prefixed thus informs us. "*Manuscrit aqui du C^en^ Papillon au commencement du mois de Frimaire de lan XII. de la République.*" This is without doubt among the most superb and beautiful books, of its class, in the Royal Library. The title is ornamented in an unusual but splendid manner. Some of the larger illuminations are elaborately executed; especially the first—representing the *Annunciation.* The robe of the Angel, kneeling, is studded with small pearls, finished with the minutest touches. The character of ART, generally throughout, is that of the time and manner of the volume last described: but the present is very frequently inferior in merit to what may be observed in the Bedford Breviary. In regard to the number of decorations, this volume must also be considered as less interesting: but it possesses some very striking and very brilliant performances. Thus, *St. Michael and the Devil* is absolutely in a blaze of splendor; while the illumination on the reverse of the same leaf is not less remarkable for a different effect. A quiet, soft tone—from a profusion of tender touches of a grey tint, in the architectural parts of the ornaments—struck me as among the most pleasing specimens of the kind I had ever seen. The latter and larger illuminations have occasionally great power of effect, from their splendid style of execution

—especially that in which the central compartment is occupied by *St. George and the Dragon.* Some of the smaller illuminations, in which an Angel is shewing the cruelties about to be inflicted on the wicked, by demons, are terrific little bits! As for the vellum, it is " de toute beauté."

HISTORIA BEATÆ MARIÆ VIRGINIS. Folio. This is briefly described in the printed catalogue, under number 6811. It is a large and splendid folio, in a very fine state of preservation; but of which the art is, upon the whole, of the ordinary and secondary class of merit. Yet it is doubtless a volume of great interest and curiosity. Even to English feelings, it will be gratifying to observe in it the portrait of *Louisa of Savoy,* mother of Francis I. That illustrious lady is sitting in a chair, surrounded by her attendants; and is in all probability a copy from the life. The performance is a metrical composition, in stanzas of eleven verses. I select the opening lines, because they relate immediately to the portrait in question.

Tres excellente illustre et magnificque
Fleur de noblesse exquise et redolente
Dame dhonneur princesse pacifique
Salut a ta maieste precellente
Tes seruiteurs par voye raisonnable
Tant iusticiers que le peuple amyable.
De amyens cite dicte de amenite
Recõmandant sont par humilite

Leur bien publicque en ta grace et puissance
Toy confessant estre en realite
Mere humble et franche au grant espoir de France.

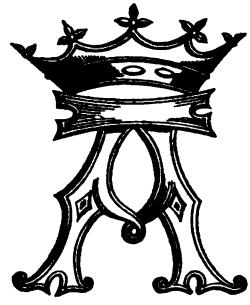
The text is accompanied by the common-place flower Arabesques of the period.

HOURS OF ANNE OF BRITTANY. The order of this little catalogue of a few of the more splendid and curious ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, in the Royal Library of France, has at length, my worthy friend, brought me in contact with the magical and matchless volume usually designated by the foregoing title. You are to know—in the first place—that, of ALL the volumes in this most marvellous Library, the present is deemed THE MOST PRECIOUS. Not even the wishes and regulations of Royalty itself allow of its migration beyond the walls of the public library. There it is kept: there it is opened, and shewn, and extolled beyond any limits fixed to the admiration of the beholder. It is a rare and bewitching piece of art, I do assure you: and so, raising your expectations to their highest pitch, I will allow you to anticipate whatever is wonderful in FRANCESCO VERONESE and gorgeous in GIROLAMO DEI LIBRI.* Perhaps, however, this is not the most happy illustration of the art which it displays.

The first view of this magical volume is doubtless

* For an account of these ancient worthies in the art of illumination, consult the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. cxlii.-clxiv.

rather disheartening: but the sight of the original silver clasps (luckily still preserved) will operate by way of a comforter. Upon them you observe this ornament:



denoting, by the letter and the ducal crown, that the book belonged to Anne, Duchess of Brittany. On the reverse of the second leaf we observe the *Dead Christ* and the *three Maries*. These figures are about six inches in height. They are executed with great delicacy, but in a style somewhat too feeble for their size. One or two of the heads, however, have rather a good expression.

Opposite to this illumination is the *truly invaluable* PORTRAIT OF ANNE herself: attended by two females, each crowned with a glory; one is displaying a banner, the other holding a cross in her hand. To the left of these attendants, is an old woman, hooded, with her head encircled by a glory. They are all three sweetly and delicately touched; but there are many evident marks of injury and ill usage about

the surface of the colouring. Yet, as being *ideal* personages, my eye hastily glided off them to gaze upon the illustrious Lady, by whose orders, and at whose expense, these figures were executed. It is upon the DUCHESS that I fix my eye, and lavish my commendations. Look at her* as you here behold her. Her gown is brown and gold, trimmed with dark brown fur. Her hair is brown. Her necklace is composed of coloured jewels. Her cheek has a fresh tint; and the missal, upon which her eyes are bent, displays highly ornamented art. The cloth upon the table is dark crimson.

The *Calendar* follows; in which, in one of the winter months, we observe a very puerile imitation of flakes of snow falling over the figures and the landscape below. The calendar occupies a space of about six inches by four, completely enclosed by a coloured margin. Then begins a series of the most beautiful ornaments of FLOWERS, FRUITS, INSECTS, &c. for which the illuminators of this period were often eminently distinguished. These ornaments are almost uniformly introduced in the fore-edges, or right-side margins, of the leaves; although occasionally, but rarely, they encircle the text. They are from five to six inches in length, or height; having the Latin name of the plant at top, and the French name at the bottom. Probably these titles were introduced by a later hand. It is

* See the OPPOSITE PLATE. [The beautiful copy of the Original, by Mr. G. Lewis, from which the Plates in this work were taken, is now in the possession of Thomas Ponton, Esq.]

really impossible to describe many of them in terms of adequate praise. The downy plum is almost bursting with ripeness: the butterfly's wings seem to be in tremulous motion, while they dazzle you by their varied lustre: the hairy insect puts every muscle and fibre into action, as he insinuates himself within the curling of the crisped leaves; while these leaves are sometimes glittering with dew, or coated with the finest down. The flowers and the vegetables are equally admirable, and equally true to nature. To particularise would be endless. Assuredly these efforts of art have no rival—of their kind. *Scripture Subjects. Saints, Confessors, &c.* succeed in regular order, with accompaniments of fruits and flowers, more or less exquisitely executed:—the whole, a collection of peculiar, and, of its kind, UNRIVALLED ART. This extraordinary volume measures twelve inches by seven and a half.

HOURS BELONGING TO POPE PAUL III. 8vo. The portrait of the Pope is at the bottom of the first ornament, which fixes the period of its execution to about the middle of the sixteenth century. Towards the end the pages are elaborately ornamented in the arabesque manner. There are some pleasing children: of that style of art which is seen in the Missal belonging to Sir M. M. Sykes, of the time of Francis I.* The scription is very beautiful. The volume afterwards

* [It was bought at Sir Mark's sale, by Messrs. Rivington and Cochrane. See a fac simile of one of the illuminations in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. clxxix.]

belonged to Pius VI., whose arms are worked in tambour on the outside. It is kept in a case, and is doubtless a fine book.

MISSALS: numbers 19—4650. Under this head I shall notice two pretty volumes of the devotional kind; of which the subjects are executed in red, blue, &c.—and of which the one seems to be a copy of the other. The borders exhibit a style of art somewhat between that of Julio Clovio and what is seen in the famous Missal just mentioned.

MISSAL OF HENRY IV. No. 1171. This book is of the end of the XVIth century. The grouud is gold, with a small brilliant roman letter for text. The subjects are executed in a pale chocolate tint, rather capricious than tasteful. It has been cropt in the binding. The name and arms of Henry are on the exterior.

Thus much, my dear friend, for the SACRED TEXT —either in its original, uninterrupted state—or as partially embodied in *Missals*, *Hours*, or *Rituals*. I think it will now be but reasonable to give you some little respite from the toil of further perusal; especially as the next class of MSS. is soessentially different. In the mean while, I leave you to carry the image of ANNE OF BRITTANY to your pillow, to beguile the hours of languor or of restlessness. A hearty adieu.

LETTER IV.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

ARE you thoroughly awake, and disenchanted from the magic which the contents of the preceding letter may have probably thrown around you? Arouse—to scenes of a different aspect, but of a not less splendid and spirit-stirring character. Buckle on your helmet, . . for the trumpet sounds to arms. The *Knights of the Round Table* call upon you, from their rock-hewn, or wood-embowered, recesses, to be vigilant, faithful, enterprising, and undaunted. In language less elevated, and somewhat more intelligible, I am about to place before you a few illuminated MSS. relating to HISTORY and ROMANCE; not without, in the first place, making a digression into one or two volumes of MORALITIES, if they may be so called. Prepare therefore, in the first place, for the inspection of a couple of volumes—which, for size, splendor, and general state of preservation, have no superior in the Royal Library of France.

CITÉ DE DIEU: No. 6712: folio. 2 vols. These are doubtless among the most magnificent *shew-books* in this collection; somewhat similar, in size and style of art, to the MS. of *Valerius Maximus*, in our British

Museum—of which, should you not have forgotten it, some account may be read in the *Bibliographical Decameron.** At the very first page we observe an assemblage of Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops, with a King seated on his throne in the midst of them. The figures in the fore-ground are from four to five inches high; and so in gradation upwards. The colouring of some of the draperies is in a most delightful tone. The countenances have also a soft and quiet expression. The arms of *Graville* (Grāuille?) are in the circular border. Three leaves beyond, a still larger and more crowded illumination appears—in a surprising state of freshness and beauty; measuring nearly a foot and a half in height. It is prefixed to the *First Book*, and is divided into a group in the clouds, and various groups upon the earth below. These latter are representations of human beings in all situations and occupations of life—exhibiting the prevalence both of virtues and vices. They are encircled at bottom by a group of Demons. The figures do not exceed two inches in height. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and brilliancy of this specimen of art about the middle of the fifteenth century:—a ms. date of 1469 shewing the precise period of its execution. This latter is at the end of the first volume. Each book, into which the work is divided, has a large illumination prefixed, of nearly equal beauty and splendor.

Les Echecs Amoureux. Folio. No. 6808. The

* Vol. i. p. ccxx-i.

title does not savour of any moral application to be derived from the perusal of the work. Nevertheless, there are portions of it which were evidently written with that view. It is so lovely, and I had almost said so matchless, a volume, that you ought to rejoice to have an account of it in any shape. On the score of delicate, fresh, carefully-executed art, this folio may challenge comparison with any similar treasure in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The subjects are not crowded, nor minute; nor of a very wonderful and intricate nature; but they are quietly composed, softly executed, and are, at this present moment, in a state of preservation perfectly beautiful and entire.

Boccace; Des Cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes. No. 6878. The present seems to be the fit place to notice this very beautiful folio volume of one of the most popular works of Boccaccio. Copies of it, both in ms. and early print—are indeed common in foreign libraries. There is a date of 1409 at the very commencement of the volume: but I take the liberty to question whether that be the date of its actual execution. The illuminations in this manuscript exhibit a fine specimen of the commencement of that soft, and as some may think woolly, style of art, which appears to so much advantage in the *Bedford Missal and Bedford Breviary;* and of which, indeed, a choice specimen of circular ornaments is seen round the first large illumination of the creation and expulsion of Adam and Eve. These illuminations are not of first rate merit, nor are they all by the same hand.

THE SAME WORK: with the same date—but the hand-writing is evidently more modern. Of the illuminations, it will be only necessary to mention the large one at fol. iij.c. (ccc.) in which the gray tints and the gold are very cleverly managed. At the end is seen, in a large sprawling character, the following inscription: "*Ce Livre est A Le Harne. Fille Et Seur de Roys de France, Duchesse de Bourbonnois et dauuergne. Contesse de Clermont et de Tourez. Dame de Beaujeu.*" This inscription bears the date of 1468; not very long before which I suspect the MS. to have been executed.

THE SAME: of the same date—which date I am persuaded was copied by each succeeding scribe. The illuminations are here generally of a very inferior character: but the first has much merit, and is by a superior hand. The text is executed in a running secretary Gothic. There are two other MSS. of the same work which I examined; and in one of which the well known subject of the *wheel of fortune* is perhaps represented for the first time. It usually accompanied the printed editions, and may be seen in that of our Pynson, in 1494,* folio. I suspect, from one of the introductory prefaces, that the celebrated *Laurent le Premier Fait* was the principal scribe who gave a sort of fashion to this MS. in France.

PTOLEMÆUS, *Latinè*. A magnificent MS.—if size and condition be alone considered. It is however precious in the estimation of Collectors of portraits, as it

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv p. 421.

contains one of Louis xii;* —This portrait is nearly in the centre of the frontispiece to the book. Behind the monarch stand two men; one leaning upon his staff. A large gothic window is above. A crucifix and altar are beneath it. There is but one other similar illumination in the volume; and each nearly occupies the whole of the page—which is almost twenty-three inches long by fourteen wide. The other illumination is hardly worth describing. This noble volume, which almost made the bearer stoop beneath its weight, is bound in wood:—covered with blue velvet, with a running yellow pattern, of the time of Louis—but now almost worn away.

Tite-Live. Fol. A noble and magnificent MS. apparently of the beginning of the xvth. century. It seems to point out the precise period when the artists introduced those soft, full-coloured, circular borders—just after the abandonment of the sharp outline, and thin coat of colour—discoverable in the illuminations of the xiiith and xivth centuries. The first grand illumination, with a circular border, is an interesting illustration of this remark. The backgrounds to the pictures are the well-known small bright squares of blue and gold. The text is in a firm square and short gothic character.

[* The fac-simile drawing of this portrait, by M. Cœuré—from which the print was taken, in the previous edition of this work—is also in the possession of my friend Mr. Ponton. See note, page 79 ante.]

L'HISTOIRE ROMAINE: No. 6984: Folio, 3 vols. written in the French language. These are among the *shew books* of the library. The exterior pattern of the binding is beautiful in the extreme. Such a play of lines, in all directions, but chiefly circular, I never before saw. The date, on the outside, is 1556. The writing and the illuminations are of the latter part of the XVth century; and although they are gorgeous, and in a fine state of preservation, yet is the character of the art but secondary, and rather common.

ROYAL BIOGRAPHY OF FRANCE. Fol. This exquisite volume may be justly designated as the *nonpareil* of its kind. It is rather a book of PORTRAITS, than a MS. with intermixed illuminations. The scription, in a sort of cursive, secretary gothic character, merits not a moment's attention: the pencil of the artist having wholly eclipsed the efforts of the scribe. Such a series of exquisitely finished portraits, of all the Kings of France (with the unaccountable omission, unless it has been taken out, of that of Louis XII.) is perhaps no where else to be seen. M. Cœuré, the French artist employed by me, stood in ecstasies before it! These portraits are taken from old monuments, missals, and other ancient and supposed authentic documents. They are here touched and finished in a manner the most surprisingly perfect. The book appears to have been executed expressly for CHARLES IX.—to whom it was in fact presented

by *Dutilliet*, (the artist or the superintendant of the volume) in his proper person. The gilt stamp of the two reversed C's are on the sides of the binding. I should add, that the portraits are surrounded by borders of gold, shaded in brown, in the arabesque manner. All the portraits are whole lengths; and if my time and pursuits had permitted it, I should, ere this, have caused M. Cœuré to have transfused a little of his enthusiasm into faithful fac-similes of those of Francis I.—my avowed favourite—of which one represents him in youth, and the other in old age. Why do not the Noblesse of France devote some portion of that wealth, which may be applied to worse purposes, in obtaining a series of engravings executed from this matchless volume?!

Romances, Books of Tournament, &c.

Lancelot du Lac shall lead the way. He was always considered among the finest fellows who ever encircled the *Table Ronde*—and *such* a copy of his exploits, as is at this moment before me, it is probably not very easy for even Yourself to conceive. If the height and bulk of the knight were in proportion to this written record of achievements, the plume of his helmet must have brushed the clouds. This enormous volume (No. 6783) is divided into three books or parts: of which the first part is illuminated in the usual coarse style of the latter end of the xivth cen-

tury. The title to this first part, in red ink, is the most perfect resemblance of the earliest type used by Caxton, which I remember to have seen in an ancient manuscript. The other titles do not exhibit that similarity. The first part has ccxlviij. leaves. The second part has no illuminations: if we except a tenderly touched outline, in a brownish black, upon the third leaf—which is much superior to any specimen of art in the volume. This second part has cccj. leaves. At the end:—

Sensuit le liure du saint graal.

The spaces for illuminations are regularly preserved, but by what accident or design they were not filled up remains to be conjectured. The third part, or book, is fully illuminated like the first. There is a very droll illumination on folio vij. ^{xx}. xij. At the end of the volume, on folio ccxxxiij., recto, is the following date: "*Aujourduy iiij. Jour du Jullet lan mil ccc. soixante dix a este escript ce livre darmes par Micheaugatelet prestre demeurant en la ville de Tournay.*" Just before the colophon, on the reverse of the preceding leaf, is a common-place illumination of the interment of a figure in a white sheet—with this incription:

Ici: Gist. Lecors: Galahavt: Seigneve
Des. Lointenes. Iles. et. avecqves. lvi. repovse: Mesire
Lancelot. Dvlac. Mellievr. Chrl. Dv. Mvde. apres. Gvaleat.

There are two or three more illuminated MSS. of our well-beloved Lancelot. One, in six volumes, has

illuminations, but they are of the usual character of those of the fifteenth century.

LANCELOT DU LAC, &c. This MS. is in three volumes. The first contains only, as it were, an incipient illumination: but there is preserved, on the reverse of the binding, and written in the same character with the text, three lines—of which the private history, or particular application, is now forgotten—although we learn, from the word *bloys* being written at top, that this MS. came from the library of Catherine de Medici—when she resided at Blois.

The second volume of this copy is in quite a different character, and much older than the first. The colophon assigns to it the date of 1344. The volume is full of illuminations, and the first leaf exhibits a fair good specimen of those drolleries which are so frequently seen in illuminated MSS. of that period. The third volume is in a still different hand-writing: perhaps a little more ancient. It has a few slight illuminations, only as capital initials.

LANCELOT DU LAC: No. 6782. This MS. is executed in a small gothic character, in ink which has now become much faded. From the character of the illuminations, I should consider it to be much more ancient than either of the preceding—even at the commencement of the thirteenth century. Among the illuminations there is a very curious one, with this prefix;

Vne dame venant a. c. chr. q̄ dort en son lit & ele le volt baisier. mais vne damoiselle li deffendi

You will not fail to bear in mind that the history of Lancelot du Lac will be also found in those of Tristan and Arthur. I shall now therefore introduce you to a MS. or two relating to the former.

TRISTAN. No. 6957, 2 vols. *folio.* This is a very fine old MS. apparently of the middle of the XIVth century. The writing and the embellishments fairly justify this inference. The first volume contains three hundred and fifty-one leaves. On the reverse of the last leaf but one, is the word "*anne*" in large lower-case letters; but a ms. memorandum, in a later hand, at the end, tells us that this copy was once the property of "*the late Dame Agnes*" *&c.* The second volume is written in more of the secretary gothic character—and is probably somewhat later than the first. It is executed in double columns. The illuminations are little more than outlines, prettily executed upon a white ground—or rather the vellum is uncoloured. This volume seems to want a leaf at the commencement, and yet it has a title at top, as if the text actually began there. The colophon is thus:

Explicit le Romāt de. T. et de yseut
qui fut fait lan mille. iijc. iiijxx. et xix.
la veille de pasques grans.

TRISTAN, FILS DE MELIADUS. No. 6773. A folio of almost unparalleled breadth of back;—measuring more than six inches and a quarter, without the binding. A beautiful illumination once graced the first

leaf, divided into four compartments, which is now almost effaced. In the third compartment, there are two men and two women playing at chess, in a vessel. What remains, only conveys an imperfect idea of its original beauty. The lady seems to have received check-mate, from the melancholy cast of her countenance, and her paralised attitude. The man is lifting up both hands, as if in the act of exultation upon his victory. The two other figures are attendants, who throw the dice. Upon the whole, this is among the prettiest bits I have yet seen. It is worth noticing that the yellow paint, like our Indian yellow, is here very much used; shaded with red. The generality of the illuminations are fresh; but there is none of equal beauty with that just described. From the scription, and the style of art, I should judge this MS. to have been executed about the year 1400 or 1420; but a memorandum, apparently in a somewhat later hand, says it was finished in 1485:—*Par Michean gonnot de la brouce p̄stre demeurant a croysant.* Some lines below have been scratched out. The colophon, just before, is on the recto of the last leaf:

Explicit le rōmans de tristan et de la Royne
Yseult la blonde Royne de cornoalle.

TRISTAN: No. 6774. *Folio.* 2 vols. The illuminations are magnificent, but lightly coloured and shaded. The draperies are in good taste. The border to the first large illumination, in four parts, is equally

elegant in composition and colouring, and a portion of it might be worth copying. There is a pretty illumination of two women sitting down. A table cloth, with dinner upon it, is spread upon the grass between them:—a bottle is plunged into a running stream from a fountain, with an ewer on one side in the foreground. One woman plays upon the guitar while the other eats her dinner. The second volume has a fine illumination divided into four parts, with a handsome border—not quite perhaps so rich as the preceding. Among the subjects, there is a singular one of Lancelot du Lac helping a lady out of a cauldron in a state of nudity: two gentlemen and a lady are quietly looking on. The text appertaining to this subject runs thus: "*Et quant elle voit lancelot si lui dist hoa sire cheualiers pour dieu ostes moy de ceste aure ou il a eaue qui toute mait Et lancelot vint a la aure et prent la damoiselle par la main et lentrait hors. Et quant elle se voit deliure elle luy chiet aux pies et lui baise la iambe et lui dist sire benoite soit leure que vous feustes oncques nes, &c.*" The top of the last leaf is cut off: and the date has been probably destroyed. The colophon runs thus:

Cy fenist le livre de tristan et de la
royne yseult de cornouaille et
le graal que plus nen va.

The present is a fine genuine old copy: in faded yellow morocco binding — apparently not having

been subjected to the torturing instruments of De Rome.

Le Roy Artus. No. 6963. Folio. I consider this to be the oldest illuminated MS. of the present Romance which I have yet seen. It is of the date of 1274, as its colophon imports. It is written in double columns, but the illuminations are heavy and sombre; —about two inches in height, generally oblong. There are grotesques, attached to letters, in the margin. The backgrounds are thick, shining gold. At the end:

*Explicit de lanselot. del lac**
Ces Roumans fu par escris. En lan
del Incarnation nostre Segnor. mil
deus cens et sixante et quatorse le
semedi apres pour ce li ki lescrist.

It is in a fine state of preservation. Mons. Méon shewed me a manuscript of the St. Graal, executed in a similar style, and written in treble columns.

Le Meme. This is a metrical MS of the xiiith century: executed in double columns. The illuminations are small but rather coarse. It is in fine preservation. Bound in green velvet. Formerly the outsides of this binding had silver gilt medallions; five on each side. These have been latterly stolen. I also saw a fine Perceforest, in four large folio volumes upon vellum, written in a comparatively modern Gothic hand. The illuminations were to be *supplied*—

* The words "del lac" are in a later hand.

as spaces are left for them. There is also a paper MS. of the same Romance, not illuminated.

ROMAN DE LA ROSE: No. 6983. I consider this to be the oldest MS. of its subject which I have seen. It is executed in a small Gothic character, in two columns, with ink which has become much faded: and from the character, both of the scription and the embellishments, I apprehend the date of it to be somewhere about the middle of the XIVth century. The illuminations are small, but pretty and perfect; the backgrounds are generally square, diamond-wise, without gold; but there are backgrounds of solid shining gold. The subjects are rather quaintly and whimsically, than elegantly, treated. In the whole, one hundred and sixty leaves. From Romances, of all and of every kind, let us turn our eyes towards a representation of subjects intimately connected with them: to wit,

A BOOK OF TOURNAMENTS. No. 8351. Folio. This volume is in a perfect blaze of splendour. Hither let PROSPERO and PALMERIN resort—to choose their casques, their gauntlets, their cuirasses, and lances: yea, let more than one-half of the Roxburghers make an annual pilgrimage to visit this tome!—which developes, in thirteen minutes, more chivalrous intelligence than is contained even in the mystical leaves of the Fayt of Armys and Chyvalrye of our beloved Caxton. Be my pulse calm, and my wits composed, as I essay the description of this marvellous volume. Beneath a

large illumination, much injured, of Louis XI. sitting upon his throne—are the following verses:

Pour exemple aulx nobles et gens darmes
Qui appetent les faitz darmes hautes
Le Sire de gremthumsé duyt es armes
Volut au roy ce livre presenter.

Next ensue knights on horseback, heralds, &c.—with a profusion of coat-armours: each illumination occupying a full page. On the reverse of the ninth leaf, is a most interesting illumination, in which is seen the figure of *John Duke of Brittany.* He is delivering a sword to a king at arms, to carry to his cousin, the Duke of Bourbon; as he learns, from general report, that the Duke is among the bravest champions in Christendom, and in consequence he wishes to break a lance with him.

The illumination, where the Duke thus appears, is quite perfect, and full of interest: and I make no doubt but the countenance of the herald, who is kneeling to receive the sword, is a faithful portrait. It is full of what may be called individuality of character. The next illumination represents the *Duke of Bourbon accepting the challenge,* by receiving the sword. His countenance is slightly injured. The group of figures, behind him, is very clever. The ensuing illumination exhibits the herald offering the Duke de Bourbon the choice of eight coats of armour, to put on upon the occasion. A still greater injury is

here observable in the countenance of the Duke. The process of conducting the tournay, up to the moment of the meeting of the combatants, is next detailed; and several illuminations of the respective armours of the knights and their attendants, next claim our attention. On the reverse of the xxxijnd, and on the recto of the xxxiijd leaf, the combat of the two Dukes is represented. The seats and benches of the spectators are then displayed: next a very large illumination of the procession of knights and their attendants to the place of contest. Then follows an interesting one of banners, coat armours, &c. suspended from buildings—and another, yet larger and equally interesting, of the entry of the judges.

I am yet in the midst of the emblazoned throng. Look at yonder herald, with four banners in his hand. It is a curious and imposing sight. Next succeeds a formal procession—preparing for the combat. It is exceedingly interesting, and many of the countenances are full of natural expression. This is followed by a still more magnificent cavalcade, with judges in the fore-ground; and the "dames et damoiselles," in fair array to the right. We have next a grand rencontre of the knights attendant—carried on beneath a balcony of ladies

. . . . . whose bright eyes
Reign influence, and decide the prize.

These ladies, thus comfortably seated in the raised balcony, wear what we should now call the *cauchoise*

cap. A group of grave judges is in another balcony, with sundry mottos spread below. In the rencontre which takes place, the mace seems to be the general instrument of attack and defence. Splendid as are these illuminations, they yield to those which follow; especially to that which *immediately* succeeds, and which displays the preparation for a tournament to be conducted upon a very large scale. We observe throngs of combatants, and of female spectators in boxes above. These are rather more delicately touched. Now comes . . the mixed and stubborn fight of the combatants. They are desperately engaged with each other; while their martial spirit is raised to the highest pitch by the sharp and reverberating blasts of the trumpet. The trumpeters blow their instruments with all their might. Every thing is in animation, bustle, energy, and confusion. A man's head is cut off, and extended by an arm, to which — in the position and of the size we behold—it would be difficult to attach a body. Blood flows copiously on all sides. The reward of victory is seen in the next and *last* illumination. The ladies bring the white mantle to throw over the shoulders of the conqueror. In the whole, there are only lxxiiij. leaves. This is unquestionably a volume of equal interest and splendor; and, when it was fresh from the pencil of the illuminator, its effect must have been exquisite.*

* What is rather singular, there is a duplicate of this book: a copy of every illumination, done towards the beginning of the

Book of Tournaments: No. 8204. 8vo. We have here a sort of miniature exhibition of the chief circumstances displayed in the previous and larger MS. It is questionless a very precious book; but has been cruelly cropt. The text and ornaments are clearly of the end of the fifteenth century; perhaps about 1470. Nothing can well exceed the brilliancy and power of many of the illuminations, which are very small and very perfect. The knight, with a representation of the trefoil, (or what is called club, in card playing) upon a gold mantle, kills the other with a black star upon a white mantle. This mortal combat is the last in the book. Each of the knights, praying before going to combat, is executed with considerable power of expression. The ladies have the high (cauchoise) cap or bonnet. The borders, of flowers, are but of secondary merit.

Polybius, *Græcè*. Folio. M. Gail placed before

sixteenth century; but the text is copied in a smaller hand, so as to compress the volume into lxviij. leaves. Unluckily, the copies of the illuminations are not only comparatively coarse, but are absolutely faithless as to resemblances. There is a letter prefixed, from a person named *Le Hay*, of the date of 1707, in which the author tells some gentleman that he was in hopes to procure the volume for 100 crowns; but afterwards, the owner obstinately asking 200, *Le Hay* tells his friend to split the difference, and offer 150. This book once belonged to one "*Hector Le Breton Sievr de la Doynetrie*"—as the lettering upon the exterior of the binding implies—and as a letter to his son, of the date of 1660, within the volume, also shews. This letter is signed by Le Breton.

me, in a sly manner—as if to draw off my attention from the volumes of chivalry just described,—the present beautiful MS. of Polybius. It is comparatively recent, being of the very commencement of the sixteenth century: but the writing exhibits a perfect specimen of that style or form of character which the Stephenses and Turnebus, &c. appear to have copied in their respective founts of the Greek letter. It has also other, and perhaps stronger, claims to notice. The volume belonged to Henry II. and Diane de Poictiers, and the decorations of the pencil are worthy of the library to which it was attached. The top ornament, and the initial letter,—at the beginning of the text—are each executed upon a blue ground, shaded in brown and gold, in the most exquisitely tasteful manner. This initial letter has been copied "ad amussim" by old Robert Stephen. Upon the whole, this is really an enchanting book, whether on the score of writing or of ornament.

Farewell, now, therefore—to the Collection of MSS. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris. Months and years may be spent among them, and the vicissitudes of seasons (provided fires were occasionally introduced) hardly felt. I seem, for the last fortnight, to have lived entirely in the "olden time;" in a succession of ages from that of Charles the Bald to that of Henri Quatre: and my eyes have scarcely yet recovered from the dazzling effects of the illuminator's pencil. "Il faut se reposer un peu."

LETTER V.

SOME ACCOUNT OF EARLY PRINTED AND RARE BOOKS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

As the ART of PRINTING rather suddenly, than gradually, checked the progress of that of writing and illuminating—and as the pressman in consequence pretty speedily tripped up the heels of the scribe—it will be a natural and necessary result . . that I take you with me to the collection of PRINTED BOOKS. Accordingly, let us ascend the forementioned lofty flight of stone steps, and paying attention to the affiche of "wiping our shoes," let us enter: go straight forward: make our obeisance to Monsieur Van Praet, and sit down doggedly but joyfully to the glorious volumes . . . many of them

Rough with barbaric gold,

which, through his polite directions, are placed before us. To come to plain matter of fact. Receive, my good friend, in right earnest and with the strictest adherence to truth, a list of some of those rarer and more magnificent productions of the ancient art of printing, which I have been so many years desirous of inspecting, and which now, for the first time, present

themselves to my notice and admiration. After the respectable example of M. Van Praet,* I shall generally add the sizes, or measurement† of the respective books examined—not so much for the sake of making those unhappy whose copies are of less capacious dimensions, as for the consolation of those whose copies may lift up their heads in a yet more aspiring attitude. One further preliminary remark. I send you this list precisely in the order in which chance, rather than a preconcerted plan, happened to present the books to me.

RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE. *Printed by Caxton.* Folio. The late M. De La Serna Santander, who was Head Librarian of the public Library at Brussels, purchased this book for the Royal Library for 150 francs.‡ It is in the finest possible state of preservation; and is bound in red morocco, with rather a tawdry lining of light blue water-tabby silk.

THE SAME WORK. *Printed by Verard, without*

* In his meditated Catalogue raisonné of the books PRINTED UPON VELLUM in the Royal Library. [This Catalogue is now printed, in 8vo. 5 vols. 1822. There are copies on LARGE PAPER. It is a work in all respects worthy of the high reputation of its author. A *Supplement* to it—of books printed UPON VELLUM in *other* public, and many distinguished *private* libraries, appeared in 1824, 8vo. 3 vols.—with two additional volumes in 1828. These volumes are the joy of the heart of a thorough bred Bibliographer.]

† The measurement is necessarily confined to the leaves—*exclusively* of the binding.

‡ See the Art. "*Roman de Jason*"

date. Folio. This copy is UPON VELLUM; in the finest possible condition both for size and colour. It is printed in Verard's small gothic type, in long lines, with a very broad margin. The wood-cuts are coloured. The last leaf of the first book is MS.: containing only sixteen lines upon the recto of the leaf. This fine copy is bound in red morocco.

HORÆ BEATÆ VIRGINIS, Gr. *Printed by Aldus.* 1497. 12mo. Perhaps the rarest Aldine volume in the world:—when found in a perfect state. M. Renouard had not been able to discover a copy to enrich his instructive annals of the Aldine typography.* The present copy is four inches and five eighths, by three inches and a half. It is in its original clasp binding, with stamped leather-outsides.†

THE SHYPPE OF FOOLES. *Printed by Wynkyn de Worde.* 1509. 8vo. At length this far-famed and long talked of volume has been examined. It is doubtless a prodigious curiosity, and unique—inasmuch as this copy is UPON VELLUM. The vellum is stout but soft. I suspect this copy to be rather cropt. It is bound in red morocco, and is perfectly clean and sound throughout.

ROMAN DE JASON. In French. *Printed by Caxton.* Folio. A little history is attached to the acquisition

* [There are, now, ten known *perfect* copies of this book, of which six are in England. M. Renouard, in his recent edition of the *Annals of the Aldine Press,* vol. i. p. 36, has been copious and exact.]

† [Since bound in blue morocco by Thouvenin.]

of this book, which may be worth recital. An unknown, and I may add an unknowing, person, bought this most exceedingly rare volume, with the *Qudriloge of Alain Chartier*, 1477, Folio, in one and the same ancient wooden binding, for the marvellously moderate sum of—*one louis!* The purchaser brought the volume to M. de La Serna Santander, and asked him if he thought *two* louis too much for their value. That wary Bibliographer only replied, "I do not think it is." He became the purchaser; and instantly and generously consigned the volumes to their present place of destination.* You may remember that the collection of Anthony Storer, in the library of Eton College, also possesses this book—at present wanting in Lord Spencer's library. The present copy contains one hundred and thirty-two leaves, including a blank leaf; and is in a perfect state of preservation.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher.* 1457. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. This celebrated volume is a recent acquisition. It was formerly the copy of Girardot de Préfond, and latterly that of Count M'Carthy; at whose sale it was bought for 12,000 francs. It is cruelly cropt, especially at the side margins; and is of too sombre and sallow a tint. Measurement—fourteen inches, by nine and a half.

* [This anecdote, in the preceding Edition of the Tour, was told, inaccurately, as belonging to the Caxton's edition of the *Recueil des Hist. de Troye*: see p. 102 ante. I thank M. Crapelet for the correction.]

It is doubtless an absolutely necessary volume in a collection like the present. Only SEVEN known copies in the world.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by the same.* 1459. Folio. *Editio Secunda.* The first six leaves have been evidently much thumbed; and the copy, from the appearance of the first leaf alone, is as evidently cropt. For the colophon, both of this and of the preceding edition, examine the catalogue of Lord Spencer's library.* Upon the whole, it strikes me, as far as recollection may serve, that his Lordship's copy of each edition is preferable to those under consideration.† This copy measures sixteen inches and a quarter, by twelve and one-eighth.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Schoiffher.* 1490. Folio. A magnificent volume: and what renders it still more desirable, it is printed UPON VELLUM. Lord Spencer's copy is upon paper. The *previous* editions are *always* found upon vellum. Fine and imposing as is the copy before me, it is nevertheless evident—from the mutilated ancient numerals at top—that it has been somewhat cropt. This fine book measures sixteen inches and five eighths, by eleven inches and seven eighths.

* *Bibl. Spenceriana,* vol. i. p. 107, &c.

† [The finest copy in the world of the second edition, as to amplitude, is, I believe, that in the Bodleian library at Oxford. A very singular piece of good fortune has now made it PERFECT. It was procured by Messrs. Payne and Foss of M. Artaria at Manheim.]

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Schoiffher.* 1502. Folio. This book (wanting in the cabinet at St. James's Place) is upon paper. As far as folio CXXXVij. the leaves are numbered: afterwards, the printed numerals cease. A ms. note, in the first leaf, says, that the text of the first sixteen leaves precisely follows that of the first edition of 1457. The present volume will be always held dear in the estimation of the typographical antiquary. It is THE LAST in which the name of *Peter Schoiffher*, the son-in-law of Fust, appears to have been introduced. That printer died probably a short time afterwards. It measures fifteen inches and one eighth in height, by ten inches and seven eighths in width.

PSALTERIUM, Latinè. *Printed by Schoiffher's Son.* 1516. Folio. A fine and desirable copy, printed UPON VELLUM. It is tolerably fair: measuring fifteen inches, by ten inches and three quarters.

I have little hesitation in estimating *these five copies* of the earlier editions of the Psalter, to be worth, at least, one thousand pounds.

BIBLIA LATINA. *(Supposed to have been printed in* 1455.) Folio. This is the famous edition called the MAZARINE BIBLE, from the first known copy of it having been discovered in the library of that Cardinal, in the college founded by himself. Bibliography has nearly exhausted itself in disquisitions upon it. But this copy—which is upon paper—is THE COPY *of all copies;* inasmuch as it contains the memorable inscrip-

tion, or coeval ms. memorandum, of its having been illuminated in 1456.* In the first volume, this inscription occurs at the end of the printed text, in three short lines, but to the best of my recollection, the memorandum resembles the printed text rather more than the fac-simile of it formerly published by me. In the second volume, this inscription is in three long lines and is well enough copied in the M'Carthy catalogue. It may be as well to give you a transcript of this celebrated memorandum, as it proves unquestionably the impression to have been executed before any known volume with a printed date. It is taken from the end of the second volume.†

THE SAME EDITION.—This is a sound and desirable copy, printed UPON VELLUM; but much inferior in every respect, to another similar copy in the possession of Messrs. G. and W. Nicol, booksellers to his Majesty.‡ It measures fifteen inches and three-fourths, by nearly eleven and six eighths.

* Nine years ago I obtained a fac-simile of this memorandum; and published an Essay upon the antiquity of the date of the above Bible, in the *Classical Journal*, vol. iv. p. 471—484. of Mr. J. A Valpy. But latterly a more complete fac-simile of it appeared in the Catalogue of Count M'Carthy's books.

† "*Iste liber illuminatus, ligatus & completus est per Henricum Cremer vicariū ecclesie sancti Stephani Maguntini sub anno dn̄i Millesimo quatringentesimo quinquagesimo sexto, festo Assumptionis gloriose virginis Marie. Deo gracias. Alleluja.*"

‡ [This copy having one leaf of MS.—but executed with such extraordinary accuracy as almost to deceive the most experienced eye—was sold in 1827, by public auction, for 504*l.* and is now in the collection of Henry Perkins, Esq.]

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Pfister, at Bamberg.* Folio. Three volumes. The rarest of all Latin Bibles, when found in a perfect state. This was Lord Oxford's copy, and is not to be equalled for its beauty and soundness of condition. What renders it precious and unique, is an undoubted coeval ms. date, in red ink, of 1461. Some of the leaves in the first volume are wholly uncut. It is in handsome, substantial russia binding.

DURANDI RATIONALE DIV. OFF. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher.* 1459. Folio. Here are not fewer than *three* copies of this early, and much coveted volume: all of course UPON VELLUM. The tallest of them measures sixteen inches and a half, by twelve and one eighth; and is in red morocco binding.

BIBLIA GERMANICA. *Supposed to be printed by Mentelin. Without date.* Folio. If we except the earlier leaves—of which the first is in ms., upon vellum, and the three succeeding, which are a little tender and soiled—this is a very fine copy; so large, as to have many bottom rough margins. At the end of the second volume an ancient ms. memorandum absurdly assigns the printing of this edition to Fust, and its date to 1472. The paper of this impression is certainly not very unlike that of the *Catholicon* of 1460.

BIBLIA PAUPERUM. A block-book. This is a cropt, but clean and uncoloured copy. I suspect, however, that it has been washed in some parts. It is in red morocco binding.

BIBLIA POLONICA. 1563. Folio. This is the famous Protestant Polish Bible, put forth under the patronage of Prince Radziwill; and concerning which a good deal has been already submitted to the public attention.* But the copy under consideration was a *presentation* copy from a descendant of Prince Radziwill—to the public Library of Sedan, to be there deposited through the intervention of Lord James Russell; as the following memorandum, in the Prince's own hand writing, attests: "*Hoc sacrarum Literarum Veteris Nouique Testamenti opus, fidelissima Cura Maiorum meorum vetustis Typis Polonicis excusum, In Bibliothecam Sedanensem per Nobilem Virum Dominum Jacobum Russelium, Ill^mi Principis Friderici Mauritii Bullionei ad me exlegatum inferendum committo.*

H. Radziwill."

It is nevertheless an imperfect copy, as it wants the title-page. M. Van Praet thinks it otherwise complete, but I suspect that it is not so.

BIBLIA SCLAVONICA; 1587. Folio. Of this exceedingly scarce volume—which M. Van Praet placed before me as almost unique—the present is a fine and desirable copy: in its original binding—with a stamped ornament of the Crucifixion on each side. One of these ornaments is quite perfect: the other is somewhat injured.

BIBLIA BOHEMICA. *Printed in* 1488. Folio. Among the rarest of the early-printed versions of the sacred

* *Bibl. Spenceriana;* vol. i. p. 85—89.

text: and this copy happens to be a most beautiful and desirable one. It is wanting in Lord Spencer's collection; which renders a minute description of it the more desirable. The first signature, *a i*, appears to be blank. On *a ii* begins a prologue or prefatory proheme, ending on the reverse of *a vj*. It has a prefix, or title, in fifteen lines, printed in red. The text is uniformly printed in double columns, in a sharp secretary-gothic character, with ink sufficiently black, upon paper not remarkably stout, but well manufactured. There are running titles, throughout. The last eight leaves upon signature *i* are printed in red and black lines alternately, and appear to be an index. The colophon, in nineteen lines, is at the bottom of the second column, on the reverse of *mm viij*. This book is thought to have been printed at *Prague*. The present copy is bound in blue morocco.

NEW TESTAMENT: *in the Dutch and Russian languages*. This volume, which is considered to be unique, and of which indeed I never saw, or heard of, another copy, bears the imprint of "*'T Gravenhage —Iohannes Van Duren, Boecverkoper*. MDCCXVII." Folio. The Dutch text is uniformly printed in capital letters; the Russian, in what I conceive to be lower-case, and about two-thirds the size of the Dutch.

The cause of the scarcity of perfect copies is, that very nearly the whole of the impression was *lost at sea*. The present copy undoubtedly affords decided demonstrations of a marine soaking: parts of it being

in the most piteous condition. The first volume contains 255 leaves: the second, 196 leaves. The copy is yet in boards, in the most tender condition. M. Van Praet thinks it *just* possible that there may be a *second* similar copy. The *third* (if there be a second) is known to have perished in the flames at Moscow.

THE PENTATEUCH: *in Hebrew. Printed in* 1491. *Folio.* A very fine copy, printed UPON VELLUM. The press work has a rich and black appearance; but the vellum is rather soiled. One leaf presents us with the recto covered by ms. of a brown tint—and the reverse covered by printed text. The last page is certainly ms. This however is a rare and costly tome.

TRACTS PRINTED BY PFISTER, *at Bamberg*; Folio. This is really a matchless volume, on the score of rarity and curiosity. It begins with a tract, or moral treatise, upon death. The wood cuts, five in number, are very large, filling nearly the whole page. One of them presents us with death upon a white horse; and the other was immediately recognised by me, as being the identical subject of which a fac-simile of a portion is given to the public in Lord Spencer's Catalogue*—but which, at that time, I was unable to appropriate. This tract contains twenty-four leaves, having twenty-eight lines in a full page. In all probability it was the *first* of the tracts printed by Pfister in the present

* *Bibl. Spenceriana*; vol. i. p. 103-4; where there is also an account of the book itself—from the description of Camus. The work is entitled by Camus, The ALLEGORY OF DEATH.

volume. The FOUR HISTORIES, so fully detailed in the work just referred to, immediately follow. This is of the date of 1462. Then the BIBLIA PAUPERUM, also fully described in the same work. This treatise is without date, and contains seventeen leaves; with a profusion of wood cuts, of which fac-similes have been given by me to the public. These three copies are in remarkably fine preservation; and this volume will be always highly treasured in the estimation of the typographical antiquary. The Latin Bible, by Pfister, has been just described to you. There WAS a yet MORE PRECIOUS typographical gem . . in this very library; by the same printer—with very curious wood cuts,—of one of which Heineken has indulged us with a fac-simile. I mean the FABLES . . with the express date of 1461. But recent events have caused it to be restored to its original quarters.*

LACTANTII INSTITUTIONES, &c. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1465. Folio. This was Lord Oxford's copy, and may be called almost uncut. You are to learn, that copies of this beautifully printed book are by no means very uncommon—although formerly, if I remember rightly, De Bure knew but of one copy in France—but copies in a fine state, and of

* This subject is briefly noticed in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. 371; and the book itself is somewhat particularly described there. I think I remember Lord Spencer to have once observed, that more than a slight hope was held out to him, by the late Duke of Brunswick, of obtaining this typographical treasure. This was before the French over-ran Prussia.

such dimensions as are Mr. Grenville's and the one now before me, must be considered as of extremely rare occurrence. This copy measures thirteen inches, one-eighth, and one-sixteenth—by very nearly nine inches one-eighth. You will smile at this particularity; but depend upon it there are ruler-carrying collectors who will thank me heartily for such a rigidly minute measurement.

Sts. Augustinus De Civitate Dei. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1467. Folio. It always does the heart of a bibliographer good to gaze upon a fine copy of this resplendent volume. It is truly among the master-pieces of early printing: but what will be your notions of the copy NOW under description, when I tell you, not only that it once belonged to our beloved Francis I., but that, for amplitude and condition, it rivals the copy in the library at *St. James's Place?* In short, it was precisely between *this very copy*, and that of my Lord Spencer, that M. Van Praet paused—("J'ai balancé" were, I think, the words used to me by that knowing bibliographer) and pondered and hesitated . . again and again . . ere he could decide upon which of the two was to be parted with! But, supposing the size and condition of each to be fairly "balanced" against the other, M. Van Praet could not, in honour and conscience, surrender the copy which had been formerly in the library of one of the greatest of the French monarchs

. . . and so the spirit of Francis I. rests in peace . . . as far as the retention of this copy may contribute to its repose. It is doubtless more brilliant and more attractive than Lord Spencer's—which, however, has no equal on the *other* side of the channel: but it is more beaten, and I suspect, somewhat more cropt. I forgot to say, that there are several capital initials in this copy tolerably well illuminated, apparently of the time of Francis—who, I am persuaded, loved illuminators of books to his heart.

I shall now continue literally as I began:—without any regard to dates, or places where printed.

CATHOLICON. *Printed by Gutenburg:* 1460. Folio. 2 vols. This copy is UPON VELLUM; but yet much inferior to the absolutely unrivalled membranaceous copy in Mr. Grenville's precious library. This copy measures fifteen inches one eighth, by eleven inches one eighth. It is bound in red morocco.

GRAMMATICA RHYTHMICA. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher;* 1466. Folio. How you would start back with surprise—peradventure mingled with indignation—to be told that, for this very meagre little folio, somewhat cropt, consisting but of eleven leaves cruelly scribbled upon . . . not fewer than *three thousand three hundred livres* were given—at the sale of Cardinal Lomenie's library, about thirty years ago! It is even so. And wherefore? Because only *one* other copy of it is known:—and that "other" is luckily re-

posing upon the mahogany shelves in St. James's Place. The present copy measures ten inches seven eighths, by eight inches.

VOCABULARIUS. *Printed by Bechtermuntze;* 1467. Quarto. EDITIO PRINCEPS—one of the rarest books in the world. Indeed I apprehend this copy to be absolutely UNIQUE. This work is a Latin and German Vocabulary, of which a good notion may be formed by the account of the *second* edition of it, in 1469, in a certain descriptive catalogue.* To be perfect, there should be 215 leaves. A full page has thirty-five lines. This copy is in as fine, clean, and crackling condition, as is that of Lord Spencer of the second impression. It is eight inches and a half in height, by five inches and five eighths in width.

HARTLIEB'S BOOK OF CHIROMANCY. *Supposed to have been printed with wooden blocks.* Folio. You may remember the amusemement which you said was afforded you by the account of, and the fac-similes from, this very strange and bizarre production—in the *Bibliographical Decameron.* The copy before me is much larger and finer than that in Lord Spencer's collection. The figure of the Doctor and of the Princess Anna are also much clearer in their respective impressions; and the latter has really no very remote resemblance to what is given in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*† of one of the Queens of Hungary. If so, perhaps the

* See *Bibl. Spenceriana;* vol. iii. p. 129, vol. iv. p. 500.

† Vol. iii. p. 484.

period of its execution may not be quite so remote as is generally imagined: for the Hungarian Chronicle, from which that regal figure was taken, is of the date of 1485.

HISTORIA BEATÆ VIRGINIS. *Without date.* This is doubtless rather an extraordinary volume. The text is printed only on one side of the leaf: so as to leave, alternately, the reverses and rectos blank—facing each other. But this *alone* is no proof of its antiquity; for, from the character both of the wood cuts and the type, I am quite persuaded that this volume could not have been executed much before the year 1480. It is not improbable that this book might have been printed at *Ulm.* It is a very beautiful copy, and bound in blue morocco.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. The enormous worth and rarity of this exceedingly precious volume may be estimated from this very copy having been purchased, at the sale of the Duke de la Valliere's library, in 1783, for four thousand one hundred and one livres. The first leaf of the *Bucolics,* of which the margin of the page is surrounded by an ancient illumination, gives unfortunate evidence of the binding of Chamot.* In other words, this copy, although in other respects white and sound, has been too much

* [I had said "De Rome"—incorrectly—in the previous edition. "M. Dibdin poursuit partout d'un trait vengeur le coupable Derome: mais ici c'est au relieur CHAMOT qu'il doit l'addresser." CRAPELET; vol. iii. p. 268.]

cropt. It measures eleven inches and six eighths, by nearly seven inches and five eighths.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Vindelin de Spira.*. 1470. Here are not fewer than *two* delicious copies of this exceedingly rare impression—and the most delicious happens to be UPON VELLUM. "O rare felicity! . . . (you exclaim) to spend so many hours within scarcely more than an arm's length of such cherished and long-sought after treasures!" But it is true nevertheless. The vellum copy demands our more immediate attention. It is very rarely, indeed, that this volume can be obtained in any state, whether upon vellum or paper;* but in the condition in which it is here found, it is a very precious acquisition. Some few leaves are a little tawny or foxy, and the top of the very first page makes it manifest that the volume has suffered a slight degree of amputation. But such defects are only as specks upon the sun's disk. This copy, bound in old yellow morocco binding of the Gaignat period, measures very nearly twelve inches and three quarters, by eight inches and five eighths.

The SAME EDITION. A copy upon paper: in the most unusual condition. The pages are numbered with a pen, rather neatly: but these numerals had better have been away. A frightful (gratuitous) ms. title —copied in a modern hand, from another of the date

* [The very sound copy of it, upon paper, belonging to the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. was sold at the sale of his library for 100 guineas.]

of 1474—strikes us, on opening the volume, in a very disagreeable manner. At top we read "*Ad usum H. D. Henrici E. C. M. C.*" The first page of the text is surrounded by an old illumination: and the title to the Bucolics is inserted, by the hand, in gold capital letters. From the impression appearing on the six following leaves, it should seem that this illuminated border had been stamped, after the book was bound. The condition of this classical treasure may be pronounced, upon the whole, to be equally beautiful and desirable. Perhaps there has been the slightest possible cropping; as the ancient ms. numerals are occasionally somewhat invisible. However, this is a most lovely book: measuring thirteen inches and one quarter, in height, by nine inches and very nearly one quarter in width.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1471. Folio. SECOND ROMAN EDITION; of yet greater scarcity than the first. This was Politian's own copy, and is so large as to be almost *uncut:* having the margins filled with Scholia, and critical observations, in almost the smallest hand-writing to be met with: supposed to be also from the pen of Politian. The autograph and subscription of that eminent scholar meet our eye at the top of the very first fly leaf.

Of all ancient editions of Virgil, this is probably not only the most estimable, but is so scarce as to have been, till lately, perfectly unknown. According to the ancient ms. numerals in this copy, there should be

225 leaves—to render the volume perfect. In our own country, it is—with a sigh I speak it!—only to be found (and *that*, in an *imperfect* state) in the library of Dr. Wm. Hunter at Glasgow.* This invaluable volume is preserved in good, sound, characteristic old binding.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Ghering.* 1478. *Quarto.* This impression is perhaps rather rare than valuable; although I am free to admit it is yet a desideratum in the Spencerian collection. It commences with an address by the famous Beroaldus to I. Francus, his pupil, on the reverse of the first leaf—in which the tutor expresses his admiration of Virgil in the following manner: "te amantissime mi Johannes hortor, te moneo, et si pateris oro, ut VIRGILIUM lectites. Virgilio inhies: Illum colas; illum dies noctesque decātes. Ille sit semper in manibus. Et ut præceptoris fungar officio, illud potissimum tibi p̄ecipiā et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo: ut humanitatis studia ac māsuetiores musas avidissime complectaris." This edition is executed in the printer's second (handsome) fount of roman type, upon very thick paper.† The present copy, although apparently cropt, is sound and desirable.

* That sigh has at length ceased to rend my breast. It will be seen, from the sequel of this Tour, that a good, sound, perfect copy of it, now adorns the shelves of the *Spencerion Library*. The VIRGILS indeed, in that library, are perfectly unequalled throughout Europe.

† [There is a fine copy of this very rare edition in the Public Library at Cambridge.]

PLINII HIST. NATURALIS. *Printed by J. de Spira.* 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS:—but oh,! marvellous specimen—a copy UPON VELLUM! Fair is the colour and soft is the texture of this exquisite production—bound in two volumes. I examined both volumes thoroughly, and am not sure that I discovered what might be fairly called one discoloured leaf. It is with equal pain and difficulty that one withdraws one's eyes from such a beautiful book-gem. This copy measures fifteen inches and a half, by ten inches and three-eighths.

The SAME EDITION. Upon paper. A remarkably fine copy: well beaten however—and, I should be loth to assert positively, not free from some washing—for the ancient red numerals, introduced by the pencil of the rubricator, and designating the several books and chapters, seem to have faded and been retouched. I observe also, that some of the ancient illuminated letters, which had probably faded during the process of washing or cleaning, have been retouched, and even painted afresh—especially in the blue back-grounds. The first page is prettily illuminated; but there are slight indications of the worm at the end of the volume. Upon the whole, however, this is a magnificent book, and inferior only to Lord Spencer's unrivalled copy—upon paper. It measures sixteen inches and five eighths, by eleven inches and one sixteenth, and is handsomely bound in red morocco.

PLINII HISTORIA NATURALIS. *Printed by Jenson,* 1472. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM: but, upon the

whole, I was disappointed in the size and condition of this book. The vellum has not had justice done to it in the binding, being in parts crumpled. The first page is however beautifully illuminated. This copy measures sixteen inches, by ten and three eighths.

PLINII HIST. NAT. Italicè. *Printed by Jenson.* 1476. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. About the first forty leaves are cruelly stained at top. The last eight or ten leaves are almost of a yellow tint. In other parts, where the vellum is white, (for it is of a remarkably fine quality) nothing can exceed the beauty of this book: but it has been, I suspect, very severely cropt —if an opinion may be formed from its companion upon paper, about to be described. It is fifteen inches in height, by ten and a quarter in width.

THE SAME EDITION. *Printed by the same Printer.* I suspect this to be perhaps the finest paper copy in the world: as perfect as Lord Spencer's copy of the first edition of the same author. Every thing breathes of its pristine condition: the colour and the substance of the paper: the width of the margin, and the purity of the embellishments.* This copy will also serve to convince the most obstinate, that, when one catches more than a glimpse of the ms. numerals at top, and ms. signatures at bottom, one has hopes of possessing the book in its primitive plenitude. It is sixteen inches and three quarters in height, by nearly eleven inches and a quarter in width.

* [Fine as is this book, it is yet inferior in *altitude* to the copy in the Public Library at Cambridge.]

LIVIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. A fine copy, in three thin volumes. The margins, however, are not free from ms. notes, and there are palpable evidences of a slight truncation. Yet it is a fine copy: measuring fifteen inches and very nearly three quarters, by eleven inches one eighth. In red morocco binding.

LIVIUS. *Printed by Ulric Han. Without Date.* Folio. In three thin volumes, A large copy. but evidently much washed, from the faint appearance of the marginal notes. Some leaves are very bad—especially the earlier ones of the preface and the text. The latter, however, have a very pretty ancient illumination. This copy measures fifteen inches five eighths, by ten seven eighths.*

LIVIUS. *Printed by Vindelin de Spira.* 1470. Fol. A magnificent copy, in two volumes: much preferable to either of the preceding. The first page of text has a fine old illumination. It is clean and sound throughout: measuring fifteen inches five eighths, by eleven inches—within an eighth.

THE SAME EDITION. Printed UPON VELLUM. This copy, if I remember rightly, is considered to be unique.†

* [There was another copy of this edition, free from the foregoing objections, which had escaped me. This omission frets M. Crapelet exceedingly; but I can assure him that it was unintentional; and that I have a far greater pleasure in describing *fine,* than *ordinary,* copies—be they WHOSE they may.]

† [Not so. There was another copy upon vellum, in the library of Count Melzi, which is now in that of G. H. Standish,

It is that which was formerly preserved in the public library at Lyons, and had been lent to the late Duke de la Vallière during his life only—to enrich his book-shelves—having been restored to its original place of destination upon the death of the Duke. It is both in an imperfect and lacerated condition: the latter, owing to a cannon ball, which struck it during the siege of Lyons. The first volume, which begins abruptly thus: "ex parte altera ripe, &c." is a beautiful book; the vellum being of a uniform, but rather yellow tint. It measures fourteen inches five eighths, by nine and six eighths. The second volume makes a kind-hearted bibliographer shudder. The cannon ball took it obliquely, so as to leave the first part of the volume less lacerated than the latter. In the latter part, however, the direction of the destructive weapon went, capriciously enough, across the page. This second volume yet exhibits a fine old illumination on the first page.

Livius. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1472. Fol. 2 vols. A fine copy, and larger than either of the preceding: but the beginning of the first volume and the conclusion of the second are slightly wormed. There is a duplicate leaf of the beginning of the text, which is rather brown, but illuminated in the ancient manner. This copy measures fifteen inches and a half, by eleven one eighth.

Esq. I *know* that 500 guineas were once offered for this most extraordinary copy, bound in 3 volumes in foreign coarse vellum.]

Let me now vary the bibliographical theme, by the mention of a few copies of works of a miscellaneous but not unamusing character. And first, for a small cluster of CAXTONS and MACHLINIAS.

TULLY OF OLD AGE, &c. *Printed by Caxton*, 1481. A cropt and soiled copy; whereas copies of this Caxtonian production are usually in a clean and sound condition. The binding is infinitely too gaudy for the state of the interior. It appears to want the treatise upon Friendship. This book once belonged to William Burton the Leicestershire historian; as we learn from this inscription below the colophon: "*Liber Willmi Burton Lindliaci Leicestrensis socij inter. Templi, ex dono amici mei singularis Mri. Iohānis Price, socij Interioris Templi, 28 Jan.* 1606. *Anno regni regis Iacobi quarto.*" On the reverse is a facsimile of the same subscription, beneath an exceedingly well executed head of Burton, in pen and ink.

ART AND CRAFTE TO KNOW WELL TO DYE. *Printed by Caxton.* 1490. Folio. This book was sold to the Royal Library of Fance, many years ago, by Mr. Payne, for the moderate sum of £10. 10*s*. It is among the rarest of the volumes from the press of Caxton. Every leaf of this copy exhibits proof of the skill and care of Roger Payne; for every leaf is inlaid and mounted, with four lines of red ink round each page—not perhaps in the very best taste. The copy is also cramped or choked in the back.

STATUTES OF RICHARD III. *Printed by Machlinia:*

Folio. *Without Date.* A perfect copy for size and condition; but the binding is much too gay. I refer you to the Typographical Antiquities* for an account of this edition.

Nova Statuta. *Printed by the Same.* Folio. You must examine the pages last referred to, for a description of this elaborately executed volume; printed upon paper of an admirable quality. The present is a sound, clean, and desirable copy: but why in such gay, red morocco, binding?

Liber Modorum Significandi. *Printed at St. Alban's*; 1480. Quarto. The only copy of this rare volume I have ever seen. It appears to be bound in what is called the old Oxford binding, and the text is preceded by a considerable quantity of old coeval ms. relating to the science of arithmetic. A full page has thirty-two lines.

The signatures *a, b, c, d, e,* run in eights: *f* has six leaves. On the recto of *f* vj is the colophon:

This copy had belonged successively to Tutet and Wodhull. A ms. treatise, in a later hand, concludes the volume. The present is a sound and desirable copy.

Boccaccio. Il Decamerone. *Printed by Valdarfer.* 1471. Folio. This is the famous edition about which all the Journals of Europe have recently "rung from

* Vol. ii. p. 11: or to the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana;* vol. iv. p. 385.

side to side." But it wants much in value of THE yet more famous COPY* which was sold at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library; inasmuch as it is defective in the first leaf of the text, and three leaves of the table. In the whole, according to the comparatively recent numerals, there are 265 leaves. This copy measures eleven inches and a half, by seven inches and seven eighths. It is bound in red morocco, with inside marble leaves.

THE SAME WORK. *Printed by P. Adam de Michaelibus. Mantua*, 1472. An edition of almost equal rarity with the preceding; and of which, I suspect, there is only one perfect copy (at Blenheim) in our own country.

The table contains seven leaves; and the text, according to the numbers of this copy, has 256 leaves. A full page has forty-one lines. The present is a sound, genuine copy; measuring, exclusively of the cover, twelve inches three eighths, by eight seven eighths.

BOCCACE. RUINES DES NOBLES HOMMES & FEMMES. *Printed by Colard Mansion, at Bruges.* 1476. Folio. This edition is printed in double columns, in Mansion's larger type, precisely similar to what has been published in the Bibliotheca Spenceriana.† The title is in red—with a considerable space below, before the commencement of the text, as if this vacuum were to be supplied by the pencil of the illuminator. The pre-

* Now in Lord Spencer's Collection. † Vol. i. p. 281-2.

sent is a remarkably fine copy. The colophon is in six lines.

FAIT DE LA GUERRE. *Printed by Colard Mansion. Without Date.* Folio. This rare book is printed in a very different type from that usually known as the type of Colard Mansion: being smaller and closer—but decidedly gothic. A full page has thirty-two lines. There are neither numerals, signatures, nor catchwords- On the recto of the twenty-ninth and last leaf, we read

Impressum brugis per Colardum Mansion.

The reverse is blank. This is a fine genuine copy, in red morocco binding.

LASCARIS GRAMMATICA GRÆCA. 1476. Quarto. The first book printed in the Greek language; and, as such, greatly sought after by the curious. This is a clean, neat copy, but I suspect a little washed and cropt. Nevertheless, it is a most desirable volume.*

AULUS GELLIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. A sound and rather fine copy: almost the whole of the old ms. numerals at top remaining. It is very slightly wormed at the beginning. This copy measures thirteen inches by nine.

* [To the best of my recollection and belief, the finest copy of this most estimable book, is that in the Library of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville.]

CÆSAR. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps: with ms. notes by Victorius. A large sound copy, but the first few leaves are soiled or rather thumbed. The marginal edges are apparently uncut. It measures twelve inches seven eighths by nine inches one eighth.

APULEIUS. *Printed by the Same.* 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. All these FIRST EDITIONS are of considerable rarity. The present copy is, upon the whole, large and sound: though not free from marginal notes and stains. The first few leaves at top are slightly injured. It measures thirteen inches one eighth, by nine inches.*

AUSONIUS. 1472. Folio: with all the accompanying pieces.† Editio Princeps; and undoubtedly much rarer than either of the preceding volumes. Of the present copy, the first few leaves are wormed in the centre, and a little stained. The first illuminated leaf of the text is stained; so is the second leaf, not illuminated. In the whole, eighty-six leaves. The latter leaves are wormed. This copy is evidently cropt.

CATULLUS, TIBULLUS & PROPERTIUS. 1472. Folio. Editio Princeps. Of equal, if not greater, rarity than even the Ausonius. This is a sound and very desirable copy—displaying the ancient ms. signatures. The

* [The finest copy of this valuable edition, which I ever saw, is that in the Public Library at Cambridge.]

† *See Bibl. Spenceriana;* vol. i. page 272.

edges of the leaves are rather of a foxy tint. After the Catullus, a blank leaf. This copy measures eleven inches one eighth, by very nearly seven inches five eighths.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. 1488. Folio. Editio Princeps. When you are informed that this copy is ... UNCUT ... you will necessarily figure to yourself a volume of magnificent, as well as pristine, dimensions. Yet, without putting on spectacles, one discovers occasionally a few foxy spots towards the edges; and the first few leaves are perhaps somewhat tawny. Upon the whole, however, the condition is wonderful: and I am almost ashamed of myself at having talked about foxy spots and tawny tints. This copy is bound in red morocco, in a sensible, unassuming manner. For the comfort of such, whose copies aspire to the distinction of being *almost* uncut, I add, that this volume measures fourteen inches, by about nine inches and five eighths.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. 1808. *Printed by Bodoni* Folio. 2 volumes. This grand copy* is printed UPON VELLUM, and is the presentation copy to Bonaparte—to whom this edition was dedicated by Bodoni.* Splendid, large, and beautiful as is this typographical performance, I must candidly own that there is something about it which "likes me not." The vel-

* [I had called it a UNIQUE copy; but M. Crapelet says, that there was a second similar copy, offered to the late Eugene Beauharnais.]

lum, however choice, and culled by Bodoni's most experienced foragers, is, to my eye, too white—which arises perhaps from the text occupying so comparatively small a space in the page. Nor is the type pleasing to my taste. It is too cursive and sparkling; and the upper strokes are uniformly too thin. In short, the whole has a cold effect. However, this is questionless one of the most magnificent productions of the modern press. The volumes measure two feet in length.

CRONIQUES DE FRANCE. *Printed by Verard.* 1493. Folio. Three vols. A glorious copy—printed UPON VELLUM! The wood-cuts are coloured. It is bound in red morocco.

LAUNCELOT DU LAC. *Printed by Verard.* 1494. Folio. 3 vols. Also UPON VELLUM. In red morocco binding. There is yet another copy of the same date, upon vellum, but with different illuminations: equally magnificent and covetable. In red morocco binding.

GYRON LE COURTOYS: auecques la devise des armes de tous les cheualiers de la table ronde. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Folio. Printed UPON VELLUM. This was once a fine thumping fellow of a copy!—but it has lost somewhat of its stature by the knife of the binder—or rather from the destruction of the Library of St. Germain des Près: whence it was thrown into the streets, and found next day by M. Van Praet. Many of the books, from the same library, were thrown into cellars. It is evident, from the larger

illuminations, and especially from the fourth, on the recto of *d vj*, that this volume has suffered in the process of binding. In old blue morocco.

ROMAN DE LA ROSE. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Small folio. In double columns, in prose. This superbly bound volume—once the property of H. Durfé, having his arms in the centre, and corner embellishments, in metal, on which are the entwined initials T. C—is but an indifferent copy. It is printed UPON VELLUM; and has been, as I suspect, rather cruelly cropt in the binding. Much of the vellum is also crumpled and tawny.

L'HORLOGE DE SAPIENCE. *Printed by Verard.* 1493. Folio. One of the loveliest books ever opened, and printed UPON VELLUM. Every thing is here perfect. The page is finely proportioned, the vellum is exceedingly beautiful, and the illuminations have a brilliance and delicacy of finish not usually seen in volumes of this kind. The borders are decorated by the pencil, and the second may be considered quite perfect of its kind. This book is bound by Bradel l'Ainé.

MILLES ET AMYS. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. From the same library as the copy of the Roman de la Rose, just described; and in the same style of binding. It is kept in the same case; but, although cropt, it is a much finer book. The cuts are coloured, and the text is printed in double columns. I do not at this

present moment remember to have seen another copy of this edition of the work.

Ieu des Eschez. *Without name of Printer (but probably by Verard) or Date.* Folio.* This is one of the numerous French originals from which Caxton printed his well known moralised work, under the title of the *Game and Play of the Chesse.* This fine copy is printed upon vellum, in a large gothic letter, in double columns. The type has rather an uneven appearance, from the thickness of the vellum. There are several large prints, which, in this copy, are illuminated.

L'Arbre des Batailles. *Printed by Verard.* 1493. Folio. Another fine volume, printed upon vellum. With the exception only of one or two crumpled or soiled leaves, this copy is as perfect as can be desired. Look from *d iiij.* to *e j*, for a set of exquisitely printed leaves upon vellum, which cannot be surpassed. The cuts are here coloured in the usually bold and brilliant style.

La Chasse et Le Depart d'Amours. *Printed by Verard.* 1509. Folio. This volume of interesting old French poetry, upon vellum, which is printed in double columns, formerly belonged to the abbey of St. Germain des Près—as an inscription upon the

* [It is the Edition of Verard, of the date of 1504. The copy looks as if it had neither Printer's name or date, because the last lines of the colophon have been defaced. See *Cat. des Livr. Imprim. sur Vélin de la Bibl. du Roi.* vol. iii. p. 35. Crapelet.]

title denotes. The work abounds with very curious and very delectable old French poetry. Look, amongst a hundred other similar things, at the "Balade in peuple des taverniers," on the reverse Q. i: each stanza ending with

Les tauerniers qui brouillent nostre vin.

La Nef des Folz du Monde. *Printed by Verard. Without Date.* Folio. A most magnificent copy; printed upon vellum. Every page is highly illuminated, with ample margins. What is a little extraordinary, the reverse of the sixth leaf has ms. text above and below the large illumination; while the recto of the same leaf has printed text. The present noble volume, which has the royal arms stamped on the exterior, is one of the few old books which has not suffered amputation by recent binding.

The Same Work. *Printed by the Same.* Folio. The poetry is in double columns, and the cuts are coloured. I apprehend this copy to be much cropt. It is upon vellum: rather tawny, but upon the whole exceedingly sound and desirable.

L'Art de bien Mourir. *Printed for Verard. Without Date.* Folio. A fragment only of the Work. In large gothic type; double columns: cuts coloured. There are two cuts of demons torturing people in a cauldron, such as may be seen in the second volume of my Typographical Antiquities.* Some of these cuts, in turn, may be taken from the

* At page 599, &c.

older ones in block books. The present copy is UPON VELLUM, rather tawny: but it is large and sound. In calf binding.

PARABOLES [de] MAISTRE ALAIN [De Lille] *Printed by Verard*, 1492. Folio. A magnificent volume, for size and condition. It is printed in Verard's large type, in long lines. The illuminations are highly coloured. This copy is UPON VELLUM.*

Suppose, now, I throw in a little variety from the preceding, by the mention of a rare *Italian* book or two? Let me place before you a choice copy of the

MONTE SANCTO DI DIO. *Printed in* 1477. Folio. This, you know, is the volume about which the collectors of early copper-plate engraving are never thoroughly happy until they possess a perfect copy of it: perhaps a copy of a more covetable description than that which is now before me. There is a duplicate of the first cut: of which one impression is faint, and miserably coloured, and the other is so much cut away to the left, as to deprive the man, looking up, of his left arm. There is an exceedingly well executed duplicate of the large Christ, drawn with a pen. In the genuine print there is too much of the burr. The impression of the Devil eating human beings, within the lake of fire, is a good bold one. This copy is bound in red morocco, but in a flaunting style of ornament.

LA SFORZIADA. *Printed in* 1480. Folio. It is just

* [See *Cat. des Livr. sur Vélin*, vol. iv. No. 236.]

possible you may not have forgotten the description of a copy of this work—like the present, struck off UPON VELLUM—which appears in the *Bibliographical Decameron.** That copy, you may remember, adorns the choice collection of our friend George Hibbert, Esq.† The book before me is doubtless a most exquisite one; and the copy is of large dimensions. The illuminated first page very strongly resembles that in the copy just mentioned. The portraits appear to be the same: but the Cardinal is differently habited, and his phisiognomical expression is less characteristic here than in the same portrait in Mr. Hibbert's copy. The head of Duke Sforza, his brother, seems to be about the same.

The lower compartment of this splendidly illuminated page differs materially from that of Mr. Hibbert's copy. There are two figures kneeling, apparently portraits; with the sea in the distance. The figure of St. Louis appears in the horizon—very curious. To the right, there are rabbits within an enclosure, and human beings growing into trees. The touch and style of the whole are precisely similar to

* Vol. iii. p. 176.

† [Mr. Hibbert's beautiful copy, above referred to, is about to be sold at the sale of his library, in the ensuing Spring; and is fully described in the Catalogue of that Library, at p. 414: But the fac-simile portrait of Francis Sforza, prefixed to the Catalogue, wants, I suspect, the high finished brilliancy, or force, of the original.]

what we observe in the other copy so frequently mentioned. The capital initials are also very similar. It is a pity that, during the binding, (which is in red morocco) the vellum has been so very much crumpled. This copy measures thirteen inches and seven eighths, by nine inches and three eighths.

I must now lay before you a few more Classics, and conclude the whole with miscellaneous articles.

TERENTIUS. *Printed by Ulric Han.* Folio. *Without date.* In all probability the first edition of the author by Ulric Han, and perhaps the second in chronological order; that of Mentelin being considered the first. It is printed in Ulric Han's larger roman type. This may be considered a fine genuine copy—in old French binding, with the royal arms.

ARISTOTELIS OPERA. *Printed by Aldus.* 1495, &c. 6 vols. Would you believe it—here are absolutely TWO copies of this glorious effort of the Aldine Press, printed UPON VELLUM!? One copy belonged to the famous *Henri II. and Diane de Poictiers,* and is about an eighth of an inch taller and wider than the other; but the other has not met with fair play, from the unskilful manner in which it has been bound—in red morocco. Perhaps the interior of this second copy may be preferred to that of Henri II. The illuminations are ancient, and elegantly executed, and the vellum seems equally white and beautiful. Probably the tone of the vellum in the other copy may be a *little* more sombre, but there reigns throughout

it such a sober, uniform, mellow and genuine air—that, brilliant and captivating as may be the red morocco copy—*he* ought to think more than *once* or *twice* who should give it the preference. The arms of the morocco copy, in the first page of the Life of Aristotle, from Diogenes Laertius, have been cut out. This copy came from the monastery of St. Salvador; and the original, roughly stamped, edges of the leaves are judiciously preserved in the binding. Both copies have the *first* volume upon *paper*. Indeed it seems now clearly ascertained that it was never printed upon vellum.* The copy of Henri II. measures twelve inches and a quarter, by eight and an eighth.

PLUTARCHI OPUSCULA MORALIA. *Printed by Aldus.* 1509. Folio. 2 vols. Another delicious MEMBRANACEOUS treasure from the fine library of Henri II. and Diane de Poictiers; in the good old original coverture, besprinkled with interlaced D's and H's. It is in truth a lovely book—measuring ten inches and five eighths, by seven inches and three eighths; but I suspect a little cropt. Some of the vellum is also rather tawny—especially the first and second leaves, and the first page of the text of Plutarch. These volumes reminded me of the first Aldine Plato, also UPON VELLUM, in the library of Dr. W. Hunter; but

* [Not so: see the *Introduction to the Classics,* vol. 1. p. 313. edit. 1827. The *only known* copy of the first volume, UPON VELLUM, is that in the Library of New College, Oxford.]

I question if the Plato be *quite* so beautiful a production.

EUSTATHIUS IN HOMERUM. 1542. Folio. 4 vols. Printed UPON VELLUM—and probably unique. A set of matchless volumes—yet has the binder done them great injustice, by the manner in which the backs are cramped or choked. The exteriors, in blazing red morocco, are not in the very best taste. A good deal of the vellum is also of too yellow a tint, but it is of a most delicate quality.

ARISTOTELIS ETHICA NICHOMACHEA. Gr. This volume forms a part only of the first Aldine edition of the Nichomachean ethics of Aristotle. The margins are plentifully charged with the Scholia of Basil the Great, as we learn from an original letter of "Constantinus Palæocappa, grecus" to Henry the Second —whose book it was, and who shewed the high sense he entertained of the Scholia, by having the volume bound in a style of luxury and splendour beyond any thing which I remember to have seen—as coming from his library. The reverse of the first leaf exhibits a beautiful frame work, of silver ornaments upon a black ground—now faded; with the initials and devices of Henry and Diane de Poictiers. Their arms and supporters are at top. Within this frame work is the original and beautifully written letter of Constantine Palæocappa. On the opposite page the text begins—surrounded by the same brilliant kind of or-

nament; having an initial H of extraordinary beauty. The words, designating the Scholia, are thus:

ΜΕΤΑ ΣΧΟΛΙΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ.

These Scholia are written in a small, close, and yet free Greek character, with frequent contractions. Several other pages exhibit the peculiar devices of Henry and Diana—having silver crescents and arrow-stocked quivers. This book is bound in boards, and covered with dark green velvet, now almost torn to threads. In its original condition, it must have been an equally precious and resplendent tome. It measures twelve inches and a quarter, by eight inches and three eighths.

EUCLIDES. *Printed by Ratdolt.* 1482. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. The address of Ratdolt, as it sometimes occurs, is printed in golden letters; but I was disappointed in the view of this book. Unluckily the first leaf of the text is ms. but of the time. At the bottom, in an ancient hand, we read "*Monasterii S. Saluatoris bonon. signatus In Inuentario numero* 524." It is a large copy, but the vellum is rather tawny.

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1470. Folio. First edition, UPON VELLUM. This is a book, of which, as you may remember, some mention has been previously made;* and I own I was glad to turn over the membranaceous leaves of a volume which had given rise, at the period of its acquisition, to a good deal of

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron;* vol. iii. p. 165.

festive mirth. At the first glance of it, I recognised the cropping system. The very first page of the text has lost, if I may so speak, its head and shoulders: nor is such amputation to be wondered at, when we read, to the left, "*Relié par* DEROME dit le Jeune." Would you believe it—nearly one half of the illumination, at top, has been sliced away? The vellum is beautifully delicate, but unluckily not uniformly white. Slight, but melancholy, indications of the worm are visible at the beginning—which do not, however, penetrate a great way. Yet, towards the end, the ravages of this book-devourer are renewed: and the six last leaves exhibit most terrific evidences of his power. This volume is bound in gay green morocco —with water-tabby pink lining.

BUDÆUS. COMMENT. GR. LING. 1529. Folio. Francis the First's own copy—and UPON VELLUM! You may remember that this book was slightly alluded to at the commencement of a preceding letter. It is indeed a perfect gem, and does one's heart good to look at it. Budæus was the tutor of Francis, and I warrant that he selected the very leaves, of which this copy is composed, for his gallant pupil. Old Ascensius was the printer: which completes the illustrious trio. The illuminations, upon the rectos of the first and second leaves, are as beautiful as they are sound. Upon the whole, this book may fairly rank with any volume in either of the vellum sets of the Aldine Aristotle. It is bound in red morocco; a little too gaudily.

CICERONIS ORATIONES. *Printed by Valdarfer.* 1471. Folio. Still revelling among VELLUM copies of the early classics. This is a fine book, but it is unluckily imperfect. I should say that it was of large and genuine dimensions, did not a little close cropping upon the first illuminated page tell a different tale. It measures twelve inches and six eighths, by eight inches and a half. Upon the whole, though there be a few uncomfortably looking perforations of the worm, this is a very charming copy. Its imperfections do not consist of more than the deficiency of one leaf, which contains the table.

OVIDII OPERA OMNIA. *Printed by Azoguidi.* 1471. Folio. 3 vols. The supposed FIRST EDITION, and perhaps (when complete)* the rarest Editio Princeps in existence. The copy before me partakes of the imperfection of almost every thing earthly. It wants two leaves: but it is a magnificent, and I should think unrivalled, copy—bating such imperfection. It measures very nearly thirteen inches and a quarter, by little more than eight inches three quarters. It is bound in red morocco.

ÆSOPUS. Latinè. *Printed by Dom. de Vivaldis, &c.* 1481. Folio. A most singular volume—in hexameter and pentameter verses. To every fable is a wood cut, quite in the ballad style of execution, with a back-ground like coarse mosaic work. The text is

* [The only ENTIRELY PERFECT copy in Europe, to my knowledge, is that in the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.]

printed in a large clumsy gothic letter. The present is a sound copy, but not free from stain. Bound in blue morocco.

ÆSOPUS. Italicè. *Edited by Tuppi.* 1485. Folio. A well known and highly coveted edition: but copies are very rare, especially when of goodly dimensions. This is a large and beautiful book; although I observe that the border, on the right margin of the first leaf, is somewhat cut away. The graphic art in this volume has a very imposing appearance.

——— Germanicè. *Without Date or Name of Printer.* Folio. This edition is printed in a fine large open gothic type. There is the usual whole length cut of Æsop. The other cuts are spirited, after the fashion of those in Boccacio De Malis Mulier. Illust. —printed by John Zeiner at Ulm in 1473. The present is a fine, sound copy: in red morocco binding.

ÆSOPUS. Germanicè. *Without Date, &c.* Folio. This impression, which, like the preceding, is destitute of signatures and catchwords, is printed in a smaller gothic type. The wood cuts are spirited, with more of shadow. Some of the initial letters are pretty and curious. Some of the pages (see the last but fifteen) contain as many as forty-five lines. The present is a fine, large copy.

——— Hispanicè. *Printed at Burgos.* 1496. Folio. This is a beautiful and interesting volume, full of wood cuts. The title is within a broad bold border, thus: "Libro del ysopo famoso fabulador hys-

tortado en romãce." On the reverse is the usual large wood cut of Æsop, but his mouth is terribly diminished in size. The leaves are numbered in large roman numerals. A fine clean copy, in blue morocco binding.

And now, my dear friend, let us both breathe a little, by way of cessation from labour: yourself from reading, and your correspondent from the exercise of his pen. I own that I am fairly tired . . . but in a few days I shall resume the BOOK THEME with as much ardour as heretofore.

LETTER VI.

CONCLUSION OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY. THE LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL.

My last letter left me on the first floor of the Royal Library. I am now about to descend, and to take you with me to the ground floor—where, as you may remember I formerly remarked, are deposited the *Aldine Vellums* and *Large Papers*, and choice and curious copies from the libraries of *Grolier*, *Diane de Poictiers*, and *de Thou*. The banquet is equally delicious of its kind, although the dishes are of a date somewhat more remote from the time of Apicius.

Corresponding with the almost interminable suite of book-rooms above, is a similar suite below stairs: but the general appearance of the latter is comparatively cold, desolate, and sombre. The light comes in, to the right, less abundantly; and, in the first two rooms, the garniture of the volumes is less brilliant and attractive. In short, these first two lower rooms may be considered rather as the depot for the cataloguing and forwarding of all modern books recently purchased. Let me now conduct you to the *third room* in this lower suite, which may probably have a more decided claim upon your attention. Here are

deposited, as I just observed, the VELLUM ALDUSES and other curious and choice old printed volumes. I will first mention nearly the whole of the former.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. *Printed by Aldus. Without Date.* 8vo. 2 vols. A white and beautiful copy—with large, and genuine margins—printed UPON VELLUM. In its original binding, with the ornaments tolerably entire:—and what binding should this be, but that of Henry the Second and Diane de Poictiers? Let me just notice that this copy measures six inches and a half, by three inches and six eighths.

EURIPIDIS OPERA. Gr. 1503. 8vo. 2 vols. A fair and desirable copy UPON VELLUM; but a little objectionable, as being ruled with red lines rather unskilfully. It is somewhat coarsely bound in red morocco, and preserved in a case. This vellum treasure is among the desiderata of Earl Spencer's library; and I sincerely wish his Lordship no worse luck than the possession of a copy like that before me.*

HECUBA, ET IPHIGENIA IN AULIDE. Gr. and Lat. 1507. 8vo. A very rare book, and quite perfect, as far as it goes. This copy, also UPON VELLUM, is much taller than the preceding of the entire works of Euripides; but the vellum is not of so white a tint.

ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA. Gr. 1503. 8vo. A very fine genuine copy, upon excellent VELLUM. I suspect this

* [The only copy of it in England, UPON VELLUM, is that in the Royal Library in the British Museum.]

copy to be a little broader, but by no means taller, than a similar copy in Lord Spencer's collection.

HORATIUS. 1501. 8vo. UPON VELLUM: a good, sound copy; although inferior to Lord Spencer's.

MARTIALIS. 1502. 8vo. Would you believe it?—here are *two* copies UPON VELLUM, and *both* originally belonged to Grolier. They are differently illuminated, but the tallest—measuring six inches three eighths, by three inches six eighths—is the whitest, and the preferable copy, notwithstanding one may discern the effects of the nibbling of a worm at the bottom corner. It is, however, a beautiful book, in every respect. The initial letters are gold. In the other copy there are the arms of Grolier, with a pretty illumination in the first page of the text. It is also a sound copy.

LUCRETIUS. 1515. 8vo. This copy, UPON VELLUM, is considered to be unique. It is fair, sound, and in all respects desirable.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. *Without Date.* 8vo. This is but a moderate specimen of the Aldine VELLUM, if it be not a counterfeit—which I suspect.*

CICERONIS ORATIONES. 1519. 8vo. UPON VELLUM. Only the first volume, which however is quite perfect and desirable—measuring six inches and a quarter, by very nearly four inches. But prepare for an account of a perfect, and still more magnificent, vellum

* [It seems that it is a production of the GIUNTI Press. Cat. *des Livr. &c. sur Vélin*, vol. ii. p. 59.]

copy of the Orations of Cicero—when I introduce you to the *Library of St. Geneviève.*

HIST. AUGUST. SCRIPTORES. 1521. 8vo. 2 vols. A sound and fair copy—of course UPON VELLUM—but too much cropt in the binding. The foregoing are all the *Aldine, Greek and Latin Classics*, printed UPON VELLUM, which the liberal kindness of M. Van Praet enabled me to lay my hands upon. But here follows another membranaceous gem of the Aldine Family.

PETRARCHA. 1501. 8vo. A beautiful, white copy, measuring six inches and a half, by three and three quarters. It is, however, somewhat choked in the binding, (in blue morocco) as too many of Bozerian's performances usually are.* Close to this book is the Giunta reprint of 1515—ALSO UPON VELLUM: but of a foxy and unpleasing tint. Now for a few LARGE PAPER ALDUSES—of a variety of forms and of characters. But I must premise that the ensuing list of those upon vellum, is very far indeed from being complete.

HORÆ. Gr. 1497. 12mo. A beautiful copy, among the very rarest of books which have issued from the Aldine press. Here is also *one* volume of the Aldine ARISTOTLE, upon *large paper*: and only one. Did the *remaining* volumes ever so exist? I should presume they did.

* [I learn from M. Crapelet that this book is a *Lyons Counterfeit* of the Aldine Press; and that the *genuine* Aldine volume, upon vellum, was obtained, after my visit to Paris, from the Macarthy Collection.]

Biblia Græca. 1518. Folio. Upon *thick paper.* Francis the First's own copy. A glorious and perhaps matchless copy. Yet it is rebacked, in modern binding, in a manner . . . almost shameful!

Plautus. 1522. Small quarto. A very fine copy; in all appearance large paper, and formerly belonging to Grolier.

Ausonius. 1517. 8vo. Large paper; very fine; and belonging to the same.

Valerius Maximus. 1534. 8vo. The same—in *all* respects.

Priscianus. 1527. 8vo. Every characteristic before mentioned.

Sannazarii Arcadia. *Ital.* 1514. 8vo. The same.

———— *De Partu Virginis.* 1533. 8vo. An oblong, large paper Grolier, like most of the preceding.

Isocrates. Gr. 1534. Folio. Eustratius in Aristot. Gr. 1536. Both upon *large paper*, of the largest possible dimensions, and in the finest possible condition; add to which—rich and rare old binding! Both these books, upon large paper, are wanting in Lord Spencer's collection; but then, as a pretty stiff set-off, his Lordship has the Themistius of 1534—which, for size and condition, may challenge either of the preceding—and which is here wanting.

Galenus. 1525. Gr. Folio. 5 vols. A matchless set, upon *large paper.* The binding claims as much attention, before you open the volumes, as does a

finely-proportioned Greek portico—ere you enter the temple or the mansion. The foregoing are all, doubtless, equally splendid and uncommon specimens of the beauty and magnificence of the press of the *Alduses*: and they are also, with very few exceptions, as intrinsically valuable as they are fine. I shall conclude my survey of these lower-book-regions by noticing a few more uncommon books of their kind.

CATHARIN DE SIENA. 1500. Folio. This volume is also a peculiarity in the Aldine department. It is, in the first place, a very fine copy—and formerly belonged to Anne of Brittany. In the second place, it has a wood-cut prefixed, and several introductory pieces, which, if I remember rightly, do not belong to Lord Spencer's copy of the same edition.

ISOCRATES. Gr. *Printed at Milan.* 1493. Folio. What is somewhat singular, there is another copy of this book which has a title and imprint of the date of 1535 or 1524; in which the old Greek character of the body of the work is rather successfully imitated.*

BIBLIA POLYGLOTTA COMPLUTENSIA. 1516-*22*. Fol. 6 vols. I doubt exceedingly whether this be not the largest and finest copy in existence. It may possibly be even *large paper*—but certainly, if otherwise, it is among the most ample and beautiful. The colour,

* [I had blundered sadly, it seems, in the description of this book in the previous edition of this work: calling it a *Theocritus*, and saying there was a second copy on *large paper*. M. Crapelet is copious and emphatic in his detection of this error.]

throughout, is white and uniform; which is not the usual characteristic of copies of this work. It measures fourteen inches and three quarters in height; and belonged originally to Henry II. and Diane de Poictiers. It wanted only *this* to render it unrivalled; and it now undoubtedly *is* so.

TESTAMENTUM NOVUM. Gr. *Printed by R. Stephen.* 1550. Folio. Another treasure from the same richly-fraught collection. It is quite a perfect copy; but some of the silver ornaments of the sides have been taken off. Let me now place before you a few more testimonies of the splendour of that library, which was originally the chief ornament of the *Chateau d'Anet*,* and not of the Louvre.

HERODOTUS. Gr. *Printed by Aldus*, 1502. Folio. I had long supposed Lord Spencer's copy—like this,

* [I thank M. Crapelet for the following piece of information —from whatever source he may have obtained it: "The library of Henri II. and Diane de Poictiers was sold by public auction in 1724, after the death of Madame La Princesse Marie de Bourbon, wife of Louis-Joseph, Duc de Vendome, who became Proprietor of the Chateau d'Anet. The Library was composed of a great number of MSS. and Printed Books, exceedingly precious. The sale catalogue of the Library, which is a small duodecimo of 50 pages, including the addenda, is become very scarce." CRAPELET; vol. iii. 347.

My friend M. GAIL published a very interesting brochure, about ten years ago, entitled *Lettres Inedites de Henri II. Diane de Poitiers, Marie Stuart, François, Roi Dauphin &c.* Amongst these letters, there was only ONE specimen which the author could obtain of the *united* scription, or rather signatures, of Henry and Diana. Of these signatures he has given a fac-simile; for which

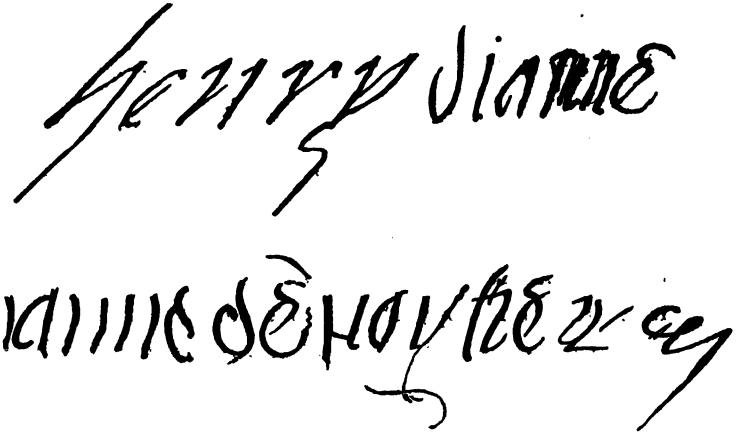
upon LARGE PAPER—to be the finest first Aldine Herodotus in existence: but the first glimpse only of the present served to dissipate that belief. What must repeated glimpses have produced?

LUCIANUS. Gr. *Printed by the Same.* 1503. Folio. Equally beautiful—large, white, and crackling—with the preceding.

SUIDAS. Gr. *Printed by the Same.* 1503. Folio. The same praise belongs to this copy; which, like its precursors, is clothed in the first mellow and picturesque binding.

EUSTATHIUS IN HOMERUM. 1542. Folio. 3 vols.

the Reader, in common with myself, is here indebted to him. Below this *united* signature, is one of Diana HERSELF—from a letter entirely written in her own hand. It must be confessed that she was no Calligraphist.



A noble copy—eclipsed perhaps, in amplitude only, by that in the collection of Mr. Grenville.

DION CASSIUS. Gr. 1548. Folio. APPIANUS. Gr. 1551. Folio. DIONYSIUS HALICARNASSENSIS. 1546. Folio. These exquisitely well printed volumes are from the press of the Stephens. The present copies, clothed in their peculiar bindings, are perhaps the most beautiful that exist. They are from the library of the Chateau d'Anet. Let it not be henceforth said that the taste of Henri II. was not *well* directed by the influence of Diane de Poictiers, in the choice of BOOKS.

CICERONIS OPERA OMNIA. *Printed by the Giunti*, 1534. Folio. 4 vols. I introduce this copy to your notice, because there are four leaves of *Various Readings*, at the end of the fourth volume, which M. Van Praet said he had never observed, nor heard of, in any other copy.* I think also that there are two volumes of the same edition upon LARGE PAPER:—the rest being deficient. Does any perfect copy, of this kind, exist?

POETÆ GRÆCI HEROICI. 1556. *Printed by H. Stephen.* Folio. De Thou's own copy—and, upon the whole, perhaps MATCHLESS. The sight of this splendid volume would repay the toil of a pilgrimage of some fourscore miles, over Lapland snows. There is another fine copy of the same edition, which belonged to Diana and her royal slave; but it is much inferior to De Thou's.

* [My friend Mr. Drury possessed a similar copy.]

The frequent mention of DE THOU reminds me of the extraordinary number of copies, which came from his library, and which are placed upon the shelves of the *fourth* or following room. Perhaps no other library can boast of such a numerous collection of similar copies. It was, while gazing upon these interesting volumes along with M. Van Praet, that the latter told me he remembered seeing the ENTIRE LIBRARY of De Thou—before it was dispersed by the sale of the collection of the Prince de Soubise in 1788—in which it had been wholly embodied, partly by descent, and partly by purchase. And now farewell . . to the BIBLIOTHÈQUE DU ROI. We have, I think, tarried in it a good long time, and recreated ourselves with a profusion of RICH AND RARE GEMS in the book-way—whether as specimens of the pencil, or of the press. I can never regret the time so devoted—nor shall ever banish from my recollection the attention, civility, and kindness which I have received, from all quarters, in this magnificent library. It remains only to shake hands with the whole *Corps Bibliographique*, who preside over these regions of knowledge, and whose names have been so frequently mentioned—and, making our bow, to walk arm in arm together to the

LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL.

The way thither is very interesting, although not very short. Whether your hackney coachman take you through the *Marché des Innocents*, or straight

forward, along the banks of the Seine—passing two or three bridges—you will be almost equally amused. But reflections of a graver cast will arise, when you call to mind that it was in his way to THIS VERY LIBRARY—to have a little bibliographical, or rather perhaps political, chat with his beloved Sully—that Henry IV. fell by the hand of an Assassin.* They shew you, at the further end of the apartments—distinguished by its ornaments of gilt, and elaborate carvings—the *very boudoir* . . where that monarch and his prime minister frequently retired to settle the affairs of the nation. Certainly, no man of education or of taste can enter such an apartment without a diversion of some kind being given to the current of his feelings. I will frankly own that I lost, for one little minute, the recollection of the hundreds and thousands of volumes —including even those which adorn the chamber wherein the head librarian sits—which I had surveyed in my route thither. However, my present object must be exclusively confined to an account of a very few choice articles of these hundreds and thousands of volumes.

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher, 1462.* 2 vols. There are not fewer than *three* copies of this edition, which I shall almost begin to think

* It may not be generally known that one of the most minute and interesting accounts of this assassination is given in *Howell's Familiar Letters.* The author had it from a friend who was an eye-witness of the transaction.

must be ranked among books of ordinary occurrence. Of these three, two are UPON VELLUM, and the third is upon paper. The latter, or paper copy, is cruelly cropt, and bad in every respect. Of the two upon vellum, one is in vellum binding, and a fair sound copy; except that it has a few initials cut out. The other vellum copy, which is bound in red morocco—measuring full fifteen inches and a half, by eleven inches and a quarter—affords the comfortable evidence of ancient ms. signatures at bottom. There are doubtless some exceptionable leaves; but, upon the whole, it is a very sound and desirable copy. It was obtained of the elder M. Brunet, father of the well-known author of the Manuel du Libraire. M. Brunet senior found it in the garret of a monastery, of which he had purchased the entire library; and he sold it to the father of the present Comte d'Artois for six hundred livres . . only!

ROMAUNT DE JASON, *Supposed to be printed by Caxton.* Folio. *Without date.* This is a finer copy than the one in the Royal Library; but it is imperfect, wanting two leaves.

Here is a copy of the very rare edition of the MORLINI *Novella Comœdiæ et Fabulæ*, printed in 1520 in 4to.:—also of the *Teatro Jesuitico—impresso en Coimbra*, 1684, 4to.:—and of the *Missa Latina*, printed by Mylius in 1557, 8vo. which latter is a satire upon the mass, and considered exceedingly rare. I regretted to observe so very bad a copy of the original *Giunta* Edition of the BOCCACCIO of 1527, 4to.

MISSALE PARISIENSE. 1522. Folio. A copy UPON VELLUM. I do not think it possible for any library, in any part of the world, to produce a more lovely volume than that upon which, at this moment, I must be supposed to be gazing! In the illuminated initial letters, wood-cuts, tone and quality of the vellum, and extreme skilfulness of the printer—it surely cannot be surpassed. Nor is the taste of the binding inferior to its interior condition. It is habited in the richly-starred morocco livery of Claude d'Urfé: in other words, it came from that distinguished man's library. Originally it appears to have been in the "*Bibliothèque de l'Eglise à Paris.*"

Mozarabic Missal and Breviary. 1500, 1502. Folio. Original Editions. These copies are rather cropt, but sound and perfect.

THE DELPHIN STATIUS. Two copies: of which that in calf is the whitest, and less beaten: the other is in dark morocco. The Abbé Grosier told me that De Bure had offered him forty louis for one of them: to which I replied, and now repeat the question, "where is the use of keeping *two*?" Rely upon it, that, within a dozen years from hence, it will turn out that these Delphin Statiuses have never been even *singed* by a fire!* I begin to suspect that this story may be classed in the number of BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DELUSIONS

* [As for the "*singeing.*"—or the reputed story of the greater part of them having been *burnt*—my opinion still continues to be as implied above. I will only now say that FORTUNATE is that

—upon which subject our friend * * could publish a most interesting crown octavo volume: meet garniture for a Bibliomaniac's breakfast table.

Here is the ALDINE BIBLE of 1518, in Greek, upon *thick paper*, bound in red morocco. Also a very fine copy of the *Icelandic Bible* of 1644, folio, bound in the same manner. Among the religious formularies, I observed a copy of the *Liturgia Svecanæ Ecclesiæ catholicæ et orthodoxæ conformis*, in 1576, folio—which contains only LXXVI. leaves, besides the dedication and preface. It has a wood-cut frontispiece, and the text is printed in a very large gothic letter. The commentary is in a smaller type. This may be classed among the rarer books of its kind. But I must not forget a MS. of *The Hours of St. Louis*—considered as *contemporaneous*. It is a most beautiful small folio, or rather imperial octavo; and is in every respect brilliant and precious. The gold, raised greatly beyond what is usually seen in MSS. of this period, is as entire as it is splendid. The miniature paintings are all in a charming state of preservation, and few things of this kind can be considered more interesting.

This library has been long celebrated for its collection of *French Topography* and of early *French* and *Spanish Romances;* a great portion of the latter having been obtained at the sale of the Nyon Library.

Vendor who can obtain 25*l.* for a copy—be that copy brown or fair.]

I shall be forgiven, I trust, if I neglect the former for the latter. Prepare therefore for a list of some choice articles of this description—in every respect worthy of conspicuous places in all future *Roxburghe* and *Stanley* collections. The books now about to be described are, I think, almost all in that apartment which leads immediately into Sully's boudoir. They are described just as I took them from the shelves.

RICHARD SANS PEUR, &c. "*A Paris Par Nicolas et Pierre Bonfons*," &c. *Without Date.* 4to. It is executed in a small roman type, in double columns. There is an imposing wood-cut of Richard upon horseback, in the frontispiece, and a very clumsy one of the same character on the reverse. The signatures run to E in fours. An excellent copy.

LE MEME ROMANT. "*Imprime nouuelement a Paris.*" At the end, printed by "*Alain Lotrain et Denis Janot.*" 4to. *Without Date.* The title, just given is printed in a large gothic letter, in red and black lines, alternately, over a rude-wood cut of Richard upon horseback. The signatures A, B, C, run in fours: D in eight, and E four. The text is executed in a small coarse gothic letter, in long lines. The present is a sound good copy.

ROBERT LE DYABLE. "La terrible Et merueilleuse vie de Robert Le Dyable iiii C." 4to. *Without Date.* The preceding is over a large wood-cut of Robert, with a club in his hand, forming the frontispiece. The signatures run to D, in fours; with the exception of

A, which has eight leaves. The work is printed in double columns, in a small gothic type. A sound desirable copy.

SYPPERTS DE VINEUAULX. "Lhystoire plaisante et recreative faisant mẽtion des prouesses et vaillãces du noble Sypperts de Vineuaulx Et de ses dix septs filz Nouuellement imprime." At the end: printed for "*Claude veufue de feu Iehan sainct denys*," 4to. *Without Date.* On the reverse of this leaf there is a huge figure of a man straddling, holding a spear and shield, and looking over his left shoulder. I think I have seen this figure before. This impression is executed in long lines, in a small gothic letter. A sound copy of a very rare book.*

GUY DE VVARWICH. "Lhystoire de Guy de vvarwich Cheualier dãgleterre &c. 4to. *No Date.* The preceding is over a wood-cut of the famous Guy and his fair Felixe. At bottom, we learn that it is executed in a small gothic type, in double columns. The colophon is on the reverse of V. six.

MESSER NOBILE SOCIO. "Le Miserie de li Amanti di Messer Nobile Socio." Colophon: "*Stampata in Vinegia per Maestro Bernardino de Vitali Veneciano* MDXXXIII." 4to. This impression is executed in long lines, in a fair, good, italic letter. The signatures, from *a* to *y* inclusively, run in fours. The colophon,

* [My friend, the late Robert Lang, Esq. whose extraordinary Collection of Romances was sold at the close of the preceding year, often told me, that THE ABOVE was the *only* Romance which he wanted to complete his Collection.]

just given, is on the reverse of z i. Of this romance I freely avow my total ignorance.

CASTILLE ET ARTUS D'ALGARBE. 4to. This title is over what may be called rather a spirited wood-cut. The date below is 1587. It is printed in double columns, in a small roman type. In the whole, forty-eight leaves. A desirable copy.

LA NEF DES DAMES. 4to, *Without Date.* This title is composed of one line, in large lower-case gothic, in black, (just as we see in some of the title pages of Gerard de Leeu) with the rest in four lines, in a smaller gothic letter, printed in red. In this title page is also seen a wood-cut of a ship, with the virgin and child beneath.

This book exhibits a fine specimen of rich gothic type, especially in the larger fount—with which the poetry is printed. There is rather an abundant sprinkling of wood cuts, with marginal annotations. The greater part of the work is in prose, in a grave moral strain. The colophon is a recapitulation of the title, ending thus: "*Imprime a Lyon sur le rosne par Iaques arnollet.*" This is a sound but somewhat soiled copy. In torn parchment binding.

NOVELAS POR MARIA DE ZAYAS, &c. *En Zaragoça, en el Hospital Real,* &c. *Ano* 1637." 4to. These novels are ten in number; some of them containing Spanish poetry. An apparently much enlarged edition appeared in 1729. 4to. "*Corregidas y enmendadas en esta ultima impression.*"

NOVELAS AMOROSAS. *Madrid,* 1624." 4to. Twelve

Twelve novels, in prose: 192 leaves. Subjoined in this copy, are the "Heroydas Belicas, y Amoras, &c. *En Barcelona*, &c. 1622. 4to. The whole of these latter are in three-line stanzas: 109 leaves.

Svcessos y Prodigos de Amor. *En Madrid.* 1626. 4to. 166 leaves. At the end: "Orfeo, en lengva Castellana. A la decima Mvsa." By the same author: in four cantos: thirty-one leaves.

El Cavallero Cid. "El Cid rvy Diez de Viuar." The preceding title is over a wood-cut of a man on horseback, trampling upon four human bodies. At bottom: *Impresso con licencia en Salamanca, Año de* 1627." 4to.: 103 pages. At the end are, the "*Seys Romances del Cid Ruy Diaz de Biuar.*" The preceding is on A (i). Only four leaves in the whole; quite perfect, and, as I should apprehend, of considerable rarity. This slender tract appears to have been printed at *Valladolid por la viuda de Francisco de Cordoua, Año de* 1627." 4to.

Fiorio e Biancifiore. "*Impressa*, &c. *ne bologna, Delanno del nostro signore m.cccclxxx. adi. xxiii. di decembre. Laus deo.*" Folio. Doubtless this must be the *Prima Edizione* of this long popular romance; and perhaps the present may be a unique copy of it. Caxton, as you may remember, published an English prosaïc version of it in the year 1485; and no copy of *that* version is known, save the one in the cabinet at St. James's Place. This edition has only eight

leaves, and this copy happens unluckily to be in a dreadfully shattered and tender state. At the end:

Finito e il libro del fidelissimo Amore
Che portorno insieme Fiorio e Biancifiore

Subjoined to the copy just described is another work, thus entitled:

Secreto Solo e in arma ben amaistrato
Sia qualunqua uole essere inamorato.
Got gebe ir eynen guten seligen mogen.

The preceding, line for line, is printed in a large gothic type: the rest of the work in a small close gothic letter. Both pieces, together, contain sixty-three leaves.

Commedia de Celestina. "*Vendese la presente obra en la ciudad de Anuers,*" &c. 18mo. *Without Date.* I suspect however that this scarce little volume was *printed* as well as "*sold*" at Paris.

Milles et Amys. *A Rouen chez la Veufue de Louys Costé.*" 4to. Without Date. The frontispiece has a wood-cut of no very extraordinary beauty, and the whole book exhibits a sort of ballad-style of printing. It is executed in a roman letter, in double columns.

Ogier Le Danois. "*On les vend a Lyon,* &c." Folio. At the end is the date of 1525, over the printer's device of a lion couchant, and a heart and crown upon a shield. It is a small folio, printed in a neat

and rather brilliant gothic type, with several wood-cuts.

GALIEN ET JAQUELINE. "*Les nobles prouesses et vaillances de Galien restaure,*" &c. 1525, Folio. The preceding is over a large wood-cut of a man on horse-back; and this romance is printed by the same printer, in the same place, and, as you observe, in the same year—as is that just before described.

HUON DE BOURDEAUX. Here are four editions of this Romance:—to which I suspect fourscore more might be added. The first is printed at *Paris* for *Bonfons*, in double columns, black letter, with rude wood-cuts. A fine copy: from the Colbert Collection. The second edition is of the date of 1586: in long lines, roman letter, approaching the ballad-style of printing. The third edition is "*A Troyes, Chez Nicolas Oudot,* &c. 1634." 4to. in double columns, small roman letter. No cuts, but on the recto and reverse of the frontispiece. The fourth edition is also "*A Troyes Chez Pierre Garnier,* 1726," 4to. in double columns, roman letter. A very ballad-like production.

LES QUATRE FILZ AYMON, Two editions. One "*à Lyon par Benoist Rigaud,* 1583," 4to. The printing is of the ballad-kind, although there are some spirited wood-cuts, which have been wretchedly pulled. The generality are as bad as the type and paper.

MABRIAN. &c. "*A Troyes, Chez Oudot,* 1625," 4to. A vastly clever wood-cut frontispiece, but

wretched paper and printing. From the *Cat. de Nyon;* no. 8135.

MORGANT LE GEANT. "*A Troyes, Chez Nicholas Oudot*, 1650, 4to." A pretty wood-cut frontispiece, and an extraordinary large cut of St. George and the Dragon on the reverse. There was a previous Edition by the same Printer at Rouen, in 1618, which contains the second book—wanting in this copy.

GERARD COMTE DE NEVERS, &c. 1526, 4to. The title is over the arms of France, and the text is executed in a handsome gothic letter, in long lines. At the end, it appears to have been printed for *Philip le Noir*. It is a very small quarto, and the volume is of excessive rarity. The present is a fine copy, in red morocco binding.

CRONIQUE DE FLORIMONT, &c. At "*Lyons—par Olivier Arnoullet*," 4to. At the end is the date of 1529. This impression is executed in a handsome gothic type, in long lines.

TROYS FILZ DE ROYS. Printed for "*Nicolas Chrestien—en la Rue neufue nostre Dame*," &c. Without date, 4to. The frontispiece displays a large rude wood cut; and the edition is printed in the black letter, in double columns. All the cuts are coarse. The book, however, is of uncommon occurrence.

PARIS ET VIENNE:—"*à Paris, Chez Simon Caluarin rue St. Jacques.*" Without date: in double columns; black letter, coarsely printed. A pretty

wood-cut at the beginning is repeated at the end. This copy is from the Colbert Library.

PIERRE DE PROVENCE ET LA BELLE MAGUELONNE. 1490. 4to. The title is over a large wood-cut of a man and woman, repeated on the reverse of the leaf. The impression is in black letter, printed in long lines, with rather coarse wood-cuts. I apprehend this small quarto volume to be of extreme rarity.

JEHAN DE SAINTRE—"*Paris, pour Jehan Bonfons*," &c. 4to. *Without date.* A neatly printed book, in double columns, in the gothic character. There is no cut but in the frontispiece. A ms. note says, "This is the first and rarest edition, and was once worth twelve louis." The impression is probably full three centuries old.

BERINUS ET AYGRES DE LAYMANT. At bottom: sold at "*Paris par Jehan de Bonfons*, 4to. *No date.* It is in double columns, black letter, with the device of the printer on the reverse of the last leaf. A rare book.

IEAN DE PARIS. "Le Romāt de Iehan de Paris, &c. *à Paris, par Jehan Bonfons*, 4to. *Without date.* In black letter, long lines: with rather pretty wood-cuts. A ms. note at the end says: "Ce roman que jay lu tout entier est fort singulier et amusant—cest de luy douvient le proverbe "*train de Jean de Paris.*" Cest ici la plus ancienne edition. Elle est rare." The present is a sound copy. There are some pleasing wood-cuts at the end.

CRONIQUE DE CLERIADUS, &c. "*On les vend à Lyon au pres de nostre dame de confort cheulx Oliuier Arnoullet.* At the end; 1529. 4to. This edition, which is very scarce, is executed in a handsome gothic type, in long lines. The present is a cropt but sound copy.

GUILLAUME DE PALERNE, &c. At bottom—beneath a singular wood-cut of some wild animal (wolf or fox) running away with a child, and a group of affrighted people retreating—we read: "*On les vent a Lyon aupres Dame de Confort chez Oliuier Arnoulle.*" At the end is the date of 1552.

———Another edition of the same romance, *printed at Rouen, without date, by the widow of Louis Costé,* 4to. A mere ballad-style of publication: perhaps not later than 1634.—the date of our wretched and yet most popular impression of the Knights of the Round Table.

DAIGREMONT ET VIVIAN. *Printed by Arnoullet, at Lyons,* in 1538, 4to. It is executed in a handsome gothic letter, in long lines. This copy is bound up with the *first* edition of the Cronique de Florimont—for which turn to a preceding page.* In the same volume is a third romance, entitled

LA BELLE HELAYNE, 1528, 4to.:—*Printed by the same printer,* with a singular wood-cut frontispiece; in a gothic character not quite so handsome as in the two preceding pieces.

JOURDAIN DE BLAVE. *A Paris, par Nicolas Chres-*

* Page 164, ante.

tien," 4to. *Without date.* Printed in double columns, in a small coarse gothic letter.

DOOLIN DE MAYENCE. *A Paris—N. Bonfons. Without date,* 4to. Probably towards the end of the sixteenth century; in double columns, in the roman letter. Here is another edition, *printed at Rouen,* by *Pierre Mullot;* in roman letter, in double columns. A coarse, wretched performance.

MEURVIN FILS D'OGER, &c. *A Paris;—Nicolas Bonfons.*" 4to. *Without date.* In the roman letter, in double columns. A fine copy.

MELUSINE. Evidently by *Philip le Noir,* from his device at the end. It is executed in a coarse small gothic letter; with a strange, barbarous frontispiece. Another edition, having a copy of the same frontispiece,—" *Nouuellement Imprimee a Troyes par Nicolas Oudot.* 1649." 4to. Numerous wood-cuts. In long lines, iu the roman letter.

TREBISOND. At the end: for " *Iehan Trepperel demourāt en la rue neufue nostre dame A lenseigne de lescu de frāc.* Without date, 4to. The device of the printer is at the back of the colophon. This impression is executed in the black letter, in double columns, with divers wood-cuts.

HECTOR DE TROYE. The title is over a bold wood-cut frontispiece, and *Arnoullet* has the honour of being printer of the volume. It is executed in the black letter, in long lines. After the colophon, at the end, is a leaf containing a wood-cut of a man and woman,

which I remember to have seen more than once before.

And now, methinks, you have had a pretty liberal assortment of ROMANCES placed before you, and may feel disposed to breathe the open air, and quit for a while this retired but interesting collection of ancient tomes. Here, then, let us make a general obeisance and withdraw; especially as the official announce of "deux heures viennent de sonner" dissipates the charm of chivalrous fiction, and warns us to shut up our volumes and begone.

LETTER VII.

LIBRARY OF STE. GENEVIÈVE. THE ABBÉ MERCIER ST. LÉGER. LIBRARY OF THE MAZARINE COLLEGE, OR INSTITUTE. PRIVATE LIBRARY OF THE KING. MONS. BARBIER, LIBRARIAN.

It is just possible that you may not have forgotten, in a previous letter, the mention of Ste. Geneviève—situated in the old quarter of Paris, on the other side of the Seine; and that, in opposition to the *ancient* place or church, so called, there was the *new* Ste. Geneviève—or the Pantheon. My present business is with the *old* establishment: or rather with the LIBRARY, hard by the old church of Ste. Geneviève. Of all interiors of libraries, this is probably the most beautiful and striking; and it is an absolute reproach to the taste of antiquarian art at Paris, that so beautiful an interior has not been adequately represented by the burin. There is surely spirit and taste enough in this magnificent capital to prevent such a reproach from being of a much longer continuance. But my business is with the *original*, and not with any *copy* of it—however successful. M. Flocon is the principal librarian, but he is just now

from home.* M. Le Chevalier is the next in succession, and is rarely from his official station. He is a portly gentleman; unaffected, good-natured, and kind-hearted. He has lived much in England, and speaks our language fluently: and catching my arm, and leaning upon it, he exclaimed, with a sort of heart's chuckle—in English, "with all my soul I attend you to the library."

On entering that singularly striking interior, he whispered gently in my ear "you shall be consigned to a clever attendant, who will bring you what you want, and I must then leave you to your occupations." "You cannot confer upon upon me a greater favour," I replied. "Bon, (rejoined he) je vois bien que vous aimez les livres. A ça, marchons." I was consigned

* [Because I have said that M. FLOCON was "from home" at the time I visited the library, and that M. Le CHEVALIER was rarely to be found abroad, M. Crapelet lets loose such a tirade of vituperation as is downright marvellous and amusing to peruse. Most assuredly I was not to know M. Flocon's bibliographical achievements and distinction by *inspiration*; and therefore I hasten to make known both the one and the other—in a version of a portion of the note of my sensitive translator: "M. Flocon is always at work; and one of the most zealous Librarians in Paris: he has worked twenty years at a Catalogue of the immense Library of Ste. Geneviève, of which the fruits are, twenty-four volumes—ready for press. Assuredly such a man cannot be said to pass his life away from his post." CRAPELET, vol iv. p. 3, 4. Most true—and who has said that HE DOES? Certainly not the Author of this Work. My translator must have here read without his spectacles.]

to a gentleman who sat at the beginning of the left rectangular compartment—for the library is in the form of a cross—and making my bow to my worthy conductor, requested he would retire to his own more important concerns. He shook me by the hand, and added, in English—"Good day, God bless you, Sir." I was not wanting in returning a similar salutation.

The LIBRARY OF STE. GENEVIÈVE exhibits a local of a very imposing, as well as extensive, appearance. From its extreme length,—which cannot be less than two hundred and thirty feet, as I should conjecture —it looks rather low. Yet the ceiling being arched, and tolerably well ornamented, the whole has a very harmonious appearance. In the centre is a cupola: of which the elder Restout, about ninety years ago, painted the ceiling. They talk much of this painting, but I was not disposed to look at it a second time. The charm of the whole arises, first, from the mellow tone of light which is admitted from the glazed top of this cupola; and, secondly, from the numerous busts, arranged along the sides, which recal to your remembrance some of the most illustrious characters of France—for arts, for arms, for learning, and for public spirit. These busts are at the hither end, as you enter. Busts of foreigners continue the suite towards the other extremities. A good deal of white carved ornament presents itself, but not unpleasantly: the principal ground colour being of a sombre tint, harmonising with that of the books. The floor is of glazed tile. It

was one of the hottest of days when I first put my foot within this interior; and my very heart seemed to be refreshed by the coolness—the tranquillity—the congeniality of character—of every thing around me! In such a place, "hours" (as Cowper somewhere expresses it) may be "thought down to moments." A sort of soft, gently-stealing, echo accompanies every tread of the foot. You long to take your place among the studious, who come every day to read in the right compartment of the cross; and which compartment they as regularly *fill*. Meanwhile, scarcely a whisper escapes them. The whole is, indeed, singularly inviting to contemplation, research, and instruction.

But it was to the left of the cupola—and therefore opposite the studious corps just mentioned—that M. Le Chevalier consigned me to my bibliographical attendant. I am ignorant of his name, but cannot be forgetful of his kind offices. The MS. Catalogue (they have no printed one) was placed before me, and I was requested to cater for myself. Among the *Libri Desiderati* of the fifteenth century, I smiled to observe the *Naples Horace of* 1474 . . . . but you wish to be informed of the *acquired*, and not of the *desiderated*, treasures. Prepare, therefore, for a treat—of its kind.

LACTANTIUS. *Printed in the Soubiaco Monastery.* 1465. Folio. This was Pope Pius the Sixth's copy. Indeed the greater number of the more valuable early books belonged to that amiable Pontiff; upon whom Audiffredi (as you may well remember) has passed so

warm and so well merited an eulogium.* The papal copy, however, has its margins scribbled upon, and is defective in the leaf which contains the errata.

AUGUSTINUS DE CIVITATE DEI. *Printed in the same Monastery.* 1467. Folio. The margins are broad, but occasionally much stained. The copy is also short. From the same papal collection.

CICERO DE ORATORE. *Printed in the same Monastery. Without Date.* Folio. A sound copy, but occasionally scribbled upon. The side margins are rather closely cropt.

BIBLIA LATINA. 1462. Folio. 2 vols. I saw only the first volume, which displays a well-proportioned length and breadth of margin. The illuminations appear to be nearly coeval, and are of a soft and pleasing style of execution. Yet the margins are rather deformed by the designation of the chapters, in large roman numerals, of a sprawling character.

BIBLIA ITALICA. *Kalend. de Octobrio.* 1471. Folio. 2 vols. A perfectly magnificent copy (measuring sixteen inches three eighths, by ten and six eighths) of this very rare edition; of which a minute and particular account will be found in the Catalogue of Earl Spencer's Library.† After a careful inspection—rather than from actual comparison—I incline to think that

* *Editiones Italicæ;* 1793. *Præf.*

† Vol. i. p. 63-7. It is there observed that "there does not seem to be any reason for assigning this edition to a *Roman* press."

these noble volumes came from the press of *Valdarfer* The copy under description is bound in brown calf, with red speckled edges to the leaves. This is a copy of an impression of which the library may justly be proud.

BIBLIA POLONICA. 1599. Folio. In style of printing and embellishment like our Coverdale's Bible of 1535. Whether it be a reprint (which is most probable) of the famous Polish Bible of 1563, I am unable to ascertain.

VIRGILIUS. *Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.* (1469.) Folio. FIRST EDITION; of the greatest rarity. Probably this is the finest copy (once belonging to Pius VI.) which is known to exist; but it must be considered as imperfect—wanting the Priapeia. And yet it may be doubted whether the latter were absolutely printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz for their *first* edition? This copy, bound in white calf, with the papal arms on the sides, measures twelves inches and a quarter in length, by eight inches and five eighths in width: but the state of the illumination, at the beginning of the Bucolics, shews the volume to have been cropt—however slightly. All the illuminations are quiet and pretty. Upon the whole, this is a very precious book; and superior in most respects to the copy in the Royal Library.*

PLINIUS SENIOR. 1469. Folio. EDITIO PRINCEPS. A copy from the same papal library; very fine, both

* See page 116 ante

as to length and width.—You rarely meet with a finer copy. *The Jenson edition* of 1472 is here comparatively much inferior.

CICERO. RHETORICA VETUS. *Printed by Jenson.* 1470. Folio. A great curiosity: inasmuch as it is a copy UPON VELLUM. It has been cruelly cut down, but the vellum is beautiful. It is also choked in the back, in binding. From the collection of the same Pope.

SUETONIUS. *Printed by I. P. de Lignamine.* 1470. Folio. A magnificent copy; measuring thirteen inches and one eighth in height. The first leaf is, however, objectionable. From the same collection.

QUINTILIANUS. INSTITUTIONES. *By the same Printer.* 1470. Folio. This and the preceding book are FIRST EDITIONS. A copy of equal beauty and equal size with the Suetonius. From the same Collection.

PRISCIANUS. *Printed by V. de Spira.* 1470. Folio. First Edition. We have here a truly delicious copy —UPON VELLUM—and much superior to a similar copy in the Royal Library* I ought slightly to notice that a few of the leaves, following the date, are tawny, and others mended. Upon the whole, however, this is a book which rejoices the eye and warms the heart of a classical bibliographer. It is bound in pale calf, with gilt stamped edges, and once belonged to the Pontiff from whose library almost every previously-described volume was obtained.

* See page 139 ante.

DANTE. *Printed by Petrus* [*Adam de Michaelibus.*] *Mantua.* 1472. Folio. A large and fair copy of an exceedingly rare edition. It appears to be quite perfect.

BOETIUS. *Printed by Frater Iohannes.* 1474. 4to. It is for the first time that I open the leaves of this scarce edition. It is printed in a sharp and rather handsome roman type, and this copy has sixty-three numbered leaves.

ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA. 1498. 4to. We have here a most desirable copy—UPON VELLUM, which is equally soft and white. It has been however peppered a little by a worm, at the beginning and end; especially at the end. It is coated in a goodly sort of Gaignat binding.

CICERONIS OPERA OMNIA. *Milan.* 1498. Folio. 4 vols. This is the finest copy of this rare set of volumes which it has been my lot yet to examine; but the dedication of the printer, Minutianus, to I. I. Trivulcius, on the reverse of the first leaf of the first volume, is unluckily wanting. There are, who would call this a *large paper* copy.

MARSILIUS FICINUS: IN DIONYSIUM AREOPAGITAM. *Printed by Laurentius, the Son of Franciscus a Venetian; at Florence. Without Date.* Folio. This is certainly a very beautiful and genuine book, in this particular condition—UPON VELLUM—but the small gothic type, in which it is printed, is a good deal blurred. The binding is in its first state: in a deep red-coloured leather, over boards. I should appre-

hend this impression to be chiefly valuable on the score of rarity and high price, when it is found upon vellum.

The foregoing are what I selected from the Fifteeners; after running an attentive eye over the shelves upon which the books, of that description are placed. In the same case or division where these Fifteeners are lodged, there happen to be a few *Alduses*, UPON VELLUM—so beautiful, rare, and in such uncommon condition, that I question whether M. Van Praet doth not occasionally cast an envious eye upon these membranaceous treasures—secretly, and perhaps commendably, wishing that some of them may one day find their way into the Royal Collection!.. You shall judge for yourself.

HOMERI OPERA. Gr. *Printed by Aldus. Without date.* 12mo. 2 vols. First Aldine impression; and this copy perhaps yields only to the one in the Royal Library.* These volumes are differently bound; but of the two, that containing the *Iliad*, gains in length what it loses in breadth. The vellum is equally soft, white, and well-conditioned; and perhaps, altogether, the copy is only one little degree inferior to that in the Royal Library. The Odyssey is bound in old red morocco, with stampt gilt edges. This copy was purchased from the Salviati Library.

CICERONIS ORATIONES. *Printed at the Aldine Press.* 1519. 8vo. 3 vols. Surely this copy is the *ne plus*

* See page 145 ante.

ultra of a VELLUM ALDUS! In size, condition, and colour, nothing can surpass it. When I say this, I am not unmindful of the Royal copies here, and more particularly of the *Pindar and Ovid* in St. James's Place. But, in truth, there reigns throughout the rectos and reverses of each of these volumes, such a mellow, quiet, and genuine tone of colour, that the most knowing bibliographer and the most fastidious Collector cannot fail to express his astonishment on turning over the leaves. They are bound in old red morocco, with the arms of a Cardinal on the exterior; and (with the exception of the first volume, which is some *very* little shorter) full six inches and a half, by four inches. Shew me its like if you can!

I shall mention only three more volumes; but neither of them Aldine; and then take leave of the library of Ste. Geneviève.

MISSALE MOZARABICUM. 1500. Folio. A fine copy for size and colour; but unluckily much wormed at the beginning, though a little less so at the end. It measures nearly thirteen inches one quarter, by nine three eighths. From the stamped arms of three stars and three lizards, this copy appears to have belonged to the *Cardinal Juigné*, Archbishop of Paris; who had a fine taste for early printed books.

VITRUVIUS, *Printed by the Giunti*, 1513. 8vo. A delicious copy; upon white, soft, spotless VELLUM. I question if it be not superior to Mr. Dent's;* as it

* [Now the property of the Right Hon. T. Grenville; having been purchased at the sale of Mr. Dent's Library for 107*l.*]

measures six inches and three-quarters, by four. A cruel worm, however, has perforated as far as folio 76; leaving one continued hole behind him. The binding of this exquisite book is as gaudy as it is vulgar.

TEWERDANCKHS. *Printed in* 1517. Folio. First Edition. This is doubtless a fine copy—upon thick, but soft and white, VELLUM. Fortunately the plates are uncoloured, and the copy is quite complete in the table. It measures fifteen inches in length, by nine inches three quarters in width.

Such appeared to me, on a tolerably careful examination of the titles of the volumes, to be among the chief treasures in the early and more curious department of books belonging to the STE. GENEVIÈVE LIBRARY. Without doubt, many more may be added; but I greatly suspect that the learned in bibliography would have made pretty nearly a similar selection. Frequently, during the progress of my examinations, I looked out of window upon the square, or area, below —which was covered at times by numerous little parties of youths (from the College of Henry IV.) who were partaking of all manner of amusements, characteristic of their ages and habits. With, and without, coats—walking, sitting, or running,—there they were! All gay, all occupied, all happy:—unconscious of the alternate miseries and luxuries of the Bibliomania!—unknowing in the nice distinctions of type from the presses of *George Laver, Schurener de Bopardia,* and *Adam Rot:* uninitiated in the agonising mysteries of

rough edges, large margins, and original bindings! But . .

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

This is soberly quoted—not meaning thereby to scratch the cuticle, or ruffle the temper, of a single Roxburgher. And now, my friend, as we are about to quit this magnificent assemblage of books, I owe it to myself—but much more to your own inextinguishable love of bibliographical history—to say "one little word, or two"—ere we quit the threshold—respecting the Abbé MERCIER SAINT LÉGER . . the head librarian, and great living ornament of the collection, some fifty years ago. I am enabled to do this with the greater propriety, as my friend M. Barbier is in possession of a number of literary anecdotes and notices respecting the Abbé—and has supplied me with a brochure, by Chardon De La Rochette, which contains a notice of the life and writings of the character in question. I am sure you will be interested by the account, limited and partial as it must necessarily be: especially as I have known those, to whose judgments I always defer with pleasure and profit, assert, that, of all BIBLIOGRAPHERS, the Abbé Mercier St. Léger was the FIRST, in eminence, which France possessed. I have said so myself a hundred times, and I repeat the asseveration. Yet we must not forget Niceron.

Mercier Saint Léger was born on the 1st of April, 1734. At fifteen years of age, he began to consider

what line of life he should follow. A love of knowledge, and a violent passion for study and retirement, inclined him to enter the congregation of the *Chanoines Réguliers*—distinguished for men of literature; and, agreeably to form, he went through a course of rhetoric and philosophy, before he passed into divinity, as a resident in the Abbey *de Chatrices* in the diocese of *Chalons sur Marne*. It was there that he laid the foundation of his future celebrity as a literary bibliographer. He met there the venerable CAULET, who had voluntarily resigned the bishopric of Grenoble, to pass the remainder of his days in the abbey in question—of which he was the titular head—in the midst of books, solitude, and literary society. Mercier Saint Léger quickly caught the old man's eye, and entwined himself round his heart. Approaching blindness induced the ex-bishop to confide the care of his library to St. Léger—who was also instructed by him in the elements of bibliography and literary history. He taught him also that love of order and of method which are so distinguishable in the productions of the pupil. Death, however, in a little time separated the master from the scholar; and the latter scarcely ever mentioned the name, or dwelt upon the virtues, of the former, without emotions which knew of no relief but in a flood of tears. The heart of Mercier St. Léger was yet more admirable than his head.

St. Léger, at twenty years of age, returned to Paris. The celebrated Pingré was chief librarian of the Ste.

GENEVIÈVE COLLECTION; and St. Léger attached himself with ardour and affection to the society and instructions of his Principal. He became joint SECOND LIBRARIAN in 1759; when Pingré, eminent for astronomy, departing for India to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, St. Léger was appointed to succeed him as CHIEF—and kept the place till the year 1772. These twelve years were always considered by St. Léger as the happiest and most profitable of his life. During this period he lent a helping hand in abridging the *Journal de Trevoux*. In September, 1764, Louis XV. laid the foundation-stone, with great pomp and ceremony, of the new church of Ste. Geneviève. After the ceremony, he desired to see the library of the old establishment—in which we have both been so long tarrying. Mercier spread all the more ancient and curious books upon the table, to catch the eye of the monarch: who, with sundry Lords of the bed-chamber, and his *own* librarian BIGNON, examined them with great attention, and received from Mercier certain information respecting their relative value and rarity. Every now and then Louis turned round, and said to Bignon, "Bignon, have I got that book in my library?" The royal librarian . . . answered not a word—but hiding himself behind CHOISEUL, the prime minister, seemed to avoid the sight of his master. Mercier, however, had the courage and honesty to reply, "No, Sire, that book is *not* in your library." The king spent about an hour in examining

the books, chatting with the librarian, (Mercier) and informing himself on those points in which he was ignorant. It was during this conversation, that the noble spirit of Mercier was manifested. The building of the library of St. Victor was in a very crazy state: it was necessary to repair it, but the public treasury could not support that expense. "I will tell your Majesty, (said Mercier) how this may be managed without costing you a single crown. The headship of the Abbey of St. Victor is vacant: name a new Abbot; upon condition, each year, of his ceding a portion of his revenue to the reparation of the Library." If the king had had one spark of generous feeling, he would have replied by naming Mercier to the abbey in question, and by enjoining the strict fulfilment of his own proposition. But it was not so. Yet the scheme was carried into effect, although others had the glory of it.

However, the king had not forgotten Mercier, nor the bibliographical lesson which he had received in the library of Ste. Geneviève. One of these lessons consisted in having the distinctive marks pointed out of the famous *Bible of Sixtus* V. published in 1590. A short time after, on returning from mass, along the great gallery of Versailles, Louis saw the head librarian of Ste. Geneviève among the spectators . . and turning to his prime minister, exclaimed "Choiseul, how can one distinguish the *true* Bible of Sixtus V.?" "Sire, (replied the unsuspecting minister) I never was acquainted with that book." Then, addressing him-

self to Mercier, the king repeated to him—without the least hesitation or inaccuracy—the lesson which he had learnt in the library of Ste. Geneviève. There are few stories, I apprehend, which redound so much to this king's credit.

Louis gave yet more substantial proofs of his respect for his bibliographical master, by appointing him, at the age of thirty-two, to the headship of the abbey of *St. Léger de Soissons*—and hence our hero derives his name. In 1772 Mercier surrendered the Ste. Geneviève library to Pingré, on his return from abroad—and in the privacy of his own society, set about composing his celebrated *Supplément à l'Histoire de l'Imprimerie par Prosper Marchand*—of which the second edition, in 1775, is not only more copious but more correct. The Abbé Rive, who loved to fasten his teeth in every thing that had credit with the world, endeavoured to shake the reputation of this performance . . but in vain. Mercier now travelled abroad; was received every where with banqueting and caresses; a distinction due to his bibliographical merits—and was particularly made welcome by Meerman and Crevenna. M. Ochéda, Earl Spencer's late librarian—and formerly librarian to Crevenna—has often told me how pleased he used to be with Mercier's society and conversation during his visit to Crevenna. On his return, Mercier continued his work, too long suspended, upon the LATIN POETS OF THE MIDDLE AGE. His object was, to give a brief biography of each; an

analysis of their works, with little brilliant extracts and piquant anecdotes; traits of history little known; which, say Chardon De La Rochette and M. Barbier, (who have read a great part of the original MS.) "are as amusing as they are instructive."

But the Revolution was now fast approaching, and the meek spirit of Mercier could ill sustain the shock of such a frightful calamity. Besides, he loved his country yet dearer than his books. His property became involved: his income regularly diminished; and even his privacy was invaded. In 1792 a decree passed the convention for issuing a "Commission for the examination of monuments." Mercier was appointed one of the thirty-three members of which the commission was composed, and the famous Barrère was also of the number. Barrère, fertile in projects however visionary and destructive, proposed to Mercier, as a *bright thought*, "to make a short extract from every book in the national library: to have these extracts superbly printed by Didot;—and to... BURN ALL THE BOOKS FROM WHICH THEY WERE TAKEN!" It never occurred to this revolutionising ideot that there might be a *thousand* copies of the *same work*, and that some hundreds of these copies might be OUT of the national library! Of course, Mercier laughed at the project, and made the projector ashamed of it.* Robespierre, rather fiend than man, now ruled the destinies of France. On the 7th of July, 1794, Mercier

* [M. Crapelet doubts the truth of this story. He need not.]

happened to be passing along the streets when he saw *sixty-seven human beings* about to undergo the butchery of the GUILLOTINE. Every avenue was crowded by spectators—who were hurrying towards the horrid spectacle. Mercier was carried along by the torrent; but, having just strength enough to raise his head, he looked up . . and beheld his old and intimate friend the ex-abbé ROGER . . in the number of DEVOTED VICTIMS! That sight cost him his life. A sudden horror . . followed by alternate shiverings, and flushings of heat . . immediately seized him. A cold perspiration hung upon his brow. He was carried into the house of a stranger. His utterance became feeble and indistinct, and it seemed as if the hand of death were already upon him.

Yet he rallied awhile. His friends came to soothe him. Hopes were entertained of a rapid and perfect recovery. He even made a few little visits to his friends in the vicinity of Paris. But . . his fine full figure gradually shrunk: the colour as gradually deserted his cheek — and his eye sensibly lacked that lustre which it used to shed upon all around. His limbs became feeble, and his step was both tremulous and slow. He lingered five years . . and died at ten at night, on the 13th of May 1799, just upon the completion of his jublilee of his bibliographical toil. What he left behind, as annotations, both in separate papers, and on the margins of books, is prodigious. M. Barbier shewed me his projected *third* edition of the

Supplément to Marchand, and a copy of the *Bibliothèque Françoise of De La Croix du Maine*, &c. covered, from one end to the other, with marginal notes by him.* That amiable biographer also gave me one of his little bibliographical notices, as a specimen of his hand writing and of his manner of pursuing his enquiries.†

Such are the feelings, and such the gratifications, connected with a view of the LIBRARY of STE. GENEVIÈVE. Whenever I visit it, I imagine that the gentle spirit of MERCIER yet presides there; and that, as it is among the most ancient, so is it among the most interesting, of BOOK LOCALS in Paris.

Come away with me, now, to a rival collection of books—in the MAZARINE COLLEGE, or Institute. Of the magnificence of the exterior of this building I have made mention in a previous letter. My immediate business is with the interior; and more especially with that porton of it which relates to *paper* and *print*. You are to know, however, that this establishment

* [See the account of M. Barbier, post.]

† It is on a small piece of paper, addressed to M. Barbier: "Cherchez dans les depôts bien soigneusement, tous les ouvrages d'ANDRE CIRINE: entr'autres ses *De Venatione libri ii*: *Messanæ* 1650. 8vo. *De natura et solertia Canum; Panormi*, 1653. 4to. *De Venatione et Natura Animalium Libri V. ibid*, 1653. 3 vol. in 4to.—tous avec figures gravées en bois. Peut être dans la *Bibl. des Théatres* y étoient-ils. Je me recommande toujours à M. Barbier pour la *Scala Cœli*, in folio, pour les *Lettres de Rangouge*, et pour les autres livres qu'il a bien voulu se charger de rechercher pour moy." ST. LEGER.

contains *two Libraries*; one, peculiar to the Institute, and running at right angles with the room in which the members of that learned body assemble: the other, belonging to the College, to the left, on entering the first square—from the principal front.

The latter is the *old* collection, of the time of Cardinal Mazarin, and with *that* I begin. It is deposited chiefly on the first floor; in two rooms running at right angles with each other: the two, about 140 feet long. These rooms may be considered very lofty; certainly somewhat more elevated than those in the Royal Library. The gallery is supported by slender columns, of polished oak, with Corinthian capitals. The general appearance is airy and imposing. A huge globe, eight feet in diameter, is in the centre of the angle where the two rooms meet. The students read in either apartment: and, as usual, the greatest order and silence prevail. But not a *Fust and Schoiffher*—nor a *Sweynheym and Pannartz*—nor an *Ulric Han*—in this lower region . . . although they say the collection contains about 90,000 volumes. What therefore is to be done? The attendant sees your misery, and approaches: "Que desirez vous, Monsieur?" That question was balm to my agitated spirits. "Are the old and more curious books deposited here?" "Be seated, Sir. You shall know in an instant." Away goes this obliging creature, and pulls a bell by the side of a small door. In a minute, a gentleman, clothed in black—the true bibliographical attire—de-

scends. The attendant points to me: we approach each other: "A la bonne heure—jesuis charmé...." You will readily guess the remainder. "Donnez vous la peine de monter." I followed my guide up a small winding stair-case, and reached the topmost landing place. A succession of small rooms—(I think *ten* in number) lined with the *true* furniture, strikes my astonished eye, and makes warm my palpitating heart. "This is charming"—exclaimed I, to my guide, Monsieur Thiebaut—"this is as it should be." M. Thieubaut bowed graciously.

The floors are all composed of octagonal, deeply-tinted red, tiles: a little too highly glazed, as usual; but cool, of a good picturesque tint, and perfectly harmonising with the backs of the books. The first little room which you gain, contains a plaster-bust of the late Abbé Hooke,* who lived sometime in England with the good Cardinal————. His bust faces another of Palissot. You turn to the right, and obtain the first foreshortened view of the "ten little

* The Abbé Hooke preceded the abbé Le Blond; the late head librarian. The present head librarian M. Petit Radel, has given a good acconnt of the Mazarine Library in his *Recherches sur les Bibliotheques*, &c. 1819, 8vo.; but he has been reproached with a sort of studied omission of the name of Liblond—who, according to a safe and skilful writer, may be well considered the second founder of the Mazarine Library. The Abbé Liblond died at St. Cloud in 1796. In M. Renouard's Catalogue of his own books, vol. ii. p. 253, an amusing story is told about Hooke's successor, the Abbé Le Blond, and Renouard himself.

chambers" of which I just spoke. I continued to accompany my guide: when, reaching the *first* of the last *three* rooms, he turned round and bade me remark that these last three rooms were devoted exclusively to "books printed in the *Fifteenth Century:* of which they possessed about fifteen hundred." This intelligence recruited my spirits; and I began to look around with eagerness. But alas! although the crop was plentiful, a deadly blight had prevailed. In other words, there was number without choice: quantity rather than quality. Yet I will not be ill-natured; for, on reaching the third of these rooms, and the last in the suite, Monsieur Thiebaut placed before me the following select articles.

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by Fust and Schoiffher: Without Date, but supposed to be in the year* 1455 or 1456. Folio. 2 vols. For the last dozen years of my life, I had earnestly desired to see this copy: not because I had heard much of its beauty, but because it is the *identical* copy which gave rise to the calling of this impression the MAZARINE BIBLE.* Certainly, all those copies which I had previously seen—and they cannot be fewer than ten or twelve—were generally superior; nor must this edition be henceforth designated as "of the very first degree of rarity."

BIBLIA LATINA. *Printed by the Same,* 1462. Folio. 2 vols. A fair, sound, large copy: UPON VELLUM. The date is printed in red, at the end of each volume—a

* *Bibl. Spenceriana,* vol. i. p. 3, &c. and page 154 ante.

variety, which is not always observable. This copy is in red morocco binding.

BIBLIA ITALICA. *Printed by Vindelin de Spira, Kalend. August.* 1471. Folio. 2 vols. A fine copy of an extremely rare edition; perhaps the rarest of all those of the early Italian versions of the Bible. It is in calf binding, but cropt a little.

LEGENDA SANCTORUM. Italicè. "*Impresse per Maestro Nicolo ienson,* &c. *Without Date.* Folio. The author of the version is *Manerbi*: and the present is the *first impression* of it. It is executed in double columns, in the usually delicate style of printing by Jenson: and this volume is doubtless among the rarer productions of the printer.

SERVIUS IN VIRGILIUM. *Printed by Ulric Han. Without Date.* Folio. This is a volume of the most unquestionable rarity; and *such* a copy of it as that now before me, is of most uncommon occurrence.* Can this be surprising, when I tell you that it once belonged to Henri II. and Diane de Poictiers! The leaves absolutely talk to you, as you turn them over. Yet why do I find it in my heart to tell you that, towards the middle, many leaves are stained at the top of the right margin?! There are also two worm

* When Lord Spencer was at Paris in 1819, he told MM. Petit Radel and Thiebaut, who attended him, that it was "the finest copy he had ever seen." Whereupon, one of these gentlemen wrote with a pencil, in the fly-leaf, "Lord Spencer dit que c'est le plus bel exemplaire qu'il ait vu." And well might his Lordship say so.

holes towards the end. But what then? The sun has its spots.

PLAUTUS. 1472. Folio. Editio Princeps. Although *this* volume came also from the collection of the *illustrious Pair* to whom the previous one belonged, yet is it unworthy of such owners. I suspect it has been cropt in its second binding. It is stained all through, at top, and the three introductory leaves are cruelly repellent.

CÆSAR. 1469. Folio. Editio Princeps. A very fine, genuine copy; in the original binding—such as all Sweynheym and Pannartz's *ought* to be. It is tall and broad: but has been unluckily too much written upon.

LACTANTIUS. 1470. *By the same Printers.* Perhaps, upon the whole, the finest copy of this impression which exists. Yet a love of truth compels me to observe—only in a very slight sound, approaching to a whisper—that there are indications of the ravages of the worm, both at the beginning and end; but very, very trivial. It is bound like the preceding volume; and measures thirteen inches and nearly three quarters, by about nine inches and one eighth.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. 1466. 4to. Second Edition, upon paper; and therefore rare. But this copy is sadly stained and wormed.

CICERO DE NATURA DEORUM, *&c. Printed by Vindelin de Spira.* 1471. Folio. A fine sound copy, in the original binding.

SILIUS ITALICUS. *Printed by Laver.* 1471. Folio. A good, sound copy; and among the very rarest books from the press of Laver, in such condition.

CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, ET PROPERTIUS. 1472. Folio. The knowing, in early classical bibliography, are aware that this *Editio Princeps* is perhaps to be considered as only *one* degree below the first impressions of Lucretius and Virgil in rarity. The longest life may pass away without an opportunity of becoming the purchaser of such a treasure. The present is a tall, fair copy; quite perfect. In red morocco binding.

DANTE. *Printed by Numeister.* 1472. Folio. Considered to be the earliest impression. This is rather a broad than a tall copy; and not free from stain and the worm. But it is among the very best copies which I have seen.

It will not be necessary to select more flowers from this choice corner of the tenth and last room of the upper suite of apartments: nor am I sure that, upon further investigation, the toil would be attended with any very productive result. Yet I ought not to omit observing to you that this Library owes its chief celebrity to the care, skill, and enthusiasm of the famous *Gabriel Naudé*, the first librarian under the Cardinal its founder. Of Naudé, you may have before read somewhat in certain publications;* where his praises

* *Bibliomania*, p. 50. *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 493.

are set forth with no sparing hand. He was perhaps never excelled in activity, bibliographical *diplomacy*, or zeal for his master; and his expressive countenance affords the best index of his ardent mind. He purchased every where, and of all kinds, of bodies corporate and of individuals. But you must not imagine that the *Mazarine Library*, as you now behold it, is precisely of the same dimensions, or contains the same books, as formerly. If many rare and precious volumes have been disposed of, or are missing, or lost, many have been also procured. The late librarian was LUCAS JOSEPH HOOKE, and the present is Mons. PETIT RADEL.* We will descend, therefore,

* Mons. Petit-Radel has lately (1819) published an interesting octavo volume, entitled "*Recherches sur les Bibliothéques anciennes et modernes*,&c. with a "*Notice Historique sur la Bibliothéque Mazarine:* to which latter is prefixed a plate, containing portraits in outline, of Mazarin, Colbert, Naudé and Le Blond. At the end, is a list of the number of volumes in the several public libraries at Paris: from which the following is selected.

ROYAL LIBRARY -	*Printed Volumes* about	350,000
	Ditto, as brochures, &c.	350,000
	Manuscripts - -	50,000
LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL	Printed Volumes -	150,000
	Manuscripts - -	5,000
LIBRARY OF ST. GENEVIEVE	Printed Volumes -	110,000
	Manuscripts - -	2,000
MAZARINE LIBRARY	Printed Volumes -	90,000
	Manuscripts - -	3,500
LIBRARY OF THE PREFECTURE (Hotel de la Ville)	Printed Volumes - -	15,000
——— INSTITUTE	Printed Volumes - -	50,000

from these quiet and congenial regions; and passing through the lower rooms, seek the *other* collection of books attached to this establishment.

The library, which is more immediately appropriated to the INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, may consist of 20,000 volumes,* and is contained in a long room—perhaps of one hundred feet—of which the further extremity is supposed to be *adorned* by a statue of VOLTAIRE. This statue is raised within a recess, and the light is thrown upon it from above from a concealed window. Of all deviations from good taste,

This last calculation I should think very incorrect. M. Petit Radel concludes his statement by making the WHOLE NUMBER OF ACCESSIBLE VOLUMES IN Paris amount to *One Million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven.* In the several DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE, collectively, there is *more* than that number. But see the note ensuing.

* [Mons. Crapelet says, 60,000 volumes: but I have more faith in the first, than in the second, computation: not because it comes from myself, but because a pretty long experience, in the numbering of books, has taught me to be very moderate in my numerical estimates. I am about to tell the reader rather a curious anecdote connected with this subject. He may, or he may not, be acquainted with the Public Library at Cambridge; where, twenty-five years ago, they boasted of having 90,000 volumes; and now, 120,000 volumes. In the year 1823, I ventured to make, what I considered to be, rather a minute and careful calculation of the whole number: and in a sub note in the *Library Companion*, p. 657, edit. 1824, stated my conviction of that number's not exceeding 65,000 volumes, including MSS. In the following year, a very careful estimate was made, by the Librarians, of the whole number:—and the result was, that there were only . . . . 64,800 volumes!]

this statue exhibits one of the most palpable. Voltaire, who was as thin as a hurdle, and a mere bag of bones, is here represented as an almost *naked* figure, sitting: a slight mantle over his left arm being the only piece of drapery which the statue exhibits. The poet is slightly inclining his head to the left, holding a pen in his right hand. The countenance has neither the fire, force, nor truth, which Denon's terra-cotta head of the poet seems to display. The extremities are meagre and offensive. In short, the whole, as it appears to me, has an air approaching the burlesque. Opposite to this statue are the colossal busts of LAGRANGE and MALESHERBES; while those of PEIRESC and FRANKLIN are nearly of the size of nature. They are all in white marble. That of Peiresc has considerable expression.

This may be called a collection of *Books of Business;* in other words, of books of almost every day's reference—which every one may consult. It is particularly strong in *Antiquities* and *History:* and for the latter, it is chiefly indebted to Dom Brial—the living father of French history*—that excellent and able man (who is also one of the Secretaries of the Institute) having recommended full two-thirds of the *long sets* (as they are called) which relate to ancient history. The written catalogue is contained in fourteen folio volumes, interleaved; there being generally only four articles written in a page, and those four

* [Now, numbered with THE DEAD. Vide post.]

always upon the recto of each leaf. This is a good plan: for you may insert your acquisitions, with the greatest convenience, for a full dozen years to come. No *printed* catalogue of either of these libraries, or of those of the Arsenal and Ste. Geneviève, exists: which I consider to be a *stain*—much more frightful than that which marks the copy of the "*Servius in Virgilium*," just before described!

It remains now to make mention of a *third* Collection of Books—which may be considered in the light both of a public and a private Library. I mean, the Collection appropriated more particularly for the *King's private use*,* and which is deposited beneath the long gallery of the Louvre. Its local is as charming as it is peculiar. You walk by the banks of the Seine, in a line with the south side of the Louvre, and gain admittance beneath an archway, which is defended by an iron grating. An attendant, in the royal livery, opens the door of the library—just after you have ascended above the entresol. You enquire "whether Monsieur BARBIER, the chief Librarian, be within?" "Sir, he is never absent. Be pleased to go straight forward, as far as you can see."† What a sight is before me! Nothing less than *thirteen* rooms, with a

* [The translation of the whole of the concluding part of this letter, beginning from above, together with the few notes supplied, as seen in M. Crapelet's publication, is the work of M. Barbier's nephew.]

† [For M. Barbier Junior's note, which, in M. Crapelet's publication, is here subjoined, consult the end of the Letter.]

small arched door in the centre, through which I gaze as if looking through a tube. Each of these rooms is filled with books; and in one or the other of them are assembled the several visitors who come to read. The whole is perfectly magical. Meanwhile the nephew of M. Barbier walks quickly, but softly, from one room to another, to take down the several volumes enquired after. At length, having paced along upwards of 200 feet of glazed red tile, and wondering when this apparently interminable suite of apartments will end, I view my estimable friend, the HEAD LIBRARIAN, deeply occupied in some correction of Bayle or of Moreri—sitting at the further extremity. His reception of me is more than kind. It is hearty and enthusiastic.

"Now that I am in this magical region, my good friend, allow me to inspect the famous PRAYER BOOK of CHARLEMAGNE?"—was my first solicitation to Mons. Barbier. "Gently,"—said my guide. "You are almost asking to partake of forbidden fruit. But I suppose you must not be disappointed." This was only sharpening the edge of my curiosity—for "wherefore this mystery, good M. Barbier?" "*That* you may know another time. The book is here: and you shall immediately inspect it."—was his reply. M. Barbier unlocked the recess in which it is religiously preserved; took off the crimson velvet in which it is enveloped; and springing backward only two feet and a half, exclaimed, on presenting it, "Le voilà—dans

toute sa beauté pristine." I own that I even forgot *Charles the Bald*—and eke his imperial brother *Lotharius*,*—as I gazed upon the contents of it. With these contents it is now high time that you should be made acquainted.

EVANGELISTARIUM, or PRAYER BOOK—once belonging to CHARLEMAGNE. Folio. The subject-matter of this most precious book is thus arranged. In the first place, there are five large illuminations, of the entire size of the page, which are much discoloured. The first four represent the *Evangelists:* each sitting upon a cushion, not unlike a bolster. The fifth is the figure of our SAVIOUR. The back ground is purple: the the pillow-like seat, upon which Christ sits, is scarlet, relieved by white and gold. The upper garment of the figure is dark green: the lower, purple, bordered in part with gold. The foot-stool is gold: the book, in the left hand, is red and gold: the arabesque ornaments, in the border, are blue, red, and gold. The hair of our Saviour is intended to be flaxen.

The text is in double columns, upon a purple ground, within an arabesque border of red, purple, yellow, and bluish green. It is uniformly executed in letters of gold, of which the surface is occasionally rather splendid. It consists of a series of gospel extracts, for the whole year, amounting to about two hundred and forty-two. These extracts terminate with "*Et ego resuscitabo eum in novissimo die. Amen.*"

* See pages 65-7 ante.

Next comes a christian Calendar, from the dominical year Dcclxxv. to Dccxcvii. On casting the eye down these years, and resting it on that of Dcclxxxi, you observe, in the columns of the opposite leaf, this very important entry, or memorandum—in the undoubted writing of the time: "*In isto Anno ivit Dominus,* REX KAROLUS, *ad scm̄ Petrvm et baptisatus est filius eius* PIPPINUS *a Domino Apostolico;*" from which I think it is evident (as is observed in the account of this precious volume in the *Annales Encyclopédiques*, vol. iii. p. 378) that this very book was commanded to be written chiefly to perpetuate a notice of the baptism, by Pope Adrian, of the emperor's son PIPPIN.* There is no appearance whatever of fabrication, in this memorandum. The whole is coeval, and doubtless of the time when it is professed to have been executed. The last two pages are occupied by Latin verses, written in a lower-case, cursive hand; but contemporaneous, and upon a purple ground. From these verses we learn that the last scribe, or copyist, of the text of this splendid volume, was one GODESCALE, or GODSCHALCUS, a German. The verses are reprinted in the *Décades Philosophiques*.

This MS. was given to the *Abbey of St. Servin*, at Toulouse; and it was religiously preserved there, in

* [This conclusion is questioned with acuteness and success by M. Barbier's nephew. It seems rather that the MS. was finished in 781, to commemorate the victories of Charlemagne over his Lombardic enemies in 774.]

a case of massive silver, richly embossed, till the year 1793; when the silver was stolen, and the book carried off, with several precious relics of antiquity, by order of the President of the Administration, (Le Sieur S * * * * *) and thrown into a magazine, in which were many other vellum MSS. destined . . . TO BE BURNT! One's blood curdles at the narrative. There it lay—expecting its melancholy fate; till a Monsieur de Puymaurin, then detained as a prisoner in the magazine, happened to throw his eye upon the precious volume; and, writing a certain letter about it, to a certain quarter—(which letter is preserved in the fly leaves, but of which I was denied the transcription, from motives of delicacy—) an order was issued by government for the conveyance of the MS. to the metropolis. This restoration was effected in May 1811.* I think you must admit, that, in every point of view, THIS MS. ranks among the most interesting and curious, as well as the most ancient, of those in the several libraries of Paris.

But this is the *only* piece of antiquity, of the book kind, in the Library. Of modern performances, I ought to mention a French version of OSSIAN, in quarto, which was the favourite reading book of the ex-Emperor; and to which Isabey, at his express

* [This restoration, in the name of the City of Toulouse, was made in the above year—on the occasion of the baptism of Bonaparte's son. Bnt it was not placed in the King's private library till 1814. BARBIER Jun.]

command, prefixed a frontispiece after the design of Gérard. This frontispiece is beautifully and tenderly executed: a group of heroes, veiled in a mist, forms the back-ground. The only other modern curiosity, in this way, which I deem it necessary to notice, is a collection of ORIGINAL DRAWINGS of flowers, in water colours, by RÉDOUTÉ, upon vellum: in seven folio volumes; and which cost 70,000 francs.* Nothing can exceed—and very few efforts of the pencil can equal—this wonderful performance. Such a collection were reasonable at the fore-mentioned price.

And now, my good friend, suppose I furnish you with an outline of the worthy head-librarian himself? A. A. BARBIER has perhaps not long "turned the corner" of his fiftieth year. Peradventure he may be fifty three.† In stature, he is above the middle height, but not very tall. In form, he is robust; and his countenance expressive of great conciliatoriness and benignity. There is a dash of the "old school" about the attire of M. Barbier, which I am Goth enough to admire: while his ardour of conversation, and rapidity of utterance, relieved by frequent and expressive smiles, make his society equally agreeable and instructive. He is a literary bibliographer to the very back bone; and talks of what he has done, and of what he purposes to do, with a "gaieté de cœur" which is

* [Now complete in 8 volumes—at the cost of 80,000 francs!]

† [The latter was the true guess: for M. Barbier died in 1825, in his 60th year.]

quite delightful. He is now engaged in an *Examen Critique et Complément des Dictionnaires Historiques les plus repandus*;* while his *Dictionnaire des Auteurs Anonymes et Pseudonymes*, in 4 vols. 8vo., and his *Bibliothéque d'un Homme de gout*," in five similar volumes, have already placed him in the foremost rank of French bibliographers. Such is his attention to the duties of his situation, as Librarian, that from one year's end to the other, with the exception of Sundays, he has *no holiday*. His home-occupations, after the hours of public employment (from twelve to four) are over, are not less unintermitting — in the pursuits of literary bibliography.

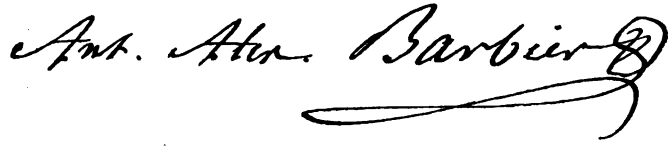
It was at this home, that M. Barbier shewed me, in his library, some of the fruits of his long and vigorously pursued "travail." He possesses Mercier Saint Léger's own copy of his intended *third* edition of the

* It was published in 1821. In one of his recent letters to me, the author thus observes—thereby giving a true portraiture of himself—" Je sais, Monsieur, quelle est votre ardeur pour le travail: je sais aussi que c'est le moyen d'être heureux: ainsi je vous félicite d'être constamment occupé." M. Barbier is also one of the contributors to the *Biographie Universelle*,* and has written largely in the *Annales Encyclopédiques*. Among his contributions to the latter, is a very interesting "*Notice des principaux écrits relatifs à la personne et aux ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau.*" His "*Catalogue des livres dans la Bibliothéque du Conseil d'Etat*, transported to Fontainbleau in 1807, and which was executed in a handsome folio volume, in 1802, is a correct and use-

* [I "ALONE am responsible for this Sin. *Suum Cuique.*" BARBIER, Jun.]

Supplement to Marchand's History of Printing. It is, in short, the second edition, covered with ms. notes in the hand-writing of Mercier himself.* He also possesses (but as the property of the Royal Library) the same eminent bibliographer's copy of the *Bibliothèque Française De La Croix du Maine,* in six volumes, covered in like manner with ms. notes by the same hand. To a man of M. Barbier's keen literary appetite, this latter must prove an inexhaustible feast. I was shewn, in this same well-garnished, but unostentatious collection, GOUJET'S own catalogue of his own library. It is in six folio volumes; well written; with a ruled frame work round each page, and an ornamental frontispiece to the first volume. Every book in the catalogue has a note subjoined; and the index is at once full and complete.* M. Barbier has rather a high

ful publication. I boast with justice of a copy of it, on fine paper, of which the author several years ago was so obliging as to beg my acceptance. [From an inscription in the fly-leaf of this Catalogue, I present the reader with a fac-simile of the hand-writing of its distinguished author.]



* [These volumes form the numbers 1316 and 1317 of the Catalogue of M. Barbier's library, sold by auction in 1828.]

† [Consult *Bibl. Barbier:* Nos. 1490, 1491, 1861.]

notion, and with justice, of Goujet: observing to me, that *five* volumes, out of the *ten* of the last edition of Moreri's Dictionary—which were edited by Goujet—as well as his *Bibliothéque Française*, in eighteen duodecimo volumes—entitled him to the lasting gratitude of posterity. On my remarking that the want of an index, to this *latter* work, was a great drawback to the use which might be derived from it, M. B. readily coincided with me—and hoped that a projected new edition would remedy this defect. M. B. also told me that Goujet was the editor of the *Dictionnaire de Richelet*, of 1758, in three folio volumes — which had escaped my recollection.

My first visit to M. Barbier was concluded by his begging my acceptance of a copy of the *first edition of Phædrus*, in 1596, 12mo.; which contained, bound up with it, a copy of the *second* edition of 1600; with various readings to the *latter*, from a MS. which was burnt in 1774. This gift was expressly intended for Lord Spencer's library, and in a few months from hence (as I have previously apprized his Lordship) it shall "repose upon the shelves" of his Collection.*

* [The agreeable and well instructed Bibliographer, to the praises of whom, in the preceding edition of this work, I was too happy to devote the above few pages, is now NO MORE. Mons. Barbier died in 1825, and his library—the richest in literary bibliography in Paris,—was sold in 1828. On referring to page 197 ante, it will be seen that I have alluded to a note of M. Barbier's nephew, of which some mention was to be made in this place. I will give that note in its *original language*, because the

It is now high time to relieve you; as you must begin to be almost wearied with BIBLIOGRAPHY. You

most felicitous version of it would only impair its force. It is subjoined to these words of my text: "Be pleased to go strait forward as far as you can see." "L'homme de service lui-même ne ferait plus cette rêponse aujourd'hui. Peu de temps après l'impression du Voyage de M. Dibdin, ce qu'on appelle une *organisation* eut lieu. Après vingt-sept ans de travaux consacrés à la bibliographique et aux devoirs de sa place, M. Barbier, que ses fonctions paisibles avoient protégés contre les terribles dénonciations de 1815, n'a pu résister, en 1822, aux délations mensongères de quelque commis sous M. Lauriston.

Insere nunc, Melibœe, pyros; pone ordine vites!

J'ai partagé pendant vingt ans les travaux de mon oncle pour former la bibliothéque de la couronne, et j'ai du, ainsi que lui, être mis a la retraite au moment de la promotion du nouveau Conservateur. -" CRAPELET, vol. iv. p. 45.

I will not pretend to say *what* were the causes which led to such a disgraceful, because wholly unmerited, result. But I have reason to BELIEVE that a dirty faction was at work, to defame the character of the Librarian, and in consequence, to warp the judgment of the Monarch. Nothing short of infidelity to his trust should have moved SUCH a Man from the Chair which he had so honourably filled in the private Library of Louis XVIII. But M. Barbier was beyond suspicion on this head; and in ability he had perhaps scarcely an equal—in the particular range of his pursuits. His *retreating* PENSION was a very insufficient balm to heal the wounds which had been inflicted upon him; and it was evident to those, who had known him long and well, that he was secretly pining at heart, and that his days of happiness were gone. He survived the dismissal from his beloved Library only five years: dying in the plenitude of mental vigour. I shall always think of him with no common feelings of regret: for never did a kinder heart animate a well-stored head. I had hoped, if ever good fortune should carry me again

have indeed, from the tenor of these five last letters, been made acquainted with some of the chief treasures to Paris, to have renewed, in person, an acquaintance, than which none had been more agreeable to me, since my first visit there in 1818: But . . . "Diis aliter visum est." There is however a mournful pleasure in making public these attestations to the honour of his memory; and, in turn, I must be permitted to quote from the same author as the nephew of M. Barbier has done. . . .

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere . . .

Perhaps the following anecdote relating to the deceased, may be as acceptable as it is curious. Those of my readers who have visited Paris, will have constantly observed, on the outsides of houses, the following letters, painted in large capitals:

M A C L:

implying—as the different emblems of our Fire Offices imply—

"M[aison] A[ssurée] C[ontre] L'[incendie]:"

in plain English, that such houses are insured against fire. Walking one afternoon with M. Barbier, I pointed to these letters, and said, "You, who have written upon *Anonymes* and *Pseudonymes*, do you know what those letters signify?" He replied, "Assuredly—and they can have but *one* meaning." "What is that?" He then explained them as I have just explained them. "But (rejoined I) since I have been at Paris, I have learnt that they also imply *another* meaning." "What might that be?" Stopping him, and gently touching his arm, and looking round to see that we were not overheard, I answered in a suppressed tone:—

"M[es] A[mis] C[hassez] L[ouis]."

He was thunderstruck. He had never heard it before: and to be told it by a stranger! "Mais (says he, smiling, and resuming his steps) "voila une chose infiniment drole!"

Let it be remembered, that this HERETICAL construction upon these Initial Capitals was put at a time when the *Bonaparte*

in the principal libraries of Paris. You have wandered with me through a world of books; and have been equally, with myself, astonished and delighted with what has been placed before you. Here, then, I drop the subject of bibliography—only to be resumed as connected with an account of book-men.

Fever was yet making some of the pulses of the Parisians beat 85 strokes to the minute. *Now*, his Majesty Charles X. will smile as readily at this anecdote as did the incomparable Librarian of his Regal Predecessor.]

[INTRODUCTION TO LETTER VIII.]

BEFORE entering upon the perusal of this memorable Letter—which, in the previous edition, was numbered LETTER XXX,—(owing to the Letters having been numbered consecutively from the beginning to the end) I request the Reader's attention to a few preliminary remarks, which may possibly guide him to form a more correct estimate of its real character. MONS. LICQUET having published a French version of my Ninth Letter, descriptive of the Public Library at Rouen, (and to which an allusion has been made in vol. i. p. 99.) MONS. CRAPELET (see p. 1, ante) undertook a version of the *ensuing* Letter: of which he printed *one hundred copies.* Both translations were printed in M. Crapelet's office, to arrange, in type and form of publication, as much as possible with my own; so that, if the *intrinsic* merit of these versions could not secure purchasers, the beauty of the paper and of the press work (for both are very beautiful) might contribute to their circulation. To the version of M. Crapelet* was prefixed a *Preface,* combining such a

* [A young stranger, a Frenchman—living near the mountainous solitudes between Lyons and the entrance into Italy—and ardently attached to the study of bibliography—applied himself, under the guidance of a common friend—dear to us both

mixture of malignity and misconception, that I did not hesitate answering it, in a privately printed tract,

from the excellence of his head and heart — to a steady perusal of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, and the *Tour*. He mastered both works within a comparatively short time. He then read *A Roland for an Oliver*—and voluntarily tendered to me his French translation of it. How successfully the whole has been accomplished, may be judged from the following part—being the version of my preface only.

OBSERVATION PRELIMINAIRE.

" La production de M. Crapelet rappelée, dans le titre précédent, sera considérée comme un phénomène dans son genre. Elle est, certes, sans antécédent et, pour l'honneur de la France, je desire qu'elle n'ait pas d'imitateurs. Quiconque prendra la peine de lire la trentième lettre de mon voyage, soit dans l'original, soit dans la version de M. Crapelet, en laissant de coté les notes qui appartiennent au traducteur, conviendra facilement que cette lettre manifeste les sentimens les plus impartiaux et les plus honorables à l'état actuel de la librairie et de l'imprimerie à Paris. Dans plusieurs passages, où l'on compare l'éxécution typographique, dans les deux pays, la supériorité est décidée en faveur de la France. Quant a *l'esprit* qui a dicté cette lettre, je déclare, comme homme d'honneur, ne l'avoir pas composée, dans un système d'opposition, envers ceux qu'elle concerne plus particulièrement.

" Cependant, il n'en a pas moins plu à M. Crapelet, imprimeur de Paris, l'un de ceux dont il y est fait plus spécialement l'éloge, d'accompagner sa traduction de cette lettre, de notes déplacées et injurieuses pour le caractère de l'auteur et de son ouvrage. Par suite probablement du peu d'étendue de ses idées et de l'organisation vicieuse de ses autres sens, ce typographe s'est livré a une séries d'observations qui outragent autant la raison que la politesse, et qui décèlent hautement sa malignité et sa noirceur. Les formes de son procédé ne sont pas moins méprisables que le fond.

entitled "A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER." Of this Tract, "only *thirty-six copies were printed.*" "So much the

Avec la prétention avouée de ne répandre que partiellement sa version,

(Voulant blesser et cependant timide pour frapper)

il s'est servi de ses propres presses et il a imprimé le texte et les notes avec des caractères et sur un papier aussi semblables que possible à ceux de l'ouvrage qu'il venait de traduire. Il en a surveillé, a ce qu'on assure, l'impression, avec l'attention personelle la plus scrupuleuse, en sorte qu'il n'est aucune *epreuve égarée*, qui ait été soumise à d'autres yeux que les siens. Il a prit soin, en outre, d'en faire tirer, au moins, cent exemplaires, et de les répandre.* Comme ces cent exemplaires seront probablement lus par dix fois le même nombre de personnes, il y aurait eu plus de franchise et peut-être plus de bon sens de la part de M. Crapelet à diriger publiquement ses coups contre moi que de le faire sous la couverture d'un *pamphlet privé*. Il a fait choix de ce genre d'attaque; il ne me reste plus qu'à adopter une semblable méthode de défense: si ce n'est, qu'au lieu de cent exemplaires, ces remarques ne seront véritablement imprimée qu'a *trente six*. Ce procédé est certes plus délicat que celui de mon adversaire; mais soit que M. Crapelet ait préféré l'obscurité à la lumière, il n'en est pas moins évident que son intention a été d'employer tous ses petits moyens, a renverser la réputation d'un ouvrage, dont il avoue lui-même avoir à peine lu la cinquantième partie!

"Par le contenu de ses notes, on voit qu'il a cherché, avec une assiduité condamnable, a recueillir le mal qu'il me suppose avoir eu l'intention de dire des personnes que j'ai citées, et cependant,

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* "M. Crapelet, en sa qualité de critique, a mis ici du raffinement; car je soupçonne qu'il y a eu au moins vingt cinq exemplaires tirés sur papier vélin. C'est ainsi qu'il sait dorer sa pillule, pour la rendre plus présentable aux dignes amis de l'auteur, les bibliophiles de Paris. Mais ces Messieurs ont trop bon gout pour l'accepter.

better for the Author" — says M. Crapelet. The sequel will shew.

In the publication of the *entire* version of my Tour, by M. M. Licquet and Crapelet, the translation of this VIIIth Letter appears as it did in the previous publication—with the exception of the omission of the *Preface:* but in lieu of which, there is another and a short preface, by M. Crapelet, to the third volume, where, after telling his readers that his previous attempt had excited my "holy wrath," he seems to rejoice in the severity of those criticisms, which, in certain of our *own* public Journals, have been passed upon my subsequent bibliographical labours. With these criticisms I have here nothing to do. If the authors of them can reconcile them to their own good sense and subsequent reflections, and the Public to their own In-

après tout ce travail, a peine a-t-il pû découvrir l'ombre d'une seule allusion maligne. Jamais on ne fit un usage plus déplorable de son tems et de ses peines, car toutes les phrases de cette production sont aussi obscures que tirées de loin.

"Il est difficile, ainsi que je l'ai déjà observé, de se rendre compte des motifs d'une telle conduite. Mais M. Crapelet n'a fait part de son secret à personne, et d'après l'échantillon dont il s'agit ici, je n'ai nulle envie de le lui demander.

T. F. D.

"J'avais eu d'abord l'intention de relever chacunes des notes de M. Crapelet, mais de plus mûres réfléxions m'ont fait connaitre l'absurdité d'une telle enterprise. Je m'en suis donc tenu à la préface, sans toutefois, ainsi que le lecteur pourra s'en appercevoir, laisser tomber dans l'oubli le mérite des notes. Encore un mot; M. Crapelet m'a attaqué et je me suis défendu. Il peut récommencer, si cela lui fait plaisir; mais désormais je ne lui répondrai que par le silence et le mépris."

DEPENDENCE of JUDGMENT, the voice of remonstrance will be ineffectual. Time will strike the balance between the Critic and the Author: and without pretending to explore the mysteries of an occasional *getting-up* of Reviews of particular articles, I think I can speak in the language of justice, as well as of confidence, of the Author of ONE of these reviews, by a quotation from the *Ajax Flagellifer* of SOPHOCLES.

Βλέπω γὰρ ἐχθρὸν φῶτα, καὶ ταχ' ἂν κακοῖς
Γελων, ἃ δὴ κακοῦργος ἐξίκοιτ' ἀνήρ.—

To return to M. Crapelet; and to have done with him. The *motive* for his undertaking the version of this memorable Letter, about "BOOKSELLERS, PRINTERS, and BOOKBINDERS at Paris," seems to be wholly inconceivable; since the logic of the undertaking would be as follows. BECAUSE I have spoken favourably of the whole typographical fraternity—and because, in particular, of M. Crapelet, his *Ménage*, and Madame who is at the head of it—*because* I have lauded his Press equally with his Cellar—THEREFORE the "*un*holy wrath" of M. Crapelet is excited; and he cannot endure the freedom taken by the English traveller. It would be abusing the confidence reposed in me by written communications, from characters of the first respectability, were I to make public a few of the sentiments contained in them—expressive of surprise and contempt at the performance of the French typographer. But in mercy to my adversary, he shall be spared the pain of their perusal.

LETTER VIII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE ABBÉ RIVE. BOOKSELLERS. PRINTERS. BOOK-BINDERS.

I MAKE no doubt that the conclusion of my last letter has led you to expect a renewal of the BOOK THEME: but rather, I should hope, as connected with those Bibliographers, Booksellers, and Printers, who have for so many years shed a sort of lustre upon *Parisian Literature*. It will therefore be no unappropriate continuation of this subject, if I commence by furnishing you with some particulars respecting a Bibliographer who was considered, in his life time, as the terror of his acquaintance, and the pride of his patron: and who seems to have never walked abroad, or sat at home, without a scourge in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other. Droll combination!—you will exclaim. But it is of the ABBÉ RIVE of whom I now speak; the very *Ajax flagellifer* of the bibliographical tribe, and at the same time the vainest and most self-sufficient. He seems, amidst all the controversy in which he delighted to be involved, to have always had *one* never-failing source of consolation left:—that of seeing himself favourably reflected—from the recollection of his past performances—in the mirror of his

own conceit! I have before* descanted somewhat upon probably the most splendid of his projected performances, and now hasten to a more particular account of the man himself.

It was early one morning—before I had even commenced my breakfast—that a stranger was announced to me. And who, think you, should that stranger turn out to be? Nothing less than the *Nephew* of the late Abbé Rive. His name was MORENAS. His countenance was somewhat like that which Sir Thomas More describes the hero of his Utopia to have had. It was hard, swarthy, and severe. He seemed in every respect to be "a travelled man." But his manners and voice were mild and conciliating. "Some one had told him that I had written about the Abbé Rive, and that I was partial to his work. Would I do him the favour of a visit? when I might see, at his house, *(Rue du Vieux Colombier, près St. Sulpice)* the whole of the Abbé's MSS. and all his projected works for the press. They were for sale. Possibly I might wish to possess them?" I thanked the stranger for his intelligence, and promised I would call that same morning.

M. Morenas has been indeed a great traveller. When I called, I found him living up two pair of stairs, preparing for another voyage to Senegal. He was surrounded by *trunks* . . in which were deposited the

* *Bibliomania*; p. 79. *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. i. p. xxii.

literary remains of his uncle. In other words, these remains consisted of innumerable *cards*, closely packed, upon which the Abbé had written all his memoranda relating to . . I scarcely know what. But the whole, from the nephew's statement, seemed to be an encyclopædia of knowledge. In one trunk, were about *six thousand* notices of MSS. of all ages; and of editions in the fifteenth century. In another trunk, were wedged about *twelve thousand* descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian, from the sixteenth century to his own period: these were professed to be accompanied with critical notes. In a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the *History of the Troubadours;* in a fourth, was a collection of memoranda and literary sketches, connected with the invention of Arts and Sciences, with Antiquities, Dictionaries, and pieces exclusively bibliographical. A fifth trunk contained between *two and three thousand* cards, written upon on each side, respecting a collection of prints; describing the ranks, degrees, and dignities of all nations—of which eleven folio *cahiers* were published, in 1779—without the letter-press—but in a manner to make the Abbé extremely dissatisfied with the engraver. In a sixth trunk were contained his papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects: so that, you see, the Abbé Rive at least fancied himself a man of tolerably universal attainments. It was of course impossible to calculate the number, or to appreciate

the merits, of such a multifarious collection; but on asking M. Morenas if he had made up his mind respecting the *price* to be put upon it, he answered, that he thought he might safely demand 6000 francs for such a body of miscellaneous information. I told him that this was a sum much beyond my means to adventure; but that it was at least an object worthy of the consideration of the "higher powers" of his own government. He replied, that he had little hopes of success in those quarters: that he was anxious to resume his travels; talked of another trip to Senegal; for that, after so locomotive a life, a sedentary one was wearisome to him . . .

. . . . "trahit sua quemque voluptas!"

Over the chimney-piece was a portrait, in pencil, of his late uncle: done from the life. It was the only one extant. It struck me indeed as singularly indicative of the keen, lively, penetrating talents of the original. On the back of the portrait were the lines which are here subjoined:

Dès sa plus tendre enfance aux études livré,
La soif de la science l'a toujours dévoré.
Une immense lecture enrichit ses écrits,
Et la critique sure en augmente le prix.

These lines are copied from the *Journal des Savans* for October 1779. Iean Joseph Rive was born at Apt, in 1730, and died at Marseilles in 1791. He had doubtless great parts, natural and acquired: a reten-

tive memory, a quick perception, and a vast and varied reading. He probably commenced amassing his literary treasures as early as his fourteenth year; and to his latest breath he pursued his researches with unabated ardour. But his career was embittered by broils and controversies; while the frequent acts of kindness, and the general warmth of heart, evinced in his conduct, hardly sufficed to soften the asperity, or to mitigate the wrath, of a host of enemies—which assailed him to the very last. But Cadmus-like, he sowed the seeds from which these combatants sprung. Whatever were his defects, as a public character, he is said to have been, in private, a kind parent, a warm friend, and an excellent master. The only servant which he ever had, and who remained with him twenty-four years, mourned his loss as that of a father. Peace to his ashes!

From bibliography let me gently, and naturally, as it were, conduct you towards BIBLIOPOLISM. In other words, allow me to give you a sketch of a few of the principal Booksellers in this gay metropolis; who strive, by the sale of instructive and curious tomes, sometimes printed in the black letter of *Gourmont* and *Marnef*, to stem the torrent of those trivial or mischievous productions which swarm about the avenues of the Palais Royal. In ancient times, the neighbourhood of the SORBONNE was the great mart for books. When I dined in this neighbourhood, with my friend M. Gail, the Greek Professor at the College

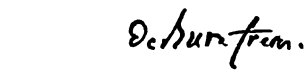
Royale, I took an opportunity of leisurely examining this once renowned quarter. I felt even proud and happy to walk the streets, or rather tread the earth, which had been once trodden by *Gering*, *Crantz*, and *Fiburger*.* Their spirits seemed yet to haunt the spot:—but no volume, nor even traces of one—executed at their press—could be discovered. To have found a perfect copy of *Terence*, printed in their first Roman character, would have been a *trouvaille* sufficiently lucky to have compensated for all previous toil, and to have franked me as far as Strasbourg.

The principal mart for booksellers, of old and second hand books, is now nearer the Seine; and especially in the *Quai des Augustins*. *Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz*, *Panckoucke*, *Renouard*, and *Brunet*, live within a quarter of a mile of each other: about a couple of hundred yards from the *Quai des Augustins*. Further to the south, and not far from the Hotel de Clugny, in the *Rue Serpente*, live the celebrated DEBURE. They are booksellers to the King, and to the Royal Library; and a more respectable house, or a more ancient firm, is probably not to be found in Europe. Messrs. Debure are as straightforward, obliging, and correct, in their transactions, as they are knowing in the value, and upright in the sale, of their stock in trade. No bookseller in Paris possesses a more judicious stock, or can point to so many rare and curious books. A young collector

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron*; vol. ii. p. 20.

may rely with perfect safety upon them; and accumulate, for a few hundred pounds, a very respectable stock of *Editiones principes* or *rarissimæ*. I do not say that such young collector would find them *cheaper there*, or *so cheap* as in *Pall-Mall*; but I do say that he may rest assured that Messieurs Debure would never, knowingly, sell him an imperfect book. Of the Debure, there are two brothers: of whom the elder hath a most gallant propensity to *portrait-collecting*—and is even rich in portraits relating to *our* history. Of course the chief strength lies in French history; and I should think that Monsieur Debure l'ainé shewed me almost as many portraits of Louis XIV. as there are editions of the various works of Cicero in the fifteenth century.* But my attention was more particularly directed to a certain boudoir, up one pair of stairs, in which Madame Debure, their venerable and excellent mother, chooses to deposit some few very choice copies of works in almost every department of knowledge. There was about *one* of the *best* editions in each department: and whether it were the Bible, or the History of the Bucaineers—whether a lyrical poet of the reign of Louis XIV. or the ballad metres of that of François Premier . . there you found it!—bound by Padaloup, or Deseuille, or

* [Consistently with the plan intended to be pursued in this edition, I annex a fac-simile of their autograph.]



De Rome. What think you, among these "choice copies," of the Cancionero General printed at Toledo in 1527, in the black letter, double columned, in folio? Enough to madden even our poet-laureat—for life! I should add, that these books are not thus carefully kept together for the sake of *shew*: for their owner is a fair good linguist, and can read the Spanish with tolerable fluency. Long may she yet read it.*

The Debure had the selling, by auction, of the far-famed M'CARTHY LIBRARY; and I saw upon their shelves some of the remains of that splendid membranaceous collection. Indeed I bought several desirable specimens of it: among them, a fine copy of *Vindelin de Spīra's* edition (1471) of *St. Cyprian's Epistles*, UPON VELLUM.† Like their leading brethren in the neighbourhood, Messieurs Debure keep their country house, and there pass the Sabbath.

The house of TREUTTEL and WURTZ is one of the richest and one of the most respectable in Europe. The commerce of that House is chiefly in the wholesale way; and they are, in particular, the publishers and proprietors of all the great classical works put forth at *Strasbourg*. Indeed, it was at this latter place where the family first took root: but the branches of their prosperity have spread to Paris and to London with nearly equal luxuriance. They have a noble house in the *Rue de Bourbon*, no. 17: like

* [Madame Debure died a few years ago at an advanced age.]

† [Mr. Hibbert obtained this volume from me, which will be sold at the sale of his Library in the course of this season.]

unto an hotel; where each day's post brings them despatches from the chief towns in Europe. Their business is regulated with care, civility, and dispatch; and their manners are at once courteous and frank. Nothing would satisfy them but I must spend a Sabbath with them, at their country house at *Groslai*; hard by the village and vale of Montmorenci. I assented willingly. On the following Sunday, their capacious family coach, and pair of sleek, round, fat black horses, arrived at my lodgings by ten o'clock; and an hour and three quarters brought me to Groslai. The cherries were ripe, and the trees were well laden with fruit: for Montmorenci cherries, as you may have heard, are proverbial for their excellence. I spent a very agreeable day with mine hosts. Their house is large and pleasantly situated, and the view of Paris from thence is rather picturesque. But I was most struck with the conversation and conduct of Madame Treuttel. She is a thoroughly good woman. She has raised, at her own expense, an alms-house in the village for twelve poor men; and built a national school for the instruction of the poor and ignorant of both sexes. She is herself a Lutheran Protestant; as are her husband and her son-in-law M. Würtz. At first, she had some difficulties to encounter respecting the *school;* and sundry conferences with the village Curé, and some of the head clergy of Paris, were in consequence held. At length all difficulties were surmounted by the promise given, on the part of Madame Treuttel, to introduce only the French version

of the Bible by *De Sacy*. Hence the school was built, and the children of the village flocked in numbers to it for instruction. I visited both the alms-house and the school, and could not withhold my tribute of hearty commendation at the generosity, and thoroughly christian spirit, of the foundress of such establishments. There is more good sense, and more private and public virtue, in the application of superfluous wealth in this manner, than in the erection of a hundred palaces like that at *Versailles!**

A different, and a more touching object presented itself to my view in the garden. Walking with Madame, we came, through various détours, into a retired and wooded part: where, on opening a sort of wicket gate, I found myself in a small square space, with hillocks in the shape of *tumuli* before me. A bench was at the extremity. It was a resting place for the living, and a depository of the dead. Flowers, now a good deal faded, were growing upon these little mounds—beneath which the dead seemed to sleep in

* [Nothing can be more perfectly ridiculous and absurd than the manner in which M. Crapelet flies out at the above expression! He taunts us, poor English, with always drawing comparisons against other nations, in favour of the splendour and opulence of our own Hospitals and Charitable Foundations—a thought, that never possessed me while writing the above, and which would require the peculiar obliquity, or perversity of talents, of my translator to detect. I once thought of *dissecting* his petulant and unprovoked note—but it is not worth blunting the edge of one's pen in the attempt.]

peace. "What might this mean?" "Sir," replied Madame Treuttel, "this is consecrated ground. My son-in-law sleeps here—and his only and beloved child lies by the side of him. You will meet my daughter, his wife, at dinner. She, with myself, visit this spot at stated seasons—when we renew and indulge our sorrows on the recollection of those who sleep beneath. These are losses which the world can never repair. We all mean to be interred within the same little fenced space.* I have obtained a long lease of it—for some fifty years: at the expiration of which time, the work of dissolution will be sufficiently complete with us all." So spake my amiable and enlightened guide. The remainder of the day—during

* [In a few years afterwards, the body of the husband of Madame Treuttel was consigned to *this*, its *last* earthly resting-place. M. JEAN-GEORGE TREUTTEL, died on the 14th Dec. 1825, not long after the completion of his 82d year: full of years, full of reputation, and credit, and of every sublunary comfort, to soothe those who survived him. I have before me a printed Memoir of his Obsequies—graced by the presence and by the orations of several excellent Ministers of the Lutheran persuasion: by all the branches of his numerous family; and by a great concourse of sympathising neighbours. Few citizens of the world, in the largest sense of this expression, have so adorned the particular line of life in which they have walked; and M. Treuttel was equally, to his country and to his family, an ornament of a high cast of character. "O bon et vertueux ami, que ne peut tu voir les regrets de tous ceux qui t' accompagnent à ta derniere demeure, pour te dire encore une fois à REVOIR!" *Discours* de M. COMARTIN *Maire de Groslai*: Dec. 17.]

which we took a stroll to Montmorenci, and saw the house and gardens where Rousseau wrote his *Emile* —was spent in a mixed but not irrational manner: much accordant with my own feelings, and most congenial with a languid state of body which had endured the heats of Paris for a month, without feeling scarcely a breath of air the whole time.

ANTOINE-AUGUSTIN RENOUARD, living in the *Rue St. André des Arts,* is the next bibliopolist whom I shall introduce to your attention. He is among the most lynx-eyed of his fraternity: has a great knowledge of books; a delightful ALDINE LIBRARY;*— from which his Annals of the Aldine Press were chiefly composed—and is withal a man in a great and successful line of business. I should say he is a rich man; not because he has five hundred bottles of

* ["Delightful" as was this Library, the thought of the money for which it might sell, seems to have been more delightful. The sale of it—consisting of 1028 articles—took place in the spring of last year, under the hammer of Mr. Evans; and a surprisingly prosperous sale it was. I would venture to stake a good round sum, that no one individual was *more* surprized at this prosperous result than the OWNER of the Library himself. The gross produce was £2704. 1*s.* The net produce was such . . . . as ought to make that said owner grateful for the spirit of competition and high liberality which marked the biddings of the purchasers. In what country but OLD ENGLAND could such a spirit have been manifested! Will Mons. Renouard, in consequence, venture upon the transportation of the *remaining* portion of his Library hither? There is a strong feeling that he *will.* With all my heart—but let him beware of his MODERN VELLUMS!!]

Burgundy in his cellar, which some may think to be of a more piquant quality than the like number of his *Aldines*—but because he has published some very beautiful and expensive editions of the Latin and French Classics, with equal credit to himself and advantage to his finances.* He *debuted* with a fine edition of *Lucan* in 1795, folio; and the first catalogue of his books was put forth the following year. From that moment to the present, he has never slackened head, hand, or foot, in the prosecution of his business; while the publication of his *Annals of the Aldine Press* places him among the most skilful and most instructive booksellers in Europe. It is indeed a masterly performance: and as useful as it is elegantly printed.† M. Renouard is now occupied in an improved edition of *Voltaire*, which he means to adorn with engravings; and of which he shewed me the ori-

* [I shall *now* presume to say, that M. Renouard is a "VERY rich man;" and has by this time added *another* 500 bottles of high-flavoured Burgundy to his previous stock. The mention of M. Renouard's Burgundy has again chafed M. Crapelet: who remarks, that "it is useless to observe how ridiculous such an observation is." Then why *dwell* upon it—and why quote three verses of Boileau to bolster up your vapid prose, Mons. G. A. Crapelet.?]

† [The *second* edition of this work, greatly enlarged and corrected, appeared in 1825, in 3 volumes: printed very elegantly at the son's (Paul Renouard's) office. Of this improved edition, the father was so obliging as to present me with a copy, accompanied by a letter, of which I am sure that its author will forgive the quotation of its conclusion—to which is affixed his autograph. "Quoiqu'il en soit, je vous prie de vouloir bien

ginal drawings by Moreau, with many of the plates.* He seems in high spirits about the success of it, and leans with confidence upon the strength of a host of subscribers. Nor does a rival edition, just struggling into day, cause him to entertain less sanguine expectations of final success. This enterprising bookseller is now also busily occupied about a *Descriptive Catalogue of his own library*, in which he means to indulge himself in sundry gossipping notes, critical disquisitions, and piquant anecdotes. I look forward with pleasure to its appearance; and turn a deaf ear to the whispers which have reached me of an intended *brush* at the Decameron.†

l'agréer comme un témoignage de nos anciennes liaisons, et d'être bien persuadé du dévouement sincere et amical avec lequel je n'ai jamais cessé d'être.

Votre très humble Serviteur,

Ant. Aug. Renouard

* [Now completed in 60 volumes 8vo.: and the most copious and correct of ALL the editions of the author. It is a monument, as splendid as honourable, of the Publisher's spirit of enterprise. For particulars, consult the *Library Companion*, p. 771, edit. 1824.]

† The year following the above description, the Catalogue, alluded to, made its appearance under the title of "*Catalogue de la Bibliothèque d'un Amateur*," in four not *very* capacious octavo volumes: printed by CRAPELET, who finds it impossible to print —*ill.* I am very glad such a catalogue has been published; and I hope it will be at once a stimulus and a model for other booksellers, with large and curious stocks in hand, to do the same thing. But I think M. Renouard might have conveniently got

M. Renouard has allowed me free access to his library; which also contains some very beautiful copies of books printed in the fifteenth century. Among these latter, his VELLUM VALDARFER is of course considered, by himself and his friends, as the *keimelion* of the collection. It is the edition of the *Orations of*

the essentials of his bibliographical gossipping into *two* volumes; particularly as, in reading such a work, one must necessarily turn rapidly over many leaves which contain articles of comparatively common occurrence, and of scarcely common interest. It is more especially in regard to *modern* French books, of which he seems to rejoice and revel in the description—(see, among other references, vol. iii. p. 286—310) that we may be allowed to regret such dilated statements; the more so, as, to the fastidious taste of the English, the engravings, in the different articles described, have not the beauty and merit which are attached to them by the French. Yet does M. Renouard narrate pleasantly, and write elegantly.

In regard to the "*brush* at the Decameron," above alluded to, I read it with surprise and pleasure—on the score of the moderate tone of criticism which it displayed—and shall wear it in my hat with as much triumph as a sportsman does a "brush" of a different description! Was it *originally* more *piquant?* I have reason not only to suspect, but to know, that it WAS. Be this as it may, I should never, in the first place, have been backward in returning all home thrusts upon the aggressor—and, in the second place, I am perfectly disposed that my work may stand by the test of such criticism. It is, upon the whole, fair and just; and *justice* always implies the mention of *defects* as well as of excellencies. It may, however, be material to remark, that the *third* volume of the Decameron is hardly amenable to the tribunal of French criticism; inasmuch as the information which it contains is almost entirely national—and therefore partial in its application.

Cicero, printed by Valdarfer, at Venice, in 1471, folio: a most exquisite book—which may be fairly considered as perfect throughout. It is in its second binding, but *that* may be as old as the time of Francis I.: perhaps about the middle of the sixteenth century. This copy measures thirteen inches in height, by eight inches and seven eighths in width:—almost, I conceive, in its original state of amplitude. I will frankly own that I turned over the leaves of this precious book, again and again—"sighed and looked, &c." "But would no price tempt the owner to part with it?" "None. It is reserved as the bijou of my catalogue, and departs not from hence." Severe, but just decree! There is only one other known copy of it upon vellum, which is in the Royal Library*—but which wants a leaf of the table; an imperfection, not belonging to the present copy.

The other "great guns," as VELLUM BOOKS, in the collection of M. Renouard, are what is called the *Familiar Epistles of Cicero* printed by *Aldus* in 1502, 12mo: and the *Petrarch* of 1514, 8vo. also printed by Aldus. Of these, the *latter* is by much the preferable volume. It is almost as large as it can well be: but badly bound in red morocco.† The Cicero is

* [Not so. Messrs. Payne and Foss once shewed me a yet *larger* copy of it upon vellum, than even M. Renouard's: but so many of the leaves had imbibed an indelible stain, which no skill could eradicate, that it was scarcely a saleable article. It was afterwards bought by Mr. Bohn at a public auction.]

† [It was sold at the Sale of his Aldine Library for £68. 15*s*. 8*d*.

short and sallow-looking. It was on the occasion of his son starting for the first time on a bibliographical tour, and, on crossing the Rhine, and finding this Cicero and the almost equally rare *Aldine Virgil* of 1505, that a relation of this "fortunate youth" invoked his muse in some few verses, which he printed and gave to me.* These are little "plaisanteries" which give a relish to our favourite pursuits; and which may at some future day make the son transcend the father in bibliographical renown. Perhaps the father has already preferred a prayer upon the subject, as thus:

Ζεῦ, ἄλλοι τε θεοὶ, δότε δὴ καὶ τονδε γενέσθαι
Παῖδ' ἐμον ως καὶ ἐγώ περ, ...

There are some few noble volumes, from the press of *Sweynheym and Pannartz*, in this collection; and the finest copy of the First Lucian in Greek, which perhaps any where exists.† It was obtained at a re-

and is now, I believe, in the fine Collection of Sir John Thorold, Bart. at Syston Park. The Cicero did not come over for sale.]

* [In the previous edition I had supposed, erroneously, that it was the Father, M. Renouard himself, who had invoked his name on the occasion. The verses are pretty enough, and may as well find a place *here* as in M. Crapelet's performance.

Je l'ai vu ce fameux bouquin
Qui te fait un titre de gloire:
Tout Francois qui passe le Rhin
Doit remporter une Victoire.

† [M. Renouard obtained it at a public sale in Paris, against a very stiff commission left for it by myself. A copy of equal beauty is in the Library of the Right Hon. T. Grenville.]

cent sale, (where it was coated in a lapping-over vellum surtout) at a pretty smart price; and has been recently clothed in blue morocco. M. Renouard has also some beautiful copies from the library of *De Thou*, and a partly uncut *Aldine Theophrastus* of 1497, which belonged to Henry the Second and Diane de Poictiers; as well as a completely uncut copy of the first *Aldine Aristotle*.* Few men probably have been luckier in obtaining several of their choice articles; and the little anecdotes which he related to me, are such as I make no doubt will appear in the projected catalogue raisonné of his library. He is just now briskly engaged in the pursuit of *uncut Elzevirs* . . and coming to breakfast with me, the other morning, he must needs pick up a beautiful copy of this kind, in two small volumes, neatly half bound, (of which I have forgotten the title,) and of which he had been for some time in the pursuit. M. Renouard also took occasion to tell me that, in his way to my chambers, he had sold, or subscribed, of a forthcoming work to be published by him—just *nine hundred and ninety-nine copies!* Of course, after such a *trouvaille* and such a subscription, he relished his breakfast exceedingly. He is a man of quick movements, of acute perceptions, of unremitting ardour and activity

* [The Theophrastus was sold for £12. 1*s*. 6*d*. and the Aristotle for £40. The latter is in the Library of the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville, having been subsequently coated in red morocco by C. Lewis.]

of mind and body—constantly engaged in his business, managing a very extensive correspondence, and personally known to the most distinguished Collectors of Italy. Like his neighbours, he has his country-house, or rather farm, in Picardy* whither he retires, occasionally to view the condition and growing strength of that species of animal, from the backs of which his beloved Aldus of old, obtained the *matériel* for his vellum copies. But it is time to wish M. Renouard a good morning, and to take you with me to his neighbour—

Mons. Brunet, the Younger. This distinguished bibliographer, rather than bookseller, lives hard by—in the *Rue Gît-Le-Cœur*. He lives with his father, who superintends the business of the shop. The Rue Gît-Le-Cœur is a sorry street—very diminutive, and a sort of cropt copy—to what it should have been, or what it might have been. However, there lives Jacq. Ch. Brunet, Fils: a writer, who will be known to the latest times in the bibliographical world. He will be also thanked as well as known; for his *Manuel du Libraire* is a performance of incomparable utility to all classes of readers and collectors. You mount up one pair of stairs:—the way is gloomy, and might well

* [It seems that I have committed a very grave error, in the preceding edition, by making Mons. Renouard "superintend the gathering in of his VINTAGE," at his country-house (St. Valerie) whereas there are no Vineyards in Picardy. France and Wine seemed such synonymes, that I almost naturally attached a vineyard to every country villa.]

lead to a chamber in the monastery of La Trappe. You then read an incription, which tells you that "in turning the button you pull the bell." The bell sounds, and *Mons. Brunet, Pere,* receives you—with, or without, a silken cap upon his head. He sits in a small room, sufficiently well filled with books. "Is the Son at home?" "Open that door, Sir, you will find him in the next room." The door is immediately opened—and there sits the son, surrounded by, and almost imprisoned in, papers and books. His pen is in his hand: his spectacles are upon his nose: and he is transcribing or re-casting some precious little bit of bibliographical intelligence; while, on looking up and receiving you, he seems to be "full of the labouring God!" In short, he is just now deeply and unintermittingly engaged in a new and *third* edition of his *Manuel.** The shelves of his room almost groan beneath the weight of those writers from whom he gathers his principal materials. "Vous voilà, Mons. Brunet, bien occupé!;" "Oui, Monsieur, cela me fait autant de plaisir que de peine."

This is a very picture of the man . . "The labour we delight in physics pain,"—said Lady Macbeth of old; and of a most extraordinary kind must the labour of Mons. Brunet be considered, when the pleasure in the prosecution of it balances the pain. We talked much and variously at our first interview: having previously interchanged many civilities by letter, and my-

* [It was published in 1820.]

self having been benefitted by such correspondence, in the possession of a *large paper* copy of his first edition—of which he was pleased to make me a present, and of which only twenty copies were struck off. I told him that I had given Charles Lewis a carte blanche for its binding, and that I would back *his* skill—the result of such an order—against any binding at that time visible in any quarter of Paris! Mons. B. could not, in his heart, have considered any other binding superior.

He told me, somewhat to my astonishment, and much to my gratification, that, of the first edition of his *Manuel*, he had printed and sold *two thousand* copies. This could never have been done in our country: because, doubting whether it would have been so accurately printed, it could never have been published, in the same elegant manner, for the same price. The charges of our printers would have been at least double. In the typographical execution of it, M. CRAPELET has almost outdone himself. Reverting to the author, I must honestly declare that he has well merited all he has gained, and will well merit all the gains which are in store for him. His application is severe, constant, and of long continuance. He discards all ornament,* whether graphic or literary. He

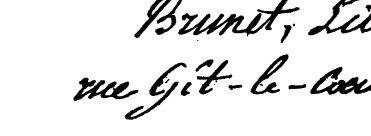
* ["The luxurious English Bibliographer is astonished at the publication of the "Manuel" without the accompaniment of Plates, Fac-similes, Vignettes, and other graphic attractions. It is because *intrinsic merit* is preferable to form and ornament:

is never therefore digressive; having only a simple tale to tell, and that tale being almost always *well* and *truly* told.* In his opinions, he is firm and rational, and sometimes a little pugnacious in the upholding of them. But he loves only to breathe in a bibliographical element, and is never happier than when he has detected some error, or acquired some new information; especially if it relate to an *Editio Princeps*.†

that at once establishes its worth and its success." CRAPELET, vol. iv. p. 88. This amiable Translator and sharp-sighted Critic never loses an opportunity of a *fling* at the "luxurious English Bibliographer!"]

* [My translator again brandishes his pen in order to draw *good-natured* comparisons. "It would be lucky for him, if, to the qualities he possesses, M. Dibdin would unite those which he praises in M. Brunet: his work and the public would be considerable gainers by it: his books would not be so costly, and would be more profitable. The English Author describes nothing in a *sang-froid* manner: he is for ever *charging*: and, as he does not want originality in his vivacity, he should seem to wish to be the CALLOT of Bibliography." CRAPELET. *Ibid.* I accept the title with all my heart.]

† When he waited upon Lord Spencer at Paris, in 1819, and was shewn by his Lordship the *Ulric Han Juvenal* (in the smallest character of the printer) and the *Horace* of 1474, by *Arnoldus de Bruxella*, his voice, eyes, arms, and entire action . . gave manifest proofs how he FELT upon the occasion! [It only remains to dismiss this slight and inadequate account of so amiable and well-versed a bibliographer, with the ensuing-fac-simile of his autograph.]



There is also something very naïf and characteristic in his manner and conversation. He copies no one; and may be said to be a citizen of the world. In short, he has as little *nationality* in his opinions and conversation, as any Frenchman with whom I have yet conversed.

Thus much for the leading booksellers of Paris on the south side of the Seine: or, indeed, I may say in the whole city. But, because the south is a warm and genial aspect in the bringing forth of all species of productions, it does not necessarily follow that . . there should be *no* bibliopolistic vegetation on the *north* side of the Seine. Prepare therefore to be introduced to Mons. Chardin, in the *Rue St. Anne*, no. 19; running nearly at right angles with the *Rue St. Honoré*, not far from the *Eglise St. Roq*. M. Chardin is the last surviving remains of the Old School of booksellers in Paris; and as I love antiquities of almost all kinds, I love to have a little occasional gossip with M. Chardin. A finer old man, with a more characteristic physiognomy, hath not appeared in France from the time of Gering downwards. M. Chardin is above the mean height; is usually attired in a rocquelaure; and his fine flowing grey locks are usually surmounted by a small black silk cap. His countenance is penetrating, but mild: and he has a certain air of the "Old School" about him, which is always, to my old-fashioned taste, interesting and pleasing.

In his youth he must have been handsome, and his

complexion is yet delicate. But good old M. Chardin is an oddity in his way. He physics "according to the book"—that is, according to the Almanack; although I should think he had scarcely one spare ounce of blood in his veins. Phlebotomy is his "dear delight." He is always complaining, and yet expects to be always free from complaint. But Madame will have it so, and Monsieur is consenting. He lives on the floor just above the entresol, and his two or three small apartments are gaily furnished with books. The interior is very interesting; for his chief treasures are locked up within glazed cabinets, which display many a rich and rare article. These cabinets are beautifully ornamented: and I do assure you that it is but justice to their owner to say, that they contain many an article which does credit to his taste.

This taste consists principally in a love of ornamented MSS. and printed books UPON VELLUM, in general very richly bound.* It is scarcely seven years ago since M. Chardin published an octavo catalogue, of nearly two hundred pages, of MSS. and printed books . . all upon vellum. He has been long noted for rarities of this kind. "Il n'y a que des livres rares" is his constant exclamation — as you open his glazed

* Chardin passe surtout parmi les amateurs
Pour le plus vétilleux de tous les connaisseurs;
Il fait naître, encourage, anime l'industrie;
Les BEAUX LIVRES font seul le CHARME DE SA VIE.
LA RELIURE, *poëme didactique.*
Par LESNE'. 1820, 8vo. p. 31.

doors, and stretch forth your hand to take down his treasures. He is the EDWARDS of France, but upon a smaller scale of action. Nor does he push his *wares*, although he does his *prices*. You may buy or not, but you must *pay* for what you *do* buy. There is another oddity about this courteous and venerable bibliopolist. He has a great passion for making his *Alduses* perfect by means of *manuscript*; and I must say, that, supposing this plan to be a good one, he has carried it into execution in a surprisingly perfect manner: for you can scarcely, by candle-light, detect the difference between what is printed and what is executed with a pen. I think it was the whole of the *Scholia* attached to the Aldine *Discorides*, in folio; and a great number of leaves in the *Grammatical Institutes of Urbanus*, of 1497, 4to. with several other smaller volumes, which I saw thus rendered perfect: How any scribe can be sufficiently paid for such toil, is to me inconceivable: and how it can answer the purpose of any bookseller so to complete his copies, is also equally unaccountable: for be it known, that good M. Chardin leaves *you* to make the *discovery* of the MS. portion; and when you *have* made it,—he innocently subjoins—"Oui, Monsieur, n'est il pas beau?" In a sort of passage, between his principal shew-room and his bed room, is contained a very large collection of tracts and printed volumes relating to the FAIR SEX: being, in fact, nothing less than a prodigious heap of publications "FOR and AGAINST" the

ladies. M. Chardin will not separate them—adding that the "bane and antidote must always go together."

This singular character is also vehemently attached to antiquarian *nick-knackery*. Old china, old drawings, old paintings, old carvings, and old relics—of whatever kind—are surveyed by him with a curious eye, and purchased with a well-laden purse. He never speaks of GOUJON but in raptures. We made an exchange the other day. M. Chardin hath no small variety of walking canes. He visited me at the Hôtel one morning, leaning upon a fine dark bamboo-stick, which was *headed* by an elaborately carved piece of ivory—the performance of the said Goujon. It consisted of a recumbent female, (with a large flapped hat on) of which the head was supported by a shield of coat armour.* We struck a bargain in five minutes. He presented me the *stick*, on condition of my presenting him with a choice copy of the *Ædes Althorpianæ*. We parted well satisfied with each other;

* [This curiosity is now in the limited, but choice and curious, collection of my old and very worthy friend Mr. Joseph Haslewood. The handle of the stick is decorated by a bird's head, in ivory, which I conjectured to be that of an *Eagle*; but my friend insisted upon it that it was the head of an *Hawk*. I knew what this *meant*—and what it would *end* in: especially when he grasped and brandished the Cane, as if he were convinced that the sculptor had anticipated the possession of it by the Editor of Juliana Barnes. It is whispered that my friend intends to surprise the ROXBURGHE CLUB (of which he is, in all respects a most efficient member) with proofs of an *Engraving* of this charming little piece of old French carving.]

but I suspect that the purchase of about four-score pounds worth of books, added much to the satisfaction on his part. Like all his brethren of the same craft, M. Chardin disports himself on Saturdays and Sundays at his little "ferme ornée," within some four miles of Paris—having, as he gaily told me "nothing now to do but to make poesies for the fair sex."*

With Chardin I close my bibliopolistic narrative; not meaning thereby to throw other booksellers into the least degree of shade, but simply to transmit to you an account of such as I have seen and have transacted business with. And now, prepare for some account of PRINTERS . . or rather of *three presses* only,—certainly the most distinguished in Paris. I mean those of the DIDOTS and that of M. CRAPELET. The name of Didot will last as long as learning and taste shall last in any quarter of the globe: nor am I sure, after all, that what *Bodoni*, *Bensley*, and *Bulmer* have done, collectively, has redounded *more* to the credit of their countries than what Didot has achieved for France. In ancient classical literature, however, Bodoni has a right to claim an exception and a su-

* [Mons. Chardin is since dead at a very advanced age. His mental faculties had deserted him a good while before his decease: and his decease was gentle and scarcely perceptible. The portrait of him, in the preceding edition of this work, is literally the MAN HIMSELF. M. Crapelet has appended one very silly, and one very rude, if not insulting, note, to my account of the deceased, which I will not gratify him by translating, or by quoting in its original words.]

periority. The elder, *Pierre Didot*, is Printer to his Majesty. But when Pierre Didot l'ainé chose to adopt his *own* fount of letter—how exquisitely does his skill appear in the folio *Virgil* of 1798, and yet more, perhaps, in the folio Horace of 1799!? These are books which never have been, and never *can* be, eclipsed. Yet I own that the Horace, from the enchanting vignettes of *Percier*, engraved by Girardais, is to my taste the preferable volume.*

Firmin Didot now manages the press in the *Rue Jacob*; and if he had never executed any thing but the *Lusiad* of *Camoens*, his name would be worthy to go down to posterity by the side of that of his uncle. The number of books printed and published by the Didots is almost incredible; especially of publications in the Latin and French languages. Of course I include the *Stereotype* productions: which are very neat and very commodious—but perhaps the page has rather too dazzling an effect. I paid a visit the other day to the office of Firmin Didot; who is a letter founder as well as a printer.† To a question which I asked the nephew, (I think) respecting the

* [A copy of the Horace upon vellum (and I believe the *only* one) with the original drawings of Percier, will be sold in the library of Mr. Hibbert, during the present season.]

† ["And unquestionably the best Letter Founder. His son, M. Amb. Firmin Didot, who has for a long time past cut the punches for his father, exhibits proof of a talent worthy of his instructor." Crapelet.]

number of copies and sizes, of the famous *Lusiad* just mentioned, he answered, that there were only *two hundred* copies, and those only of *one size*. Let that suffice to comfort those who are in terror of having the small paper, and to silence such as try to depreciate the value of the book, from the supposed additional number of copies struck off.

I wished to know the costs and charges of *printing*, &c.—from which the comparative price of labour in the two countries might be estimated. M. Didot told me that the entire charges for printing, and pulling, one thousand copies of a full octavo size volume—containing thirty lines in a page, in a middle-size-letter—including *every thing* but *paper*—was thirty-five francs per sheet. I am persuaded that such a thing could not be done at home under very little short of double the price:—whether it be that our printers, including the most respectable, are absolutely more extravagant in their charges, or that the wages of the compositors are double those which are given in France.

After Didot, comes CRAPELET—in business, skill, and celebrity. He is himself a very pleasant, unaffected man; scarcely thirty-six; and likely, in consequence, to become the richest printer in Paris. I have visited him frequently, and dined with him once—when he was pleased to invite some agreeable, well-informed, and gentlemanly guests to meet me. Among them was a M. REY, who has written "*Essais Historiques et Critiques sur Richard III. Roi d'Angle-*

terre," just printed in a handsome octavo volume by our Host. Our conversation, upon the whole, was mixed, agreeable, and instructive. Madame Crapelet, who is at this moment (as I should conjecture) perhaps pretty equally divided between her twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth year, and who may be classed among the prettier ladies of Paris, did the honours of the fête in a very agreeable manner: nor can it be a matter of surprise that the choicest Chambertin and Champagne sparkled upon the table of *one*—who, during the libations of his guests, had the tympans and friskets of *twenty-two Presses* in full play!* We retired, after dinner, into a spacious drawing room, to coffee and liqueurs: and anon, to a further room, wherein was a BOOK-CASE filled by some of the choicest specimens of the press of its owner, as well as of other celebrated printers. I have forgotten what we took down or what we especially admired: but, to a question respecting the *present* state of business, as connected with *literature* and *printing*, at Paris, M. Crapelet replied (as indeed, if I remember rightly, M. Didot did also) that "matters never went on better." Reprints even of old authors were in agitation: and

* [The translation of the above passage runs so smoothly and so evenly upon "all fours," that the curious reader may be gratified by its transcription: "On ne doit pas être surpris que le meilleur vin de Champagne et de Chambertin ait été servi sur la table de celui qui, au milieu des toasts de ses convives, avait pour accompagnement le bruit agréable des frisquettes et des tympans de vingt-deux presses." Vol. ii. 102.]

two editions of *Montaigne* were at that moment going on in his own house. I complimented M. Crapelet—and with equal sincerity and justice—upon the typographical execution of M. Brunet's *Manuel du Libraire.* No printer in our own country, could have executed it more perfectly. "What might have been the charge per sheet?" My host received the compliment very soberly and properly; and gave me a general item about the expense of printing and paper, &c. which really surprised me; and returned it with a warm eulogy upon the paper and press-work of a recent publication from the *Shakspeare press*—which, said he. "I despair of excelling." "And then (added he), your prettily executed vignettes, and larger prints! In France this branch of the art is absolutely not understood*—and besides, we cannot publish books at *your* prices!"

We must now bid adieu to the types of M. Crapelet below stairs, and to his "good cheer" above; and with him take our leave of Parisian booksellers and

* ["Would one not suppose that I had told M. Dibdin that it was impossible for the French to execute as fine plates as the English? If so, I should stand alone in that opinion. I only expatiated on the beauty of the wood-cut vignettes which adorn many volumes of the 4to. Shakspeare by Bulmer. (N. B. Mr. Bulmer never printed a Shakspeare in 4to. or with wood cuts; but Mr. Bensley *did*—in an 8vo. form.) Their execution is astonishing. Wood engraving, carried to such a pitch of excellence in England, is, in fact, very little advanced in France: and on this head I agree with M. Dibdin." CRAPELET, iv. 104.]

printers.* What then remains, in the book way, worthy of especial notice? Do you ask this question? I will answer it in a trice—BOOK-BINDING. Yes . . . some few hours of my residence in this metropolis have been devoted to an examination of this *seductive* branch of book commerce. And yet I have not seen —nor am I likely to see—one single binder: either *Thouvenin, or Simier, or Braidel, or Lesné.* I am not sure whether Courteval, or either of the Bozérians, be living: but their *handy works* live and are lauded in every quarter of Paris.

The restorer, or the Father, (if you prefer this latter appellative) of modern Book-binding in France, was the Elder Bozérian: of whose productions the book-amateurs of Paris are enthusiastically fond. Bozérian undoubtedly had his merits;† but he was fond of gilt

* [" How can M. Dibdin forget the respect due to his readers, to give them a recital of dinners, partaken of at the houses of private persons, as if he were describing those of a tavern? How comes it that he was never conscious of the want of good taste and propriety of conduct, to put the individuals, of whom he was speaking, into a sort of dramatic form, and even the MISTRESSES OF THE HOUSE! CRAPELET: vol. iv. 106. I have given as unsparing a version as I could (against myself) in the preceding extract; but the *sting* of the whole matter, as affectin M. Crapelet, may be drawn from the concluding words. And yet, where have I spoken ungraciously and uncourteously of Madame?]

† *Bozérian undoubtedly had his merits.*]—Lesné has been singularly lively in describing the character of Bozérian's binding. In the verse . . . .

Il dit, et secouant le joug de la manie . . .

tooling to excess. His ornaments are too minute and too profuse; and moreover, occasionally, very unskilfully worked. His choice of morocco is not always to my taste; while his joints are neither carefully measured, nor do they play easily; and his linings are often gaudy to excess. He is however hailed as the legitimate restorer of that taste in binding, which delighted the purchasers in the Augustan age of book-collecting. One merit must not be denied him: his boards are usually square, and well measured. His volumes open well, and are beaten . . too unmercifully. It is the reigning error of French binders. They think they can never beat a book sufficiently. They exercise a tyranny over the leaves, as bad as that of eastern despots over their prostrate slaves. Let them look a little into the bindings of those volumes before described by me, in the lower regions of the Royal Library*—and hence learn, that, to hear the leaves crackle as they are turned over, produces *nearly* as much comfort to the thorough-bred collector, as does the prattling of the first infant to the doating parent.

he appears to have been emulous of rivalling the strains of the Epic Muse; recalling, as it were, a sort of Homeric scene to our recollection: as thus—of Achilles rushing to fight, after having addressed his horses:

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐν πρώτοις ἰάχων ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.

* Some acccount of French bookbinders may be also found in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 496-8.

THOUVENIN* and SIMIER are now the morning and evening stars in the bibliopegistic hemisphere. Of these, Thouvenin makes a higher circle in the heavens; but Simier shines with no very despicable lustre. Their work is good, substantial, and pretty nearly in the same taste. The folio Psalter of 1502, (I think) in the Royal Library, is considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of modern book-binding at Paris; and, if I mistake not, Thouvenin is the artist in whose charcoal furnace, the tools, which produced this *échantillon*, were heated. I have no hesitation in saying, that, considered as an extraordinary specimen of art, it is a failure. The ornaments are common place; the lining is decidedly bad; and there is a clumsiness of finish throughout the whole. The head-bands—as indeed are those of Bozérian—are clumsily managed: and I may say that it exhibits a manifest inferiority even to the productions of Mackinlay, Hering, Clarke, and Fairbairn. Indeed either of these artists would greatly eclipse it. I learn that Thouvenin keeps books in his possession as long as does a *certain* binder with us—who just now shall be nameless. Of course Charles

* Cependant Thouvenin est un de ces hommes extraordinaires qui, semblables à ces *corps lumineux* que l'on est convenu d'appeler *cometes*, paraissent une fois en un siècle. Si, plus ambitieux de gloire que de fortune, il continue à se surveiller; si, moins ouvrier qu'artiste, il s'occupe sans relache du perfectionnement de la reliure, il fera époque dans son art comme ces grands hommes que nous admirons font époque dans la littérature. p. 117.

Lewis would smile complacently, if you talked to *him* about rivalling such a performance!*

There is a book-binder of the name of LESNÉ—just now occupied, as I learn, in writing a poem upon his Art†—who is also talked of as an artist of respectable skill. They say, however, that he *writes* better than he *binds*. So much the worse for his little ones, if

* [In the year 1819, Lord Spencer sent over to the Marquis de Chateaugiron, a copy of the *Ovid De Tristibus, translated by Churchyard*, 1578, 4to. (his contribution to the Roxburghe Club) as a present from ONE President of Bibliophiles to ANOTHER. It was bound by Lewis, in his very best style, in morocco, with vellum linings, within a broad border of gold, and all other similar seductive adjuncts. Lewis considered it as a CHALLENGE to the whole bibliopegistic fraternity at Paris:—a sort of book-gauntlet;—thrown down for the most resolute champion to pick up—if he dare! Thouvenin, Simier, Bozérian (as has been intimated to me) were convened on the occasion:—they looked at the gauntlet: admired and feared it: but no man durst pick it up!

Obstupuere animi:———

. . . . . .

Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares* . . . .

In other words, the Marquis de Chateaugiron avowed to me that it was considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of the art. What say you to this, Messrs. Lesné and Crapelet?]

† This poem appeared early in the year 1820, under the following title. "*La Reliure, poëme didactique en six chants*; précédé d'une idée analytique de cet art, suivi de notes historiques et critiques, et d'un Mémoire soumis à la Société d'Encouragement, ainsi qu'au Jury d'exposition de 1819, relatif à des moyens de perfectionnement, propres à retarder le renouvellement des reliures. PAR LESNE'. Paris, 1820. 8vo. pp. 246. The motto is thus:

* *Thouvenin.*

he be married. Indeed several very sensible and impartial collectors, with whom I have discoursed, also seem to think that the art of book-binding in France

> Hâtez-vous lentement, et sans perdre courage,
> Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage;
> Polissez-le sans cesse et le repolissez.
>
> *Boileau Art. Poét.* ch. 1.

This curious production is dedicated to the Author's Son: his first workman; seventeen years of age; and "as knowing in his business at that early period of life as his father was at the age of twenty-seven." The dedication is followed by a preface, and an advertisement, or "Idée analytique de la Reliure." In the preface, the author deprecates both precipitate and severe criticism. "He is himself but a book-binder—and what can be expected from a muse so cultivated?" He doubts whether it will be read all through; but his aim and object have been to fix, upon a solid basis, the fundamental principles of his art. The subject, as treated in the Dictionary of Arts and Trades by the French Academy, is equally scanty and inaccurate. The author wishes that all arts were described by artists, as the reader would gain in information what he would lose in style. "I here repeat (says he) what I have elsewhere said in bad verse. There are amateur-collectors who know more about book-binding than even certain good workmen; but there are also others; of a capricious taste, who are rather likely to lead half-instructed workmen astray, than to put them in the proper road." In the poetical epistle which concludes the preface, he tells us that he had almost observed the Horatian precept: his poem having cost eight years labour. The opening of it may probably be quite sufficient to give the reader a proper notion of its character and merits.

> Je célèbre mon art; je dirai dans mes vers,
> Combien il éprouva de changemens divers;
> Je dirai ce que fut cet art en sa naissance;
> Je dirai ses progrès, et, de sa décadence,

is just now, if not retrograding, at least stationary—and apparently incapable of being carried to a higher pitch of excellence. I doubt this very much. They can do what they have done before. And no such great conjuration is required in going even far beyond it. Let Thouvenin and Simier, and even the *Poet* himself, examine carefully the choice of tools, and manner of gilding, used by our more celebrated binders, and they need not despair of rivalling them. Above all, let them look well to the management of the backs of their books, and especially to the head-bands. The latter are in general heavy and inelegant. Let them also avoid too much choking and beating, (I use technical words—which you understand as well as any French or English bookbinder) and especially to be square, even, and delicate in the bands; and the "Saturnia regna" of book-binding in France may speedily return.

Je nommerai sans fard les ineptes auteurs:
Oui, je vais dérouler aux yeux des amateurs:
Des mauvais procédés la déplorable liste.
Je nommerai le bon et le mauvais artiste;

LETTER IX.

MEN OF LETTERS. DOM BRIAL. THE ABBÉ BÉTENCOURT. MESSRS. GAIL, MILLIN, AND LANGÈS. A ROXBURGHE BANQUET.

Paris, June 20, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE have had of late the hottest weather in the memory of the oldest Parisian: but we have also had a few flying thunder showers, which have helped to cool the air, and to refresh both the earth and its inhabitants. In consequence, I have made more frequent visits; and have followed up my morning occupations among BOOKS, by the evening society of those who are so capable, from their talents, of adding successfully to their number. Among the most eminent, as well as most venerable of historical antiquaries, is the celebrated Dom BRIAL, an ex-Benedictin. He lives in the *Rue Servandoni*, on the second floor, in the very bosom, as it were, of his library, and of city solitude. My first visit to him, about three weeks ago, was fortified by an introductory letter from our friend * * *. The old gentleman (for he is about seventy four) was busily occupied at his dinner—about one o'clock; and wearing a silk night cap, and habited en rocquelaure, had his back turned as his servant announced me.

He is very deaf; but on receiving the letter, and recognising the hand-writing of our friend, he made me heartily welcome, and begged that I would partake of his humble fare. This I declined; begging, on the other hand that he would pursue his present occupation, and allow me to examine his library. "With the greatest pleasure (replied he); but you will find it a very common-place one."

His books occupy each of the four rooms which form the suite of his dwelling. Of course I include the bed room. They are admirably selected: chiefly historical, and including a very considerable number in the ecclesiastical department. He has all the historians relating to our own country. In short, it is with tools like these, and from original MSS. lent him from the Royal Library—which his official situation authorizes—that he carries on the herculean labour of the *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules, &c.* commenced by BOUQUET and other editors, and of which he shewed me a great portion of the XVIIth volume—as well as the commencement of the XVIIIth—already printed. Providence may be graciously pleased to prolong the life of this learned and excellent old man till the *latter* volume be completed; but *beyond* that period, it is hardly reasonable or desirable to wish it; for if he die, he will then have been gathered to his fathers in a good old age.* But the labours of Dom

* [He died on the 24th of May, 1828; on the completion of his 85th year. See the next note but one.]

Brial are not confined to the "Recueil," just mentioned. They shine conspicuous in the "*Histoire Littéraire de la France*," of which fifteen goodly quarto volumes are already printed; and they may be also traced in the famous work entitled *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, in three large folio volumes, published in 1783, &c. "Quand il est mort, il n'a point son élève"* —says his old and intimate friend the ABBÉ BÉTENCOURT; an observation, which, when I heard it, filled me with mingled regret and surprise—for why is this valuable, and most *patriotic* of all departments of literature, neglected *abroad* as well as *at home?* It is worth all the *digamma* disquisitions in the world; and France, as well as Italy, was once rich in historical Literati.

Dom Brial is very little above the mean height.

* [The reader may be amused with the following testy note of my vigilant translator, M. Crapelet: the very Sir Fretful Plagiary of the minor tribe of French critics! "Cette phrase, qui n'est pas Française, est ainsi rapportée par l'auteur. M. l'Abbé Bétencourt, aura dit a peu près: "Il mourra sans laisser d'élève." M. Dibdin qui parle et entend fort bien le Français, EST IL EXCUSABLE DE FAIRE MAL PARLER UN ACADEMICIEN FRANÇAIS, et surtout de rendre vicieuses presque toutes les phrases qu'il veut citer textuellement? L'exactitude! l'exactitude! C'est la première vertu du bibliographe; on ne saurait trop le répéter a M. Dibdin." CRAPELET. vol. iv. 124. Quære tamen? Ought not M. Crapelet to have said "il mourrira?" The sense implies the future tense: But . . . how inexpiable the offence of making a French Academician speak bad French!!—as if every reader of common sense would not have given *me*, rather than the *Abbé Bétencourt*, credit for this bad speaking?]

He stoops somewhat from age; but, considering his years, and incessantly sedentary labours, it is rather marvellous that he does not exhibit more striking proofs of infirmity. His voice is full and strong; his memory is yet retentive, and his judgment sound. His hand-writing is extremely firm and legible. No man ever lived, or ever will, or can live, more completely devoted to his labours. They are his meat and drink —as much as his "bouilli et petites poies:"—of which I saw him partaking on repeated visits. Occupied from morning till night in the prosecution of his studies—in a quarter of Paris extremely secluded—he appears to be almost unconscious of passing occurrences without;* except it be of the sittings of the *Institute*, which he constantly attends, on Fridays, as one of the Secretaries. I have twice dined with him; and, each time, in company with the Abbé Bétencourt, his brother Secretary at the Institute; and his old, long-tried, and most intimate friend.

* [In a short, and pleasing memoir of him, in the *Révue Encyclopédique*, 115th *livraison*, p. 277, &c. it is well and pleasantly observed, that, "such was his abstraction from all surrounding objects and passing events, he could tell you who was Bishop of such a diocese, and who was Lord of such a fief, in the XIIth century, much more readily, and with greater chance of being correct, than he would, who was the living Minister of the Interior, or who was the then Prefect of the department of the Seine?" By the kindness of a common friend, I have it in my power to subjoin a fac-simile of the autograph of this venerable Departed:

The Abbé Bétencourt was not unknown to me during his late residence in England, as an Emigré: but he is still better known to our common friend * * *, who gave me the letter of introduction to Dom Brial. That mutual knowledge brought us quickly together, and made us as quickly intimate. The Abbé is above the middle height; wears his own grey hair; has an expressive countenance, talks much, and well, and at times drolly. Yet his wit or mirth is well attempered to his years. His manner of *rallying* his venerable friend is very amusing; for Dom Brial, from his deafness, (like most deaf men) drops at times into silence and abstraction. On each of my dinner-visits, it was difficult to say which was the hotter day. But Dom Brial's residence, at the hour of dinner. (which was four—for my own accommodation) happened luckily to be in the *shade*. We sat down, three, to a small circular table, (in the further or fourth room) on the tiled floor of which was some very ancient wine, within the immediate grasp of the right hand of the host. An elderly female servant attended in the neighbouring room. The dinner was equally simple, relishing, and abundant; and the virtues of the "old wine" were quickly put into circulation by the Benedictin founder of the feast.

At six we rose from table, and walked in the Luxembourg gardens, hard by. The air had become somewhat cooler. The sun was partially concealed by thin, speckled clouds: a gentle wind was rising; and

the fragrance of innumerable flowers, from terraces crowded with rose-trees, was altogether so genial and and refreshing, that my venerable companions—between whom I walked arm in arm—declared that "they hardly knew when the gardens had smelt so sweetly." We went straight onward—towards the *Observatoire*, the residence of the Astronomer Royal. In our way thither we could not avoid crossing the *Rue d'Enfer*, where Marshal Ney was shot. The spot, which had been stained with his blood, was at this moment covered by skittles, and groups of stout lads were enjoying themselves in all directions. It should seem that nothing but youthful sports and pastimes had ever prevailed there: so insensibly do succeeding occupations wear away all traces of the past. I paused for half a minute, casting a thoughtful eye towards the spot. The Abbé Bétencourt moralised aloud, and Dom Brial seemed inwardly to meditate. We now reached the Observatory. The Sub-Principal was at home, and was overjoyed to receive his venerable visitors. He was a fellow-townsman of Dom Brial, and we were shewn every thing deserving of notice. It was nearly night-fall, when, on reaching the Rue Servandoni, I wished my amiable companions adieu, till we met again.

I have before mentioned the name of M. Gail. Let me devote a little more time and attention to him. He is, as you have been also previously told, the curator of the Greek and Latin MSS. in the Royal

Library, and a Greek Professor in the Collège Royale. There is no man, at all alive to a generous and kind feeling, who can deny M. Gail the merit of a frank, benevolent, and hearty disposition. His Greek and Latin studies, for the last thirty-five years, have neither given a severe bias to his judgment, nor repressed the ebullitions of an ardent and active imagination. His heart is yet all warmth and kindness. His fulfilment of the duties of his chair has been exemplary and beneficial; and it is impossible for the most zealous and grateful of her sons, to have the prosperity of the Collège Royale more constantly in view, than my friend I. B. Gail has that of the University of Paris. His labours, as a scholar, have been rather useful than critical. He has edited *Anacreon* more than once: and to the duodecimo edition of 1794, is prefixed a small portrait—medallion-wise—of the editor; which, from the costume of dress and juvenility of expression, does not much remind me of the Editor as he now is. M. Gail's great scholastic work is his Greek, Latin, and French, editions of *Xenophon* and *Thucydides*, in twenty-four quarto volumes; but in the execution of this performance he suffered himself to be rather led astray by the attractions of the *Bibliomania*. In other words, he chose to indulge in membranaceous propensities; and nothing would serve M. Gail's turn but he must have a unique COPY UPON VELLUM! in a quarto form.* Twenty

* The *Thucydides* was published first; in twelve volumes 8vo.

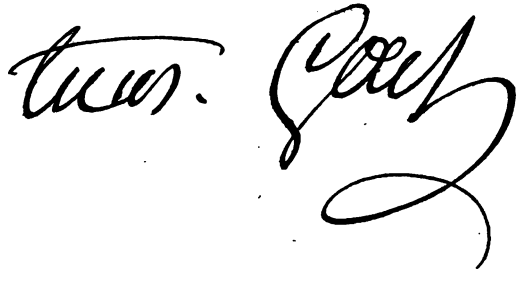
four quarto volumes upon vellum! . . enough to chill the ardour and drain the purse of the most resolute and opulent publisher.

1807; with various readings, for the first time, from thirteen MSS. not before submitted to the public eye. The French version, in four volumes, with the critical notes of the Editor, may be had separately. The VELLUM 4to. copy of the Thucydides consists of fourteen volumes; but as the volumes are less bulky than those of the Xenophon, they may be reduced to seven. The *Xenophon* was published in 1809, in seven volumes, 4to. The Latin version is that of Leunclavius; the French version and critical notes are those of M. Gail. The vellum copy, above alluded to, is divided into ten volumes; the tenth being an Atlas of fifty-four maps. Some of these volumes are very bulky from the thickness of the vellum.

Upon this unique copy, M. Gail submitted to me, in writing, the following remarks. "Of the Xenophon, two vellum copies were printed; but of these, one was sent to the father of the present King of Spain, and received by him in an incomplete state—as the Spanish Ambassador told M. Gail: only six volumes having reached the place of their destination. The Editor undertakes to give authenticated attestations of this fact." "If," say M. Gail's written observations, "one considers that each sheet of vellum, consisting of eight pages, cost five francs ten sous, and three more francs in working off—and that skins of vellum were frequently obliged to be had from foreign countries, owing to the dearth of them at Paris—whereby the most extravagant demands were sometimes obliged to be complied with—add to which, that fifteen years have passed away since these sums were paid down in hard cash,—the amount of the original expenses is doubled." The volumes are in stout boards, and preserved in cases. In one of his letters to me, respecting the sale of his vellum copy—the worthy Professor thus pleasantly remarks: "Je ne veux pas m'enricher avec ce livre qui, lorsque je serai cendres, aura un bien grand prix. Je n'ai que le desir de me débarrasser d'une

When I dined with the Editor, the other day, I was shewn these superb volumes with all due form and solemnity: and I must say that they do very great credit to the press of the Elder Didot. Yet I fear that it will be a long time before the worthy M. Gail is remunerated for his enterprising and speculative spirit. In all the duties attached to his situation in the Royal Library, this worthy character is equally correct and commendable. He is never so fully occupied with old Greek and Latin MSS., but that he will immediately attend to your wants; and, as much as depends upon himself, will satisfy them most completely. Anacreon has left behind some little deposit of good humour and urbanity, which has continued to nourish the heart of his Translator; for M. Gail is yet jocose, and mirth-loving; fond of a lively repartee, whether in conversation or in writing. He may count some sixty-two years.

richesse qui m'est à charge, et ne convient nullement à un modeste et obscur particulier, comme moi." I subjoin the autograph of this worthy and learned Professor: hoping yet to shake the hand heartily which guided the pen.



But it is high time to introduce you to another of these "Confrères" at the Bibliothèque du Roi; of whom indeed, hitherto, I have made but a slight mention. You will readily guess that this must be the well-known AUBIN LOUIS MILLIN—the Head of the department of Antiquities; or the principal *Archæologist* of the establishment. My friend Mr. Dawson Turner having furnished me with introductory credentials, I called upon M. Millin within twenty-four hours of my arrival at Paris. In consequence, from that time to this, I have had frequent intercourse with him. Indeed I am willing to hope that our acquaintance has well nigh mellowed into friendship. He is a short, spare, man; with a countenance lighted up by intelligence rather than moulded by beauty. But he is evidently just now (and indeed, as I learn, has been for some time past) labouring under severe indisposition. He is the thorough Frenchman both in figure and manners: light, cheerful, active, diligent, and exceedingly good natured and communicative. His apartments are admirably furnished: and his LIBRARY does him infinite honour—considering the limited means by which it has been got together. His abode is the constant resort of foreigners, from all countries, and of all denominations; and the library is the common property of his friends, and even of strangers—when they are well recommended to him.

Millin has been a great traveller; but, if the reports which have reached me prove true, his second voyage

to Italy, recently accomplished, have sown the seeds of incurable disease in his constitution. Indeed when I look at him, at times, I fancy that I discover *that* in his countenance . . which I wish were not so palpable . . to my observation. His collection of drawings, of fac-similes of all descriptions—of prints and of atlasses—is immense. They are freely laid open to the inspection of any curious observer: and I have already told you how heartily M. Millin begged that Mr. Lewis would consider his house as his *home*—for the prosecution of his drawings from the illuminated MSS. in the Royal Library, when the regular time of attendance in that place was closed. The other day, we had a superb déjeuné à la fourchette at M. Millin's—about three o'clock. It was attended by two Marchionesses, of the *bas bleu* order; and by the whole corps of the confrères bibliographiques of the Royal Library. Several other literary *distingués* were of the party: and we sat down, a very agreeable mélange, both to gossip and to eat and drink. M. Langlès was all animation and all intelligence; and M. Van Praet seemed for a time to have forgotten VELLUM ARISTOTLES and VIRGILS in alternate libations of champagne and noyeau. Meanwhile the worthy Gail, by his playful sallies and repartees, afforded a striking contrast to the balanced attitude and grave remarks of the respectable Caperonnier, the senior Librarian. Poor Millin himself had no appetite, but picked a little here and there. We sat down about fourteen; rose at six

—to coffee and conversazione; and retired shortly after: some to the theatre, and others to their country houses. This is pretty nearly a correct picture of the bettermost society of Paris at this time of the year.

In regard to the literary reputation of MILLIN, I well know that, in England, it is rather the fashion to sneer at him; but this sneer may proceed as often from ignorance, as from superiority of information. The truth is, M. Millin does *too much* to do every thing *well*. At one moment, he is busied with a dyptych: at another, he is examining a coin or a medal: during the third, he is lost in admiration over a drawing of a tomb or statue:—his attendant enters with a proof-sheet to engage his fourth moment—and so it goes on—from sunrise to sunset; with pen in hand, or blank or printed paper before him, he is constantly occupied in the pursuit of some archæological enquiry or other. THIS praise, however—and no mean or unperishable praise it is—most indisputably belongs to him. He was almost the ONLY ONE in France, who, during the reign of terror, bloodshed, and despotism —cherished and kept alive a taste for NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES. But for *his* perseverance, and the artists employed by *him*, we should not now have had those *graphic* representations of many buildings, and relics of art, which have since perished irretrievably. Another praise also belongs to him; of no very insignificant description. He is among the most obliging and communicative of literary Parisians; and does not

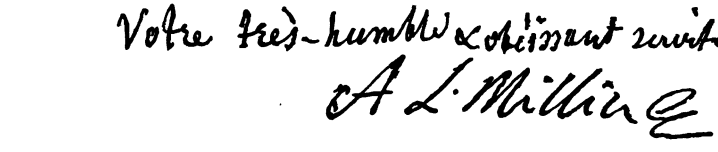
suffer his good nature to be soured, or his activity to abate, from the influence of *national* prejudice. He has a large acquaintance among foreigners; and I really think that he loves the English next best to his own countrymen. But whoever applies to him with civility, is sure to be as civilly received. So much for MILLIN.*

* M. Millin DIED about the middle of the following month, ere I had reached Vienna. His library was sold by auction in May 1819, under the superintendence of Messrs. Debure, who compiled the sale catalogue. It produced 53,626 francs. The catalogue contained 2556 articles or numbers; of which several were very long sets. One article alone, no. 866, consisted of 326 volumes in folio, quarto, and octavo. It is thus designated, "RECUEIL DE PIECES SUR LES ARTS, LA LITTE'RATURE, LES ANTIQUITE'S, *en Latin, en Italien, et en François.* This article produced 4501 francs, and was purchased by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Millin had brought up from boyhood, and rescued from poverty and obscurity, a lad of the name of *Mention.* This lad lived with him many years, in the capacity of a valet and private secretary. In his second and last voyage to Italy, Millin declined taking him with him, but left him at home, in his house, with a salary of fifty francs per month. Five months after his departure, in February, 1812, a great quantity of smoke was seen issuing from the windows of Millin's apartments. Several people rushed into the room. They found the drawings and loose papers taken from the portfolios, rolled up lightly, and the room on fire at the four corners! A lighted candle was placed in the middle of the room. Suspicion immediately fell upon Mention. They ran to his bed chamber: found the door fastened: burst it open—and saw the wretched valet weltering in his blood . . yet holding, in his right hand, the razor with which he had cut his throat! He was entirely dead. Millin's collection of Letters from his numerous Correspondents perished in the flames.

This accident, which also deprived Millin of a fund of valuable

This group of literary *whole lengths* would however be imperfect without the introduction of Monsieur Langlès. The *forte* of M. Langlès consists in his cultivation of, and enthusiastic ardor for, *oriental literature*. He presides, in fact, over the Persian,

materials that he was preparing for a *Dictionary of the Fine Arts*, and for a *Recueil de Pièces gravées Inédites*—might have also had an infinitely more fatal tendency: as it occurred *within* the walls which contain the Royal Library! Millin received the news of this misfortune, in Italy, with uncommon fortitude and resignation. But this second voyage, as has been already intimated, (see p. 260) hastened his dissolution. He planned and executed infinitely too much; and never thoroughly recovered the consequent state of exhaustion of body and mind. As he found his end approaching, he is reported to have said—"I should like to have lived longer, in order to have done more good—but God's will be done! I have lived fifty-nine years, the happiest of men—and should I not be ungrateful towards Providence, if I complained of its decrees?!" And when still nearer his latter moments—he exclaimed: "I have always lived, and I die, a Frenchman: hating no one: complaining only of those who retard the cause of reason and truth. I have never, intentionally, hurt a single creature. If I have injured any one, I ask pardon of him for the error of my understanding." He died on the 18th of August, and his body was interred in the churchyard of Père la Chaise. His old friend and colleague, M. Gail, pronounced a funeral discourse over his grave—in which, as may be well supposed, his feelings were most acutely excited. I subjoin a facsimile of Millin's autograph: from the richly furnished collection of Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution.



Arabic, and other Oriental MSS. and he performs the duties of his office, as a public librarian, with equal punctuality and credit. He has also published much upon the languages of the East, but is considered less profound than De Sacy: although both his conversation and his library attest his predilection for his particular studies. M. Langlès is eclipsed by no one for that "gaieté de cœur" which, when joined with good manners and honourable principles, renders a well-bred Frenchman an exceedingly desirable companion. He loves also the arts; as well of sculpture as of painting and of engraving. His further room affords unquestionable evidence of his attachment to *English Prints*. Wilson, West, and Wilkie—from the burins of Woollett, Raimbach, and Burnet—struck my eye very forcibly and pleasingly. M. Langlès admires and speaks our language. "Your charming Wilkie (says he) pleases me more and more. Why does he not visit us? He will at least find here some *good proofs* of my respect for his talents." Of course he could not mean to pun. I was then told to admire his impression of Woollett's *Battle of La Hogue;* and indeed I must allow that it is one of the very best which I have seen. He who possesses *that*, need not distress himself about any of the impressions of the *Death of Wolfe;* which is also in the collection of Langlès.

His library is probably less extensive than Millin's; but it is not less choice and valuable. His collection of

books (in which are a great number of our best Voyages and Travels) relating to Asia—and particularly his philological volumes, as connected with the different languages of that country, cannot be too much commended. I saw Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* lying upon his table. "How do you like that work, M. Langlès?" "Sir (replied he) I more than like it—I love it: because I love the author." In fact, I knew that Sir John and he were well acquainted with each other, and I believe that the copy in question bore the distinctive mark of being "ex dono auctoris." I have had a good deal of interesting conversation with M. Langlès about the history of books during the Revolution; or rather about that of the Royal Library. He told me he was appointed one of the commissioners to attend to the distribution of those countless volumes which were piled up in different warehouses, as the produce of the *ransacked monasteries*. I am not sure, whether, within the immediate neighbourhood of the Royal Library, he did did not say that there were at least *half a million of books*. At that time, every public meeting of Parisians—whatever might be the professed object—was agitated, and often furious. One of the red-hot demagogues got up in the assembly, and advised "mangling, maiming, or burning the books: they were only fit for cartridges, wadding, or fuel: they were replete with marks of feudalism and royalty—for they had arms or embellishments on them, which denoted

them to belong to Aristocrats." This speech made some impression: his comrades were for carrying the motion immediately into execution, by sword and faggot . . But M. Langlès rose . . calm, collected, and actuated by feelings a little more accordant with the true spirit of patrotism. "Citizens, said the Orientalist," we must not do mischief, in the desire of doing good. Let the books remain where they are. If you set fire to them, can you say how far the flames shall extend? Our own great national library, so renowned and celebrated throughout Europe! may become the prey of the devouring element, and *then* how will you be reproached by posterity! Again—if you convert them to *other* purposes of destruction, how can you hope to prevent the same example from being followed in other places? The madness of the multitude will make no distinction; and as many pikes and swords may be carried within the great library, as within the various depositories of the monastic books. Pause awhile. Respect those collections of books, and you will both respect yourselves and preserve the great national library. In due time, we shall make a proper selection from them, aud enrich the book stores of the capital!" So spake M. Langlès; and the Assembly assented to his contre-projet—luckily for Paris and themselves.*

* [Mons. Langlès survived the above account between five and six years; dying January 28, 1824. His Library was sold by auction in March, 1825. It was copious and highly creditable to

But nearly all these worthy characters, of whom I have just made mention, had an opportunity of exhibiting their social qualities, of whatever description, at a sort of FESTIVAL which I gave the other day (last Wednesday) in honour of the Roxburghe Club—which met on that same day, I presume, at the Clarendon Hotel. This Parisian Roxburghe Banquet went off upon the whole with flying colours. You shall know as much about it as is likely to interest you. Having secured my guests, (Messrs. DENON, GAIL, LANGLÈS, VAN PRAET and MILLIN) and fixed both the place and hour of repast, I endeavoured to dress out a little bill of fare of a *bibliomaniacal* description—to rival, in its way, that of *Mons. Grignon*, in the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, (within two minutes walk of the Royal Library,) where we were to assemble, at five o'clock. I knew that Millin would put my toasts or sentiments into good French, and so I took courage against the hour of meeting. I had secured a ground-floor apartment, looking upon a lawn, with which it communicated by open doors. The day was unusually hot and oppressive. After finishing my labours at the Royal Library, I returned to my hotel, arranged my

his memory. From the source whence the preceding autograph was derived, I subjoin the following autograph.]

little matters connected with the by-play of the festival—dressed—and resorted to Grignon's. Every thing looked well and auspiciously. Our room was in the shade; and a few lingering breezes seemed to play beneath the branches of an acacia. The dark green bottles, of various tapering shapes, were embedded in pails of ice, upon the table: and napkins and other goodly garniture graced the curiously woven cloth. I hung up, in the simplicity of my heart—over the seat which I was to occupy,—the portrait of *John King of France*, which M. Cœuré had just finished; —not considering that this said John had been beaten and taken prisoner, at the battle of Poictiers by our Black Prince! Never was a step more injudicious, or an ornament more unappropriate. However, there it hung throughout the day. A dinner of the very best description, exclusively of the wine, was to be served up for *twelve francs* a head. I make no doubt but the Club paid a *little* more where they assembled in London!

At length came the hour of dinner, and with the hour the guests. I requested Brother Van Praet to be deputy chairman; and taking my seat beneath the unfortunate John King of France, gave the signal for a general attack—upon whatever was placed before the guests. Monsieur Denon, however, did not arrive till after the first course. He had been detained by a visit from the Duke of Bedford. M. Millin sat at my right hand, and M. Gail at my left. The first course

consisted chiefly of fruit, and slices of anchovy, crossed. A large paper copy of a *melon* cut a magnificent appearance in the centre; but all this quickly gave way to fish, flesh, and fowl of a various but substantial description. Poor Millin had no appetite, and would only carve. He looked particularly ill. The rest ate, drank, and were merry. The desert was of the very best quality: and this was succeeded by the introduction of a little of English fashion and manners. We drank toasts, connected with the object of the day's festival; and never were a set of guests more disposed to relish both the wine and the sentiment which accompanied each glass. They even insisted upon a "three times three" for "Lord Spencer and the Club!" But if we were merry, we were wise. Shortly after dinner, M. Gail rose, as if in a moment of inspiration, from his seat—and recited the Latin verses which are here enclosed.* They will at least make you admire

* Monsieur Millin had been before hand in his description of this day's festival, but his description was in prose. It appeared in the *Annales Encyclopédiques*, for the ensuing month, July, 1818, and was preceded by a slight historical sketch of the Club, taken chiefly from the Bibliographical Decameron. His account of the festival may amuse some of my readers, who have not been accustomed to peruse *English toasts* cloathed in French language. It is briefly thus:

"Pendant que les membres du Roxburghe Club célébroient le 17 juin 1818 la mémoire des premiers imprimeurs de Boccace, à Venise et en Angleterre, sous la présidence de sa grâce lord Spencer; M. Dibdin, vice-président, s'unissoit à ce banquet bibliographique par une répétition qu'il en faisoit à Paris. Il avoit

the good humour of the poet. He afterwards chanted a song: his own literal version of the XIXth ode of Anacreon, beginning ' Η γῆ μέλαινα πίνει.

appelé à ce banquet M. DENON, à qui la France doit encore une grande partie des manuscrits et des éditions rares dont elle s'est enrichie, et plusieurs conservateurs de la bibliothèque royale, MM. VANPRAET, LANGLE'S, GAIL, et MILLIN. On pense bien que l'histoire littéraire, la bibliographie, devinrent un inépuisable sujet pour la conversation. L'entretien offrit un mélange de gaïté et de gravité qui convient aux banquets des muses; et selon l'adage antique, les convives étoient plus que trois et moins que neuf. M. Gail lut sur cette réunion des vers latins, dont les toasts bruyans ne permirent pas de savourer d'abord tout le sel et l'esprit. Ils doivent être imprimés dans *l'Hermes Romanus*.

" M. D., amphitryon et président du festin, porta, comme il convenoit, les premiers toasts :

1°. A la santé de milord Spencer et des honorables membres du Roxburghe Club. 2°. A la mémoire de Christophe Valdarfer, inprimeur du Boccace de 1471; livre dont l'acquisition fait par le duc de Marlborough, fut l'occasion de la fondation du Roxburghe Club. 3°. A la mémoire immortelle de Guillaume Caxton, premier imprimeur anglois. 4°. A la gloire de la France. 5°. A l'union perpétuelle de la France et de l'Angleterre. 6°. A la prospérité de la bibliothèque royale de France. 7°. A la santé de ses dignes conservateurs, dont le savoir est inépuisable, et dont l'obligeance ne se lasse jamais. 8°. A la propagation des sciences, des arts, des lettres, et de la bibliomanie. 9°. Au désir de se revoir le même jour chaque année.

" Les convives ont rendu ces toasts par un autre qu'ils ont porté, avec les hurras et les trois fois d'usage en Angleterre, au vice-président du Roxburghe-Club, qui leur avoit fait l'honneur de les rassembler.

" La Séance a fini à l'heure où le président du Roxburghe-Club lève celle de Londres; et le vice-président, M. Dibdin, a

The guests declared that they had never sat so long at table, or were more happy. I proposed a stroll or a

soigneusement réuni les bouchons, pour les porter en Angleterre comme un signe commémoratif de cet agréable banquet."*

The verses of Monsieur Gail were as follow:—but I should premise that he recited them with zest and animation.

Auspice jam Phœbo, SPENCEROQUE AUSPICE, vestrum
Illa renascentis celebravit gaudia lucis
Concilium, stupuit quondam quâ talibus emptus
Boccacius cunctorum animis, miratus honores
Ipse suos, atque ipsa superbiit umbra triumpho.
Magna quidem lux illa, omni lux tempore digna.
Cui redivivus honos et gloria longa supersit
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestræque fuissem
Lætitiæ comes, et doctæ conviva *trapezæ*.
Sed nunc invitorque epulis, interque volentes
Gallus Apollineâ sedeo quasi lege Britannos.
Arridet D***: habet nos una voluptas.
Me quoque librorum meministis amore teneri,
Atque virûm studiis, quos Gallia jactat alumnos:
Nam si *Caxtonio* felix nunc Anglia gaudet,
Non minus ipsa etiam *Stephanorum* nomina laudat.
Hîc nonnulla manent priscæ vestigia famæ.
Nobis Thucydides, Xenophon quoque pumice et auro,
Quem poliit non parca manus; felicior ille
Si possit . . . . .† melius conjungere Musas!
Κοινὰ τὰ πάντα φίλων perhibent: at semper amici
Quidquid doctorum est: tantis ego lætor amicis.
Æternum hæc vigeat concordia pocula firment

---

* [These Corks are yet (1829) in my possession: preserved in an old wooden box, with ribs of iron, of the time of Louis XI.]

† The word here in the original is not clear.

seat upon the lawn. Chairs and benches were at hand; and we requested that the coffee might be brought

Artesque et libri, quæ nectant fœdera reges,
Utramque et socient simul omnia vincula gentem.

CECINIT JOAN. B. GAIL,
Lector regius in biblioth. regiâ codd. gr. et lat. præfectus.

While one of the London morning newspapers (which shall be here nameless) chose to convert this harmless scene of festive mirth into a coarse and contemptible attack upon its author, the well-bred Bibliomanes of Paris viewed it with a different feeling, and drew from it a more rational inference. It was supposed, by several gentlemen of education and fortune, that a RIVAL SOCIETY might be established among themselves—partaking in some degree of the nature of that of the ROXBURGHE, although necessarily regulated by a few different laws.

Taking the regulations of the ROXBURGHE CLUB (as laid down in the *Ninth Day* of the *Decameron*) as the basis, they put together a code of laws for the regulation of a similar Society which they chose, very aptly, to call LES BIBLIOPHILES. Behold then, under a new name, a *Parisian Roxburghe Society*. When I visited Paris, in the summer of 1819, I got speedily introduced to the leading Members of the club, and obtained, from M. DURAND DE LANÇON, (one of the most devoted and most efficient of the members) that information—which is here submitted to the public: from a persuasion that it cannot be deemed wholly uninteresting, or out of order, even by the most violent enemies of the cause." The *object* of this Society of the BIBLIOPHILES must be expressed in the proper language of the country. It is "*pour nourrir, relever, et faire naître même la passion de la* Bibliomanie." I put it to the conscience of the most sober-minded observer of men and things—if any earthly object can be more orthodox and legitimate? The Society meet, as a corporate body, twice in the year: once in April, the second time in December; and date the foundation of their Club from the 1st of January 1820. Whatever they print, bears the general

to us out of doors. It was now after sun-set; and a lurid sky was above our head. Our conversation

title of "*Melanges*;"* but whether this word will be executed in the black-letter, lower-case, or in roman capitals, is not yet determined upon. One or two things, however, at starting, cannot fail to be premised; and indeed has been already observed upon—as a species of *heresy*. The Society assemble to a "déjeuné à la fourchette," about twelve o'clock: instead of to a "seven o'clock dinner," as do the London Roxburghers: whereby their constitutions and pockets are less affected. The other thing, to observe upon, is, that they do not print (and publish among themselves) such very strange, and out-of-the way productions, as do the London Roxburghers. For truly, of *some* of the latter, it may be said with the anonymous poet in the *Adversaria* of Barthius,

> Verum hæc nec puer edidici, nec tradita patre
> Accepi, nec Aristotelis de moribus umquam
> Librum, aut divini Platonis dogmata legi.
>
> *Edit. Fabri.* 1624, col. 345, vol. i.

And why is it thus? Because these reprints are occasionally taken (quoting Caspar Barthius himself, in the xxth chapter of his iid book of Adversaria, *Edit. Ead.*) "ex libro egregiè obscuro et a blattis tineisque fere confecto." But, on the other hand, they are perfectly harmless:

> Sweet without soure, and honny without gall:

---

* [They have now published FOUR VOLUMES, in royal 8vo. of singular beauty and splendour: but the fourth vol. falls far short of its precursors in the intrinsic value of its contents. The first volume is so scarce, as to have brought £20. at a sale in Paris. I possess the three latter vols. only, by the kindness of the Society, in making me, with Earl Spencer, an Honorary Associate.]

was desultory as to topics, but animated as to manner. I had never witnessed M. Van Praet more alive

as Spenser observes in his *Colin Clout's come home again: edit.* 1595: sign. E. F. Or, as is observed in *Les Illustrations de France, edit.* 1513, 4to. litt. goth.:

Le dedens nest, ne trop cler, ne trop brun,
Mais delectable a veoir... comme il me semble. *Sign. C ii. rev.*

A genuine disciple of the Roxburghe Club will always exclaim "delectable a veoir" let the contents of the book be "cler," or "brun." Nor will such enthusiastic Member allow of the epithets of "hodg-podge, gallimaufry, rhapsody," &c. which are to be found in the "Transdentals General," of Bishop Wilkins's famous "*Essay towards a real character and a philosophical language:*" edit. 1668, fol. p. 28—as applicable to his beloved reprints! I annex the names of the Members of the Societé des Bibliophiles, as that club was first established.

1. Le Marquis de Chateaugiron, *Président.* 2. Guilbert de Pixérécours, *Secrétaire.* 3. Le Chevalier Walckenaer, *Membre de l'Institut, Trésorier.* 4. Alph. de Malartic, *Maître des Requêtes.* 5. Durand de Lançon. 6. Edouard de Chabrol. 7. Berard, *Maître des Requêtes.* 8. Le Vcte. de Morel-Vindé, *Pair de France.* 9. Madame la Duchesse de Raguse, *(par courtoisie.)* 10. Pensier. 11. Comte Juste de Noailles. 12. Le Baron Hely d'Oisel, *Conseiller d'etat.* 13. Le Marquis Scipion du Nocere, *Officier Superieur du Garde du Corps.* 14. Hippolyte de la Porte. 15. De Monmerqué, *Conseiller à la Cour Royale.* 16. Coulon, *à Lyon.* 17. Le Duc de Crussol. 18. Le Comte d'Ourches, *à Nancy.* 19. Le Chevalier Langlès, *Membre de l'Institut.* 20. Duriez, *à Lille.* 21. Le Marquis Germain Garnier, *Pair de France.* 22. Monsieur le Chevalier Artaud, *Secrétaire d' Ambass. à Rome.*

It remains to conclude this, I fear unconscionably long, note, as the above letter is concluded, with the mention of ANOTHER BANQUET. This banquet was given by the Bibliophiles to the NOBLE PRESIDENT of the Roxburghe Club, when the latter was at Paris in the Spring of the year 1820. The Vice-President of

to social disquisition. We talked of books, of pictures, and of antiquities . . and I happened, with the same witless simplicity which had pinned the portrait of King John over my seat at dinner, to mention that volume, of almost unparalleled rarity, ycleped *the Fables of Pfister, printed at Bamberg* in 1461:—which they had recently RESTORED to the Wolfenbuttel Library! It was "more than enough" for the acute feelings of the devoted head-librarian. M. Van Praet

the Roxburghe Club, who happened at the same time to be at Paris, also received the honour of an invitation. The festival took place at *Beauvilliers'*, the modern Apicius of Parisian restorateurs. About twelve guests sat down to table. The Marquis de Chateaugiron was in the chair. They assembled at six, and separated at half-past nine. All that refinement and luxury could produce, was produced on the occasion. Champagnes of different tints, and of different qualities—*lively* like M. Langlès, or *still* like Monsieur * * * *; fish, dressed as they dress it à la Rocher de Cancale—poultry, and pastry—varied in form, and piquant in taste—but better, and more palatable than either, conversation —well regulated and instructive—mingled with the most respectful attention to the ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST for whom the banquet had been prepared—gave a charm and a "joyaunce" to the character of that festival—which will not be easily effaced from the tablets of the narrator's memory. Where all shine pretty equally, it seems invidious to particularise. Yet I may be allowed to notice the hearty urbanity of the Marquis, the thorough good humour and bibliomaniacal experience of the Comte d'Ourches, (who, ever and anon, would talk about an edition of *Virgil's Pastorals printed by Eggesteyn)* the vivacious sallies of the Chevalier Langlès, the keen yet circumspect remarks of the Comte Noailles, the vigilant attention and toast-stirring propensities of M. D. de Lançon, the *Elzevirian* enthusiasm of M. Berard, the . . . . . But enough . . "Claudite jam rivos pueri—sat prata biberunt."

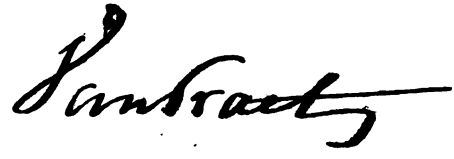
talked with legs and arms, as well as with tongue, in reply to my observations upon the extraordinary worth and singular rarity of that singular volume. "Alas, Sir, nothing pained me more. Truly—" Here a smart flash of lightning came across us—which illumined our countenances with due effect: for it had been sometime past almost wholly dark, and we had been talking to each other without perceiving a feature in our respective faces. M. Langlès joined in M. Van Praet's lamentation; and the Baron Denon, who (as I learnt) had been the means of obtaining that identical precious volume, united his tones of commiseration with those of his brethren.

The lightning now became more frequent, and in larger flashes—but neither sharp nor very dazzling. Meanwhile the notes of a skilfully touched harp were heard from one of the windows of a neighbouring house, with a mingled effect which it was difficult to describe. *Pfister*, books, busts, and music, now wholly engrossed our attention—and we were absolutely enveloped in blue lightning. We had continued our discourse till towards midnight, had not the rain come down in a manner equally sudden and severe. It was one of the heaviest showers which I remember to have witnessed. The storm was directly in the centre of Paris, and over our heads. We retreated precipitately to the deserted banqueting room; and had a reinforcement of coffee. After such a series of melting hot weather, I shall not easily forget

the refreshing sweetness emitted from every shrub upon the lawn. About ten o'clock, we thought of our respective homes.* I went into another room to pay the reckoning; liberated King John from his second confinement; shook hands very heartily with my guests—and returned to my lodgings by no means out of humour or out of heart with the day's entertainment. Whether they have been more rational, or more *economical*, in the celebration of the same festival, AT HOME, is a point, which I have some curiosity, but no right, to discuss. Certainly they could not have been happier.

Having come to the conclusion of my account of the ROXBURGHE BANQUET, and it being just now hard upon the hour of midnight, I must relinquish my correspondent for my pillow. A good night.

* [The Reader must not break up with the party, until he has cast his eye upon the autograph of an Individual, of as high merit and distinction in the department which he occupies, as any to which he has yet been introduced. It only remains to say—it is the autograph of Mons.



LETTER X.

THE COLLECTIONS OF DENON, QUINTIN CRAUFURD, AND THE MARQUIS DE SOMMARIVA.

ALL the world has heard of the famous DENON, the Egyptian traveller, and editor of the great work of the *Antiquities of Egypt*, published in 1802, in two sumptuous folio volumes. As you possess a copy of the French work,* with choice impressions of the plates, I need say nothing further upon the subject—except that I believe it to be one of the very finest works of the kind, which has ever appeared . . . on the score of art. But the author has other claims to attention and popularity. He was an intimate friend—and certainly the confidential adviser—of Buonaparte, in all public schemes connected with the acquisition of pictures and statues: and undoubtedly he executed the task confided to him with *ability*. He was verging on his sixtieth year, when he started with his master

* It was translated into English, and published in this country on a reduced scale, both as to text and engravings—but a reprint of it, with a folio volume of plates, &c. had appeared also in 1802. At the time, few publications had such a run; or received a commendation, not more unqualified than it was just. See an account of this work in the *Library Companion*, p. 442. edit. 1824.

upon the Egyptian expedition—a proof at least of energy, as well as of good disposition, in the cause. But Denon has been a great European traveller: he has had access to private, as well as to public, cabinets; and has brought home some rich fruits of his enterprise and taste.

His house, on the *Quai Malaquais*, is the rendezvous of all the English of any taste—who have respectable letters of introduction; and I must do him the justice to say, that, never did a man endure the *inconveniences* which must frequently result from keeping such open house, with greater adroitness and good humour than does the Baron Denon. I have sometimes found his principal rooms entirely filled by my countrymen and countrywomen; and I once, from the purest accident, headed a party of *twenty-two* . . in which were three British officers, and more than that number of members of either University. I will fairly own that, on receiving us, he drew me quietly aside, and observed:—"Mon ami, quand vous viendrez une autre fois, ne commandez pas, je vous prie, une armée si nombreuse. Je m'imaginois encore en Egypte." What was still more perplexing, we found there a party of English as numerous as ourselves. It was thus, however, that he rebuked my indiscretion.

We had twice exchanged visits and cards before we met. The card of Denon was worth possessing, from the simple, unaffected modesty which it evinced. You merely read the word DENON upon it! . . The

owner of the collection which I am about to describe, is certainly "un peu passé" as to years; but he has a cheerful countenance, with the tint of health upon it; small, gray, sparkling eyes, and teeth both regular and white.* He is generally dressed in black, and always as a gentleman. His figure, not above the middle height, is well formed; and his step is at once light and firm. There is doubtless a good deal which is very prepossessing in his manners. As he understands nothing of the English language, he can of course neither read nor speak it.

It is now time to give you some idea of this curious collection. You ascend a lofty and commodious stone staircase (not very common in Paris) and stop at the *first* floor:—another comfort, also very rare in Paris. This collection is contained in about half a dozen rooms: lofty, airy, and well furnished. The greater number of these rooms faces the Seine. The first contains a miscellaneous assemblage of bronze busts, and pictures of Teniers, Watteau, and of the more modern School of Paris. Of these, the Watteau is singular, rather than happy, from its size.† The two Teniers are light, thin, pictures; sketches of pigs and asses; but they are very covetable morsels of the

* [M. Denon DIED in 1825, aged 78. The sale of his *Marbles, Bronzes, Pictures, Engravings, &c.* took place in 1826.]

† [It was sold at the sale of M. Denon's pictures for 650 francs, and is numbered 187 in the Catalogue.]

artist.* In a corner, stands the skeleton of a female mummy in a glass case, of which the integuments are preserved in a basket. This is thought to be equally precious and uncommon. M. Denon shews the foot of the figure (which is mere bone and muscle) with amazing triumph and satisfaction. He thinks it is as fine as that of the Venus de Medicis, but there is no accounting for tastes. Among the busts is one of West, of Neckar, and of Denon himself: which latter I choose here to call "*Denon the First.*" The second room contains a very surprising collection of Phœnician, Egyptian, and other oriental curiosities: and in a corner, to the left, is a set of small drawers, filled with very interesting medals of eminent characters, of all descriptions, chiefly of the sixteenth century. Above them is a portrait of the owner of the collection —which I choose to call "*Denon the Second.*" This room exhibits a very interesting mélange. Over the fire place are some busts; of which the most remarkable are those of *Petrarch* and *Voltaire*; the former in bronze, the latter in terra-cotta; each of the size of life. Voltaire's bust strikes me as being the best representation of the original extant. It is full of character; a wonderful mixture of malignity, wit, and genius.†

* [One of these pictures brought 1,400, and the other 220 francs: prices, infinitely below their real worth. They should have been sold HERE!]

† [M. Crapelet says—this bust was modelled after the life by

The third room is the largest, and the most splendidly hung with pictures. Of these, the circular little Guercino—a holy family—is, to my poor judgment, worth the whole.* The Rysdael and Both are very second rate. As you approach the fire-place, your attention is somewhat powerfully directed to a small bronze whole length figure of Buonaparte—leaning upon a table, with his right hand holding a compass, and his left resting upon his left thigh.† Some charts, with a pair of compasses, are upon the table; and I believe this represents him in his cabin, on his voyage to Egypt. Is there any representation of him, in the same situation, upon his *return?* However, it is an admirable piece of workmanship. In this room is also (if I remember rightly) the original colossal head of the ex-emperor, when a young man, in white marble, by CANOVA. But I must not omit informing

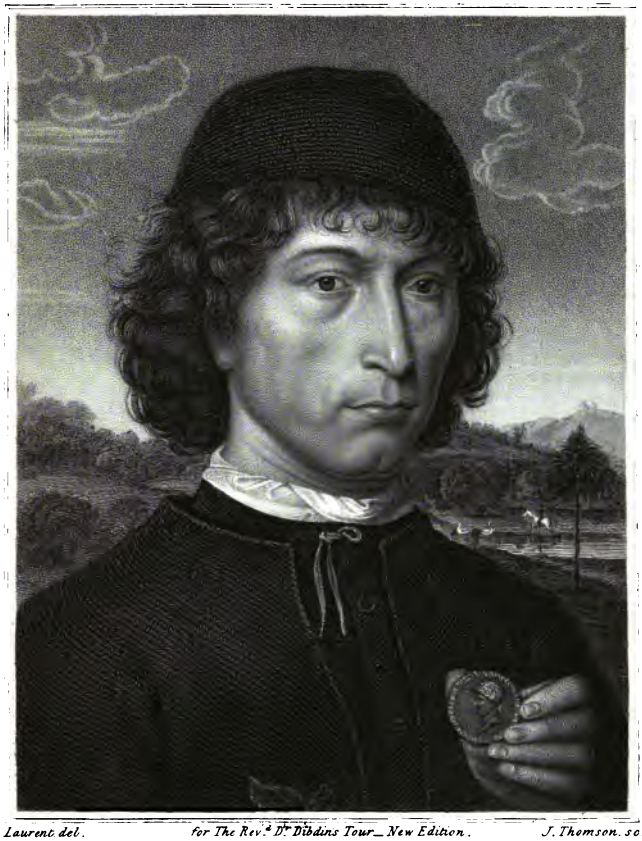
PIGALLE: and was, in turn, the model of that belonging to the figure of Voltaire in the library of the Institute: see p. 195 ante.]

* [The result—judging from the comparative prices obtained at the sale—has confirmed the propriety of my predilection. It brought 5000 francs. In the sale catalogue, is the following observation attached: "On admire dans ce précieux tableau de chevalet la facilité surprenante de pinceau et cette harmonie parfaite de couleur qui faisaient dire au Tiarini, peintre contemporain, "Seigneur Guerchin, vous faites ce que vous voulez, et nous autres ce que nous pouvons." No. 14.]

† ["This figure was cast from a model made by Montoni in 1809. There were ONLY SIX copies of it, of which four were in *bronze* and two in *silver*." *Cat.* No. 717. I have not been able to learn the price for which it was sold.]

you that here is also another portrait, in oil, of the owner of the collection—which, if you please, we will call "*Denon the Third.*" You next enter a narrow, boudoir-shaped apartment, which contains, to my taste, the most curious and precious morsels of art which the Baron Denon possesses. They are specimens of the earlier schools of painting, commencing with what are called *Giottos* and *Cimabues*—down to a very striking modern picture of a group of children, by a late French artist, just before the time of our Reynolds. This latter you would really conceive to have been the production of Sir Joshua himself. Of the specimens of the earlier schools, I was most struck with the head of PISANI, the inventor of medals—of the fifteenth century—painted by *Antonello da Messina*, a pupil of John Van Eyk. It is full of nature and of character. I could not get away from it. "Is it possible to obtain a copy of this picture?"—said I to its owner. "I understand you, (replied Denon) you wish to carry that copy to your own country. And to have it engraved there?" . . "Most unquestionably"—resumed I. "It is at your service (he rejoined); Laurent will copy it admirably." I hardly knew how to thank Mons. Denon sufficiently.*

* The OPPOSITE PLATE will best attest the truth of the above remark. It exhibits a specimen of that precise period of art, when a taste for the gothic was beginning somewhat to subside. The countenance is yet hard and severely marked; but the expression is easy and natural, and the *likeness* I should conceive to be perfect. As such, the picture is invaluable. [So far in the



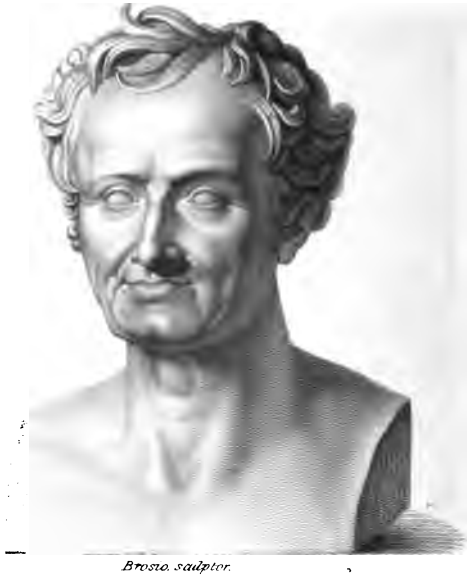
Laurent. del. *for The Rev.d Dr. Dibdins Tour_ New Edition.* *J. Thomson. sc.*

PISANI.

From the Original Portrait, by Antonella da Messina.
In the Collection of Baron Denon.

Vol. 2. p. 284.

London. Published June 1809, by R. Jennings, Poultry.



Brosio. sculptor.

D E N O N.

Engraved by J. Thomson from a Drawing by Laguiche.

for the Rev.d D.r Dibdin's Tour. New Edition.

Vol. II. 285.

London. Published. June 1829. by R. Jennings. Poultry.

There was another head.. but "non omnia possumus omnes." I mean, one of a female in profile, by MASACCIO. It was full of expression.* "What, (said its owner,) must you have an engraving of *that* head also? It is bespoke; by myself. In short, every thing which you behold in these rooms (including even your favourite Pisani) will be *lithographised* for the publication of my own collection." Of course, after this declaration, I was careful of what I did or said. "But there was yet *one* thing in this collection—of which, as I saw such a variety, he could not refuse me a copy." "What might that be?" "A portrait of HIMSELF: from marble, from oil, or from enamel." "Take your choice: he replied: "faites ce que vous voulez,"—and it was agreed that M. Laguiche should make a drawing of the bust, in white marble, (I think the sculptor's name is Bosio) which is indeed very like him.† There is also a large and beautiful enamel of Denon, full dressed with all his orders, by Augustin;

preceding edition. The sequel is a little mortifying. The above picture, an undoubted *original*—and by a master (the supposed pupil of John Van Eyk) who introduced the art of oil-painting into Italy—was sold for only 162 francs: whereas the *copy* of it, in oil, by Laurent, executed expressly for the accompanying plate (and executed with great skill and fidelity) cost 400 francs!]

* [What a taste have the Virtuosi at Paris! This interesting picture was allowed to be sold for 162 francs only. Who is its fortunate Possessor?]

† [The OPPOSITE PLATE, which exhibits the head in question, is a sufficient confirmation of the above remark.]

perhaps the most perfect specimen of that artist which France possesses. It is the work of several years past, when Denon had more flesh upon his cheek, and more fire in his eye. We may therefore say that this room contains "*Denon the Fourth, and Denon the Fifth!*"

In the same room you observe a very complete specimen of a papyrus inscription; brought from Egypt. Indeed the curiosities brought from that country (as might naturally be supposed) are numerous and valuable. But my attention was directed to more *understandable* objects of art. Opposite to the bust of Denon, is one of his late master, the ex-Emperor, in bronze: and above this latter, is a small picture, by *Lucas Cranach*, of a man with a bag of money tempting a young woman: full of character, and singularly striking. This room—or the one adjoining, I have forgotten which—contains M. Denon's collection of the prints of MARC ANTONIO or of REMBRANDT—or of both; a collection, which is said to be *unequalled.**

* [First, of the MARC ANTONIOS. Since the sale of the *Silvestre* Collection, in 1810, nothing had been seen at Paris like that of M. Denon. It was begun to be formed in the eighteenth century: from which it is clear, that, not only was every proof at least an hundred years old, but, at that period, ZANETTI, the previous possessor of this Collection, sought far and wide, and with unremitting diligence, for the acquisition of the choicest impressions of the engraver. In fact, this Collection, (contained in an imperial folio volume, bound in morocco—and of which I necessarily took but a hasty glance) consisted of 117 *original*

Whether the former be more precious than the latter, or whether both be superior to what our British

impressions, and of 26 of such as were executed in the *school* of M. Antonio. Of the original impressions, the whole, with the exception of four only, belonged to Zanetti. "If, says the compiler of the Catalogue, (1826, 8vo. p. ij.) some of the impressions have a dingy tint, from the casualties of time, none have been washed, cleaned, or passed through chemical experiments to give them a treacherous look of cleanliness." This is sound orthodoxy. The whole was put up in one lot, and . . . BOUGHT IN.

Secondly, for the REMBRANDTS. The like had never been before submitted to public auction. The Collections of *Silvestre* and *Morel de Vindé* out and out eclipsed! *Zanetti* again—the incomparable—the felicitous—the unrivalled Zanetti had been the possessor of THIS Collection also. But yet more . . John Peter Zoomer, a contemporary (and peradventure a boon companion) of Rembrandt, was the original former of the Collection. It is therefore announced as being COMPLETE in all respects—" exhibiting all the changes, retouches, beautiful proofs, on India and other paper: ample margins, unstained, uninjured; and the impressions themselves, in every stage, bright, rich, and perfect. The result of all the trouble and expence of 50 years toil of collection is concentrated in this Collection." So says John Peter Zoomer, the original collector and contemporary of Rembrandt. It consisted of 394 original pieces: 3, attributed to Rembrandt, without his name: 11, of John Lievens, Ferdinand Bol, and J. G. Villet: 11 copies: and 9 engraved in the manner of Rembrandt. The whole contained in 3 large folio volumes, bound in red morocco.

No reasonable man will expect even a précis of the treasures of this marvellous Collection. A glance of the text will justify every thing to follow: but the " Advertisement" to the Catalogue prepares the purchaser for the portrait of *Rembrandt with the bordered cloak*—Ditto, *with the Sabre—Ephraim Bonus* with the *black ring*—the *Coppinol*, as above described—the *Advocate*

Museum contains of the same masters, is a point which has not yet been fairly determined. But I

Tolling—the *Annunciation of Christ's Nativity to the Shepherds*—the *Resurrection of Lazarus*—*Christ healing the Sick*; called the *Hundred Guilders**—the *Astrologer asleep*—and several *Landscapes* not elsewhere to be found—of which one, called the *Fishermen* (No. 456) had escaped Bartsch, &c. &c. The descriptions of the several articles of which this Collection was composed, occupy 47 pages of the Catalogue. The three volumes were put up to sale—as a SINGLE LOT—at the price of 50,000 francs:—and there was *no purchaser*. Of its present destiny, I am ignorant: but there are those in this country, who, to my knowledge, would have given 35,000 francs.

I ought to add, that M. Denon's collection of CALLOT'S WORKS, in three large folio volumes,—bound in calf—also once the property of Zanetti—and than which a finer set is supposed never to have been exhibited for sale—produced 1000 francs: certainly a moderate sum, if what Zanetti here says of it (in a letter to his friend Gaburri, of the date of 1726) be true. "If ever you do this country (Venice) the honour of a visit, you will see in my little cabinet a collection of CALLOTS, such as you will not see elsewhere—not in the royal collection at Paris, nor in the Prince Eugene's, at Vienna—where the finest and rarest impressions are supposed to be collected. I possess *every* impression of the plates which Callot executed; many of them containing first proofs, retouched and corrected by the engraver him-

* [It formed No. 345 of the Catalogue; where it is described as being "a magnificent proof upon India paper, with a margin of 15 lines all round it. It was with the bur, and before the cross-hatchings upon the mane of the Ass." The finest copy of this subject, sold in this country, was that formerly in the collection of M. Bernard; and recently purchased by T. Wilson, Esq. Will the reader object to disporting himself with some REMBRANDTIANA, in the *Bibliomania* p. 680-2.?]

asked, one morning, for a glimpse of the Rembrandts. We were alone; just after we had breakfasted together. M. Denon commenced by shewing me two different states of the *Coach Landscape*, and the two *great Coppinols* with *white grounds*—each varying somewhat!!! "Enough," cried I—holding up both hands,—"you beat all in England and all in France!"

From hence you pass into a fourth room, which is M. Denon's bed-chamber. About the fire-place are numerous little choice bits of the graphic art. Two small *Watteaus*, in particular, are perfectly delicious;* as well as a very small *Sebastian Bourdon*; of a holy family. In a corner, too much darkened, is a fine small portrait of *Parmegiano* in profile: full of expression—and, to the best of my recollection, never engraved. These are, I think, the chief bijoux in the bed-room; except that I might notice some ancient little bronzes, and an enamel or two by Petitot. You now retrace your steps, and go into a fifth room,

self in red chalk. I bought this Collection at Paris, and it cost me 1950 francs. They say it was formed by the engraver himself for his friend M. Gérard an Amateur of Prints." "It should seem that Zanetti's description was a little overcharged; but in *his* time there was no complete catalogue of the artists." Cat. p. 153.

* [One of those pictures (No. 188 in the Catalogue) produced 3015 francs: the other, only 180 francs. The Sebastian Bourdon (No. 139,) was sold for 67 francs, and the Parmegiano, (No. 34) for 288 francs.]

which has many fair good pictures, of a comparatively modern date; and where, if I mistake not, you observe at least *one* portrait in oil of the master of the premises. This therefore gives us "*Denon the Seventh*!" It is here that the master chiefly sits: and he calls it his workshop. His drawers and port-folios are, I think, filled with prints and old-drawings: innumerable, and in the estimation of the owner, invaluable. You yet continue your route into a further room,—somewhat bereft of furniture, or en dishabille. Here, among other prints, I was struck with seeing that of *the late Mr. Pitt*; from Edridge's small whole length. The story attached to it is rather singular. It was found on board the first naval prize (a frigate) which the French made during the late war; and the Captain begged Monsieur Denon's acceptance of it. Here were also, if I remember rightly, prints of Mr. Fox and Lord Nelson; but, as objects of *art*, I could not help looking with admiration—approaching to incredulity—upon three or four large prints, after Rembrandt and Paul Potter, which M. Denon assured me were the production of *his* burin! I could scarcely believe it. Whatever be the merits of Denon, as a critical judge of art, ancient or modern, there is no person, not wholly blinded by prejudice, or soured by national antipathies, that can deny him great zeal, great talent, and great feeling . . . in the several pursuits of art, of which his apartments furnish such splendid evidence.

But, you may be disposed to add, "has this celebrated man no collection of Books?—no LIBRARY? At least he must have a *missal* or two?" 'Tis even so, my friend. Library, he has none: for as "one swallow does not make a summer," so three or four pretty little illuminated volumes do not constitute a library. However, what he has of this kind, has been freely exhibited to me; and I here send you a transcript of some notes taken upon the spot.

I was first shewn a small missal, prettily executed in a gothic type, of the Italian form, after the models of those of Jenson and Hailbrun. The calendar has the paintings injured. On the reverse of the last leaf of the Calendar, we read, in roman capitals, the following impressive annotation: DEUM TIME, PAUPERES SUSTINE, MEMENTO FINIS. On the reverse of the ensuing leaf, is a large head of Christ, highly coloured: but with the lower part of the face disproportionately short: not unlike a figure of a similar kind, in the Duke of Devonshire's Missal, described on a former occasion.* The crucifixon, on the next leaf but one, is full of spirit and effect. Then commence the *Drolleries*: or a series of subjects most whimsically conceived, but most sweetly touched and finished. You cannot imagine any thing more perfect of their kind and for their size, than are the beasts, birds, insects,

* See the *Bibliographical Decameron;* vol. i. p. clvii. &c. [M. Denon's Missal was purchased by an English amateur, and sold at the sale of the Rev. Theodore Williams's Library for £143..17*s.*]

fruits, and flowers. The vellum harmonises admirably, from its colour and quality. There are several comparatively large illuminations: some with very small figures; and two (one of St. John the Baptist, and the other of Christ mocked) are of great beauty in respect to force of colour. The initial capitals are executed with equal attention to taste in composition, and delicacy in colouring. This diminutive volume is only four inches high, by about two inches and three quarters wide. It is bound in red velvet, and mounted with silver knobs, with heads of cherubim upon them. It is fastened by a silver clasp; upon which is painted, and glazed, a head of Christ—of the time, as I conceive. M. Denon told me he bought this little gem of a bookseller in Italy, for 400 francs.

He has another Missal, about half an inch wider and taller, in the binding of the time, with stamped ornaments. This exhibits flowers, fruits, and birds, in the margins; touched with great delicacy and truth. Some of the borders have a gold ground, shaded with brown, upon which the fruit is richly brought out in relief: others have human figures; and the border, encircling the temptation of our first Parents, has nothing superior to it—and is really worth an engraved fac-simile: but not in *lithography!* It is on the forty-fifth leaf. One of the heads, in the border, is like that of our Edward VI. The third illuminated ms. volume, in M. Denon's possession, is probably the most valuable. It is a quarto, written

in the Spanish language, and bearing the date of 1553. The scription is in red and black letters, alternately. This book contains several large illuminations, and coloured borders; and I was told, by its owner, that it was the *very book* upon which the OATHS OF INITIATION INTO THE SPANISH INQUISITION were administered. Its condition is most perfect. The first large illumination represents a Saint, with his scull divided by a sword, and blood streaming copiously from him: a palm, with three crowns, is in his right hand; a book is in his left: at top we read "*Exsurge Domine, et judica Causam tuam.*" The Saint is surrounded by a border of fruits and flowers. It is the principal embellishment in the volume. This book is in its original, black leather, stamped binding, with knobs and clasps. A marginal note thus remarks: "*ynoscan obligados asseruier cargomē off°. de ella salbo si de su voluntad loquisier en servi.*"

In my last visit to Denon,* I met with ANDRIEU; a name which reflects lustre upon the Fine Arts. As a medallist, he has no equal, nor perhaps ever had any, among the French. Our own SIMON enables us to oppose to him a rival of great and unquestionable talents; but we have slept soundly, both in the *me-*

* [Ere we take leave of this distinguished Frenchman, let us dwell for two seconds on his autograph.]

dallic and *numismatic* art, since the time of Cromwell: except that we were shook a little out of our slumbers during the reigns of Anne and George I. Andrieu has more of the pure Greek feeling about him, than Simon ever evinced: and prefers executing his *hair* more in masses than in detail. He is therefore on this head, a copyist; but he transfuses into the countenance that soul and intelligence which we delight to contemplate, and which we are prompt to own, in the countenances upon Greek coins. The series of *Bonaparte-Medals* are, almost entirely, I believe, the work of his hand. But *every* head is *safe* with Andrieu. He had just brought a medal of the present King (Louis XVIII.) to shew Denon. It was about the size of our half crown, in bronze. The countenance was in profile:—an admirable, and a very strong resemblance. The reverse was the equestrian statue of Henri IV., upon the Pont-Neuf.* Upon the whole, quite as good, as an effort of *art*, as what has been done for Bonaparte. The artist had well nigh succeeded in drawing me into a sort of half temptation to bespeak an impression of the medal *in gold*. "It was but a trifling sum—some twenty louis, or thereabouts. It would look so sharp and splendid in

* There has been recently struck (I think, in 1819) a medal with the same obverse and reverse, of about the size between an English farthing and halfpenny. The statue of Henry is perhaps the MIRACLE OF ART: but it requires a microscopic glass to appreciate its wonders. Correctly speaking, probably, such efforts are not in the purest good taste. Simplicity is the soul of numismatic beauty.

gold! ..and.." "I thank you much Sir, (replied I) but twenty louis will carry me almost to *Strasbourg*, whither I am to proceed in about a week or ten days." One thing I must add, much to his good sense and pure patriotic feeling:—he had been indirectly solicited to strike some medals, commemorative of the illustrious achievements of our WELLINGTON: but this he pointedly declined. "It was not, Sir, for *me* to perpetuate the name of a man who had humbled the power, and the military glory, of my *own country*." Such was his remark to me. What is commendable in MUDIE,* would have been ill-timed, if not disgraceful, in Andrieu.

Come with me, now, to a very different exhibition: to a unique collection, of its kind: to a collection, not frequently visited: as little known; but undoubtedly well deserving both of being often visited and described. It is of the *Collection of Paintings* belonging to MR. QUINTIN CRAUFURD, living in the *Rue d'Anjou*, no. 21, that I am about to speak:—the fruits of a long residence (upwards of thirty years) in France, during the alternate commotions of republicanism and despotism. A letter of introduction procured me every facility of access to make repeated examinations of these treasures; and during my sojournings I fancied myself holding converse alternately with some of the grandees of the time of Francis I. and Louis XIV.

* The Artist who struck the series of medals to commemorate the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, from his landing in Portugal to the battle of Waterloo.

[illegible] figure in *history*— [illegible] by any estimation

[illegible] stands—firmly upon [illegible] the face—the gall[illegible] *Master of* [illegible] *and Hero, II.* A fine [illegible] the left, is a [illegible] a tender and ex[illegible] specimen of art. Of other works [illegible] exceedingly executed, you should not [illegible] *Duchesse de Soissons*, daughter [illegible] Olympe de Siedlicis; very curious [illegible] description. There is a duplicate [illegible] picture. A much more curious [illegible] though, supposed to be of *Agnes* [illegible] of Charles VII. One minute's reflec[illegible] the degradation of the portrait. It [illegible] portrait painting, in old [illegible] picture. The costume betrays [illegible] palpably not of the time [illegible] is also a whole length of *Isabella*, [illegible] *Philip II.* and Governess of the Low [illegible] There are several small fancy pie[illegible] English Heads chiefly, and indeed greatly strike[illegible] woman and two children by *Sedlis*. 'Tis a [illegible] kind.

[illegible] the OPPOSITE PLATE, which represents the upper part [illegible]

Engraved by J. Pearson. for The New D.^t Dictionary Vol. New Edition. Vol II 246.

COUNTESS OF BRIENNE,

From an original Painting in the Collection of the late Quintin Crauford Esq.

London, Published June 1829, by J. Jennings, Poultry.

Such a collection of *French portraits*—almost entirely of characters who have cut a figure in *history*—is no where else to be seen in Paris. In my estimation, it is beyond all price.

Facing you, as you enter, stands—firmly upon his legs, and looking you manfully in the face—the gallant and faithful *Comte De Brienne, Grand Master of the Ceremonies to Francis I. and Henry II.* A fine picture; and quite perfect.* To the left, is a charming whole length portrait by *Velasquez:* a tender and exquisitely careful specimen of art. Of other whole lengths, but subordinately executed, you should notice one of *Christine, Duchesse de Savoie,* daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis; very curious, and in perfect preservation. There is a duplicate of this picture in the Louvre. A much more curious picture is a whole length, supposed to be of *Agnes Sorel,* mistress of Charles VII. One minute's reflection will correct this designation of the portrait. In the time of Agnes Sorel, portrait painting, in oil, was unknown—at least in France. The costume betrays the misnomer: for it is palpably not of the time of Agnes Sorel. Here is also a whole length of *Isabella, daughter of Philip II.* and Governess of the Low Countries. There are several small fancy pictures; among which I was chiefly, and indeed greatly struck, with a woman and two children by *Stella.* 'Tis a gem of its kind.

* [See the OPPOSITE PLATE, which represents the upper part of the Picture.]

[illegible] cut a figure in *history*—[illegible] is. In an estimat[illegible]

[illegible] stands—firmly [illegible]
[illegible] by the fact—the *pen*[illegible]
le Prince, Grand Master of [illegible]
[illegible] *and Henry II.* A fine [illegible]
[illegible] the ict[illegible] chisse[illegible]
[illegible] *Duquesne* a tooler [illegible]
[illegible] *pendant* of art. Of oth[illegible]
[illegible] delivered, you shou[illegible]
[illegible] *Archives de Savoie*, [illegible]
[illegible] me de Medicis, [illegible]
[illegible] There is a du[illegible]
[illegible] are. A much [illegible]
[illegible] supposed to be [illegible]
[illegible] Henry II. Of [illegible]
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[illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible]
[illegible] palpably not [illegible]
[illegible] a whole longitude of [illegible]
[illegible] *Henry II* and Governess of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] small [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] two children by [illegible]
[illegible] kind.

[illegible] cross[illegible] which [illegible]
[illegible]]

Engraved by J. Thomson. Sir Thos. Bond's Dubbing Tour. New Edition. Vol. II. 298.

COMTE DE BRIENNE,

From an original Painting in the Collection of the late Quintin Crawfurd Esq.

London, Published June 1829, by R. Jennings, Poultry.

Leaving this room, you turn to the left—into a small room, but obscurely lighted. Here is a Virgin and Child, by *Sasso Ferrato*, that cannot be surpassed. There is a freedom of design, a crispness of touch, and a mellowness of colouring, in this picture, that render it a performance very much above the usual representations of this subject. In the same room is a spirited, but somewhat singular, picture of the *birth of Venus*. It exhibits the conception and touch of a master. The colouring is very sober. The name of the artist is not upon the frame, and as I was generally alone when I made my memoranda, I had no one to instruct me. You leave this room, and pass on—catching a glimpse of a lawn richly bedecked with flowers and shrubs—into a long and lofty room, which unites the two enviable distinctions of LIBRARY and GALLERY. Here you are bewildered for an instant: that is to say, you are divided in your attention between the admiration of the proportion and structure of the room, and the alternate captivation of books, busts, and pictures. But as you have had enough of *paper* and *print* in former despatches, I shall confine myself here exclusively to the *pencil* and the *chisel*.

Let us first walk leisurely about the ground floor, ere we mount the gallery. To begin with the busts. That of the late *Abbé Barthelemi*, in white marble, immediately strikes you.* It is full of nature and of

* [I sent a commission for it, for a friend, at the sale of Mr. Craufurd's effects, but lost it.]

character; and the hair has just enough of the antique gusto about it to render the toute ensemble equally classical and individualised—if you will allow this latter expression. Here is a terra-cotta head of *Corneille*, of very indifferent workmanship; and much inferior to a similar representation of him at Rouen. The terra-cotta head of *Rousseau* is considerably better. But the marble bust of *Voltaire*, by Houdon, throws every thing about it into tameness. It is as fine as is the terra-cotta bust of the same person which Denon possesses. Here, however, the poet is in a peruque, or dress-wig. His eyes sparkle with animation. Every feature and every muscle seems to be in action: and yet it is perfectly free from caricature or affectation. A surprising performance. This head and that of Barthelemi are quite perfect of their kind. And yet I am not sure whether I should not have preferred the fine bronze bust of *Henri II.*, somewhat larger than life, to either of the preceding. But I must not forget the colossal head of *Bonaparte*, when a young man, by Canova. It is of white marble: considered to be the original. Denon has a similar head, by the same artist. I am not sure if I do not prefer Mr. Craufurd's. Of paintings, on this floor, the head of *Francis I.* by Titian—(which may be called rather a finished sketch, and which is retouched in parts) is a very desirable performance; but it is inferior to the same head, by the same artist, in the Louvre. Here is a charming portrait of a Lady in the time of Louis XV., who

chose to lead the life of a *Réligieuse:* sweetly and naturally touched. A fine portrait of *Grotius* is also here; well deserving a conspicuous place in any cabinet of learning.*

We will now walk up stairs to the gallery. Of course, in the confined space between the balustrade and the wainscot (not much more than three feet), it is barely possible to appreciate the full effect of the paintings; but I here send you a list of the greater part of them, with brief remarks, upon the general accuracy of which you may rely.

Madame Scarron, with the *Duc du Maine;* apparently by Mignard: in a very fresh and perfect state.

A fine head of *Racine,* and similar one of *De La Motte.*

Mademoiselle de Guiche, Princesse de Monaco; in all probability by Mignard. Good.

Mademoiselle Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont; by Mignard. If the Comte de Grammont chose to fall in love only with beautiful women, he could scarcely, upon his own principles, (which indeed were any thing but moral) have found any one so lovely as was his WIFE. Yet I have seen handsomer portraits of her than this.

Anne de Gonzague. She was Princess Palatine, and daughter of Charles Duke of Nevers. This is a half length portrait. A garland is in her right hand. A gay and pleasing picture.

* [Purchased by myself: and now at Hodnet.]

Le Chancelier d'Aguesseau. By Rigaud. A fine mellow portrait.

Louis XI. A whole length; supposed to be by Leonardo da Vinci. Not very credible. It is a fine, bold, horribly-looking portrait: not in the very best state of preservation.

Blaise Pascal. Very fine. The artist's name is not inscribed; but there is a Murillo-like effect about this portrait, which is very striking. Pascal holds a letter in his hand.

Next to Pascal is a prodigiously fine oval portrait (is it of *Fontaine?*) by Rigaud. No name is subjoined.

Comtesse de la Fayette. A fine countenance: hands apparently recoloured. In yellow drapery.

Julie-Lucie d'Augennes, Duchesse de Montausier. She died in 1671. The portrait is by Mignard. It represents this celebrated female, when young, *encadred* by flowers. The carnation tints of the flesh, and the blue lustre of the eye, have nothing finer in the whole circle of Mignard's performances. This is a picture from which the eye is withdrawn with no common reluctance. It is clear, bright, fresh, and speaking.*

The *Wife of P. de Champagne.* She holds a small oval portrait of the mother of her husband, the famous painter, in her lap. The picture is by P. de

* [This picture was purchased for the gallery at ALTHORP. There is an exquisite drawing of it by Wright, for the purpose of a stipling engraving.]

Champagne himself. The head of the mother is very clever: but the flesh has perhaps too predominant a tint of pinkish-purple throughout.

Madame de la Sabliere. Oval: very clever.

Madame Deshoulieres. Similar, in both repects.

Madame Cornuel. Oval: a stiff performance.

Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans. She is represented as Hebe. A pretty picture; but a little too much "frenchified."

Madame de Staal. Oval. Beautiful and perfect.

Madame la Marquise de Rambouillet. A° 1646. A most beautiful picture. The head and shoulders are worthy of Vandyke. The curtain, in the background, is flowered; and perhaps too hard.

Madame la Duchesse de la Valliere, mère du dernier duc de ce nom. She was the mother of the Duke de la Valliere who had the celebrated library; and died in 1782, within three months of reaching her hundredth year! She was an old woman, but yet very handsome, when this portrait was painted. Her colour is yet tender, and her features are small and regular. The eyes have unusual intelligence, for so protracted a period of life. It is a half length, and I should think by Rigaud. She is sitting in a chair, holding a tea spoon in her right hand, and a tea cup in her left. This may have some allusion, of which I am ignorant. The whole picture is full of nature, and in a fine tone of colour.

The *Duke of Monmouth.* He is sitting: holding a

truncheon in his right hand. A helmet and plume are before him. He wears a white sash. This is a dark, but may be called a finely painted, picture. Yet the Duke is not represented as a handsome man.

Turenne. By P. de Champagne. Fine.

Bossuet. By Rigaud. This is not only considered as the chef-d'oeuvre of Rigaud, but it has been pronounced to be the finest portrait ever executed within the last century of the French School.* It is a whole length; and is well known to you from the wonderful print of it by Drevet. The representation is worthy of the original; for Bossuet was one of the last of the really great men of France. He had a fine capacity and fine scholarship: and was as adroit in polemics as Richelieu was in politics. He resembled somewhat our Horsley in his pulpit eloquence,—and was almost as pugnacious and overbearing in controversy. He excelled in quickness of perception, strength of argument, and vehemence of invective; yet his sermons are gradually becoming neglected—while those of Fenelon, Massillon, and Saurin are constantly resorted to . . for the fine taste, pure feeling, and Christianlike consolation which breathe throughout them. One thing, in this fine whole length portrait of Bossuet, cannot fail to be noticed by the curious. The head seems to have been separately painted, on a small square piece of canvass, and *let into* the picture.

* [It was purchased by the late King of France for 10,000 francs.]

There is certainly a *rifacimento* of some kind or other; which should denote the head to have been twice painted.

C. Paulin. By Champagne. Paulin was first confessor to Louis XIV.; and had therefore, I should apprehend, enough upon his hands. This is a fine portrait.

William III. Harsh and stiff. It is a performance (as most of those of William seem to be) for the model of a head of a ship.

Colbert, Evêque de Montpellier. A fine head.

Fléchier, Evêque de Nismes. A very fine portrait. The name of the painter does not appear.

A fine half length portrait of a *Marshal of France,* with a truncheon in his hand. Both the hands are beautifully drawn and coloured.

Maréchal duc d'Harcourt. By Rigaud.

Eliz. Angelique de Montmorenci, Duchesse de Chatillon. She died in 1695 in her 69th year. This is a fine picture, but injured and retouched. The left hand rests upon a lion's head.

F. Marie de Bourbon, fille de Madame de Montespan, et femme du Régent. A stiffish picture; but the countenance is pleasing.

Madame la Duchesse de Névers, fille de Madame de Thianges, et nièce de Madame de Montespan. A bow is in her right hand, and a dog in her left. The countenance is beautiful and well painted. The eyes and mouth in particular have great sweetness of expression.

Duc de Montausier; in a hat and red feather. By Rigaud.

Madame la Duchesse de Sforce: fille cadette de Madame de Thianges. A small whole length, sitting: with two greyhounds in her lap, and a third at her side.

Le Ministre Colbert. By Mignard. A fine picture.*

Marie Leczinska, femme de Louis XV. A cleverly painted head.

Le Cardinal Mazarin. By P. de Champagne. Whole length. A fine portrait—which I never contemplate without thinking of the poor unfortunate "man in an iron mask!"

Madame de Motteville. She died in her 74th year, in 1689. This is merely the head and shoulders; but in the Vandyke style of execution.

Charles Paris d'Orleans, dernier Duc de Longueville. He was killed in the famous passage of the Rhine, at Tolhuys, in 1672.

Charles I. By Vandyke. A beautiful half length portrait. Perhaps too highly varnished.

Le Marquis de Cinq-Mars. He was beheaded at the age of twenty-two, in September 1642. There is also a whole length of him, in a rich, white, flowered dress. A genuine and interesting picture.

Mary Queen of Scots. Whole length: in a white dress. A copy; or, if an old picture, repainted all over.

Don Carlos, the unfortunate son of Philip II. of

* [Purchased for the gallery at ALTHORP.]

Spain. A beautiful youth; but this picture, alleged to have been painted by Alfonso Sanchez Coello, must be a copy.

The foregoing are the principal decorations along the gallery of this handsome and interesting room. In an adjoining closet, where were once two or three portraits of Bonaparte, is a beautiful and highly finished small whole length of *Philip Duke of Orleans*, Regent of France. Also a whole length of *Marmontel*, sitting; executed in crayon. The curiously carved frame, in a brown-coloured wood, in which this latter drawing is contained, is justly an object of admiration with visitors. I have scarcely seen a more appropriate ornament, for a choice cabinet, than this estimable portrait of Marmontel. Here are portraits of *Neckar*, and *Clement Marot*, in crayons: the latter a copy. Here is, too, a cleverly painted portrait of *L. de Boulogne*.

We descend—to a fourth room, or rather to a richly furnished cabinet—below stairs. Every thing here is "en petit." Whether whole lengths, or half lengths, they are representations in miniature. What is this singular portrait, which strikes one to the left, on entering? Can it be so? Yes. . . DIANE DE POICTIERS again! She yet lives every where in France. 'Tis a strange performance; but I have no hesitation in calling it AN ORIGINAL . . although in parts it has been palpably retouched. But the features—and especially the eyes—(those "glasses of the soul," as old Boias-

tuan calls them*) seem to retain their former lustre and expression. This highly curious portrait is a half length, measuring only ten inches by about eight. It represents the original without any drapery, except a crimson mantle thrown over her back. She is leaning upon her left arm, which is supported by a bank. A sort of tiara is upon her head. Her hair is braided. Above her, within a frame, is the following inscription, in capital roman letters: "*Comme le Cerf brait après le décours des Eaues; ainsi brait mon Ame, après Toy, ô Dieu.*" Ps. XLII. Upon the whole, this is perhaps the most legitimate representation of the original which France possesses.†

* The above quotation is incomplete; for the passage alluded to runs thus. "Where is the painter so well sorting his colours, that could paint these faire eyes that are the *windows of the body, and glasses of the soul.*" The continuation is in a very picturesque style. See the *Theatre or Rule of the World*, p. 236-7, quoted in a recent (1808) edition of *More's Utopia*, vol. ii. p. 143. But *Primaudaye's French Academy*, Lond. 1605, 4to. runs very much in the same strain.

† [A little graphic history belongs to this picture. I obtained a most beautiful and accurate copy of it by M. Le Cœuré, on a reduced scale: from which Mr. J. Thomson made an Engraving, as a PRIVATE PLATE, and only 75 copies were struck off. The plate was then destroyed; the impressions selling for a guinea. They are now so rare as to be worth treble that sum: and proofs upon India paper, before the letter, may be worth £5. 5s. Three proofs only were struck off of the plate in its *mutilated* state; of which my friends Mr. Haslewood and Mr. G. H. Freeling rejoice in their possession of a copy. The drawing, by Cœuré, was sold for 20 guineas at the sale of my drawings, by Mr. Evans, in 1822,

In the same boudoir is a small and beautifully coloured head of *Francis I.* Here is a portrait of the famous *Duchess of Portsmouth*, on horseback, in red; and another of the *Duchess of Nevers*, in a blue riding jacket. But much more estimable, and highly to be prized—as works of art—are the TWO MURILLOS: one, apparently of St. Francis, which was always religiously preserved in the bed-chamber of Madame de Maintenon, having been given to her by Louis XIV. The other, although fine, has less general interest. I could hardly sufficiently admire the whole length of *Jacques Callot*, painted by himself. It is delicious, of its kind. There is a very curious and probably coeval picture representing whole length portraits of the *Cardinals of Guise and Lorraine*, and the *Dukes of Guise and Mayenne.** The figures are very small, but appear to be faithful representations. An old portrait of *Louis Roi de Sicile, Père de Réné*,—a

but it has been subsequently sold for only *nine* guineas; and of which my worthy friend A. Nicholson, Esq.—"a good man, and a true"—is in the possession.

Subsequently, the ABOVE ORIGINAL picture was sold; and I was too happy to procure it for the gallery at Althorp for *twelve* guineas only!]

* [A magnificent whole length portrait of this first DUKE DE GUISE, painted by PORBUS—with a warmth and vigour of touch, throughout, which are not unworthy of Titian—now adorns the very fine gallery at Althorp: where is also a whole length portrait of ANNE of AUSTRIA, by Mignard. Both pictures are from the same Collection; and are each probably the masterpiece of the artist. They are of the size of life.]

small head, supposed to be of the fifteenth century—is sufficiently singular, but I take this to be a copy. Yet the likeness may be correct. A whole length of *Washington*, with a black servant holding his horse, did not escape my attention. Nor, as an antiquary, could I refuse bestowing several minutes attention upon the curious old portrait (supposed to be by *Jean de Bruges*) of *Charlotte, Wife of Louis XI.* It is much in the style of the old illuminations. In one of the lower rooms, I forget which, is a portrait of Bonaparte; the upper part of the same representation of him which appeared in London from the pencil of David. He is placed by the side of a portrait (of the same dimensions) of his conqueror, Wellington: but I am not much disposed to admire the style of execution of our hero. It is a stiff, formal, and severely executed picture. Assuredly the present school of French portrait painters is most egregiously defective in expression; while ours, since the days of Reynolds, has maintained a most decided superiority. I believe I have now noticed every thing that is more particularly deserving of attention in the COLLECTION of MR. QUINTIN CRAUFURD . . But I cannot retrace my steps without again expressing my admiration of the *local* of this little domain. The garden, offices, and neighbourhood render it one of the most desirable residences in Paris.*

As I happen to be just now in the humour for gos-

* [Mr. Craufurd died at Paris in 1821.]

siping about the fine arts, suppose I take you with me to the collection of paintings of the MARQUIS DE SOMMARIVA, in the *Rue du Bas Rempart?* It is among the most distinguished, and the most celebrated, in Paris; but I should say it is rather eminent for sculpture than for painting. It is here that CANOVA reigns without a rival. The early acquaintance and long tried friend of the Marquis, that unrivalled sculptor has deposited here what he considers to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of his art, as a single figure. Of course, I speak of his *Magdalen.* But let me be methodical. The open day for the inspection of his treasures is *Friday.*

When I entered, not a creature was in the rooms. The general effect was splendid and imposing. I took out my memorandum-book, and went directly to work; noticing only those subjects which appeared, on one account or other, to be more particularly deserving of attention. There is a pretty picture of CUPID AND PSYCHE, by *Carlo Cignani;* the simple and quiet effect of which is much heightened by being contrasted with the very worst representation of the *same subject,* which I ever saw, by *David:* painted last year at Brussels. How the Marquis can afford so many square yards of his walls for the reception of such a performance, is almost marvellous. It is, throughout, in the worst possible taste. The countenance of Cupid, who is sitting on the bed or couch with the vacant grin of an ideot, is that of a negro. It is dark, and

of an utterly inane expression. The colouring is also too ruddy throughout. Near to this really heartless picture, is one of a woman flying; well drawn, and rather tenderly coloured. Opposite, is a picture of Venus supported in the air by a group of Cupids. The artist is *Prudhon*. In the general glare of colour, which distinguishes the French school, it is absolutely refreshing to have the eye soothed by something like an attempt, as in this picture, at a mellow chiaro-oscuro. It has undoubted merit. It is, upon the whole, finely coloured; but the countenance of Venus is so pale as to have an almost deathly effect. It is intended to represent her as snatched away from the sight of her dead Adonis.

In common courtesy I must make but brief mention of a very clumsy, and ill-drawn child, by De Broise-fremont: and hasten, in the next room, to the magnificent picture of *Diana and Endymion*, painted by Guerin in 1810, and lately engraved. This picture is a very fair illustration of the merits and demerits of the FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. The drawing of Endymion is, upon the whole, good; but a palpable copy of the antique. This necessarily gives it somewhat an air of affectation. The shepherd lies upon a bed of clouds, (terminated by an horizon which is warmed by the rays of a setting sun) very gracefully and perhaps naturally. He seems to sleep soundly. His whole figure and countenance glow with the warmth of beauty and youth. I will not disturb his slumbers by

finding the least fault—even with the disposition of the extremities. But his nightly visitor—the enamoured goddess—is, of all female figures which I have ever seen upon canvass, one of the most affected, meagre, and uninteresting. Diana has been exchanged for an opera dancer. The waist is pinched in, the attitude is full of conceit, and there is a dark shadow about the neck, as if she had been trying some previous experiment with a *rope!* Endymion could never open his eyes to gaze upon a figure so utterly unworthy of the representation of an enamoured deity.* The Cupids must also be condemned; for they are poor in form, and indifferent in execution. The back ground has considerable merit: but I fear the picture is too highly glazed. In this room also is the famous picture of *Belisarius*, engraved with so much éclat by Desnoyers. I own that I like the engraving better than the painting; for I see no occasion for such a disproportionate quantity of warm colouring as this picture exhibits.

Pope (in his Epistle to Jarvis, I think) says of artists, that, "to paint the naked is their dear delight." No artists ever delighted so much in this branch of painting as the French. Does not this taste argue a want—not only of respect, but—of *feeling?* It was

* ["Amateurs, connaisseurs, examinateurs, auteurs de revues du Salon, parodistes même, vous n'entendez rien à ce genre de critique; prenez M. Dibdin pour modèle: voila' la *bonne école*!" CRAPELET, vol. iv. p. 200. My translator shall here have the full benefit of his own bombastical nonsense.]

therefore pleasing to me, my dear friend, to turn my attention from the studied display of naked goddesses, in the collection of the worthy Marquis of Sommariva, towards objects a little more qualified to gratify the higher feelings connected with art:—and the first thing which soothed me, when I *had* so turned my attention, was, the *Terpsichore* of *Canova*. You know it from the print by Morghen. The countenance, to my eye, is the perfection of female beauty:—yet it is a countenance which seems to be the abstract—the result of study, and of combination—rather than of beauty, as seen "in mortal race which walks the earth." The drapery appears to be studiously neglected—giving it the appearance of the antique, which had been battered and bruised by the casualties of some two thousand years. By this, I mean that the folds are not only numerous, but the intermediate parts are not marked by that degree of precision and finish, which, in my opinion, they ought to have received. Yet the whole has an enchantingly simple air: at once classical, pure, and impressive. The Marquis has indeed great reason to be proud of it.

But if I pat the right cheek of Canova with one hand, I must cuff his left cheek with the other. Here is a Cupid by him, executed in 1787. It is evidently the production of a mind not ripened to its fullest powers. In other words, I should call it "a poor, flat thing."

We approach the far-famed MAGDALEN. Imme-

diately opposite the boudoir, where the last mentioned treasures are deposited, you observe a door, or aperture, half covered with silken drapery of a greyish brown tint. There was something mysterious in the appearance, and equally so in the approach. I had no intimation of what it led to; for, as I told you, not a creature besides myself was in the rooms. With a gently raised hand I drew the drapery aside, entered . . and looked before me. There stood the MAGDALEN. There she was, (more correctly speaking) kneeling; in anguish and wretchedness of soul—her head hanging down—contemplating a scull and cross, which were supported by her knees. Her dishevelled hair flowed profusely over her back and shoulders. Her cheeks were sunk. Her eyes were hollow. Her attitude was lowly and submissive. You could not look at her without feeling pity and compassion.

Such, in few words, is the Magdalen of Canova. For the first five minutes I was lost in surprise and admiration. The windows are hid by white curtains; and the interior is hung all over with the same grey silk drapery, before noticed. A glass, placed behind the figure, affords you a view of the back while you are contemplating the front. This is very ingenious; but it is probably too artificial. The effect of the room, however—from the silken drapery with which it is entirely covered—is, although studied, upon the whole excellent. Of course the minutes flew away

quickly in such a place, and before such an object; and I think I viewed the figure, in every possible direction, for full three quarters of an hour. The result of that view—after the first feelings of admiration had subsided—I proceeded forthwith to impart: and shall be most happy to be set right if I have erred in the conclusion which I draw. In truth, there can be only one or two little supposed impeachments of the artist's judgment, in the contemplation of this extraordinary figure. The Magdalen has probably too much of the abject expression of *mendicity* in her attitude; and, for a creature thus poor and prostrate, one is surprised to find her gazing upon a *golden* cross. It is a piece of finery ill placed in the midst of such wretchedness. But Canova is fond of gilt; yet what is appropriate in *Hebe* may be discordant in the *Magdalen*. This penitent creature, here so touchingly expressed, is deeply wrapped in meditation upon her crucified Master. She has forsaken the world . . to follow the cross!—but surely this idea would have been more powerfully expressed, if the cross had *not* been *visible?* Was this object necessary to tell the tale?—or, rather, did not the sculptor deem it necessary to *balance* (as is called) the figure? Nor am I over well satisfied with the scull. It is common-place. At any rate, if scull and cross must be there, I wish the cross had been simply of stone—as is the scull.

My next objection relates to a somewhat more im-

portant point. I think the *face* and *figure* do not seem to belong to the *same* human being: the former is shrunken, ghastly, and indicative of extreme constitutional debility: the latter is plump, well formed, and bespeaks a subject in the enjoyment of full health. Can such an union, therefore, be quite correct? In the different views of this figure, especially in profile, or behind, you cannot fail to be struck with the general beauty of the form; but this beauty arises from its fulness and just proportion. In gazing upon it, in front, you are pained by the view of a countenance, shrunk almost to emaciation! Can this be in nature? And do not mental affliction and bodily debility generally go together? The old painters, even as far back as the time of illuminators of books, used to represent the Magdalen as plump, even to fatness,—and stout in all respects; but her *countenance* usually partook of this vigour of stamina. It was full, rosy, and healthful. The older artists sometimes placed the Magdalen in a very awkward, and perhaps impossible, situation; and she was even made to be buried up to the bosom in earth—still exercising her devotions. Canova has doubtless displayed great pathos in the wretched aspect, and humiliated attitude, of his Magdalen; but he has, at the same time, not been inattentive to beauty of form. I only wish she appeared to be in as good condition as the *torso* indicates. A fastidious observer might say the figure was not *quite balanced,* and that she must fall backward

—if she retained such an attitude for a quarter of an hour. But this is hyper-criticism. The date of the execution of this figure is 1796: and parts of it clearly indicate that, if the sculptor were now to re-execute it, he would have paid even yet more attention to the finishing of the hair. Upon the whole, however, it is a masterly effort of modern art.

It is almost fixed that we leave Paris within a week or ten days from hence:—and then, for green fields, yellow corn, running streams, ripened fruit, and all the rural evidences of a matured summer.

LETTER XI.

NOTICE OF M. WILLEMIN'S MONUMENS FRANÇAIS INÉDITS. MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES. PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS. GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

July 8, 1818.

I REJOICE that it is in my power once more—and certainly for the last time, from hence—to address you upon a few subjects, which, from your earlier replies to my Paris letters, you seem to think that I have lost sight of. These subjects, relate chiefly to ANTIQUITIES. Be assured that I have never, for one moment, been indifferent to them; but in the vast bibliographical field which the public libraries of this place held out for my perambulation, it was impossible, in the first instance, not to take advantage of the curious, and probably useful information, to be derived from thence.

I must begin therefore by telling you that I had often heard of the unassuming and assiduous author of the *Monumens Français Inédits*, and was resolved to pay him a visit. I found him in the *Rue Babile* towards the eastern end of the Rue St. Honoré, living on the third floor. Several young females were in the ante-room, colouring the plates of that work; which are chiefly in outline and in aqua-tint. Each

livraison contains six plates, at twelve francs the livraison. The form is folio, and about twenty-eight numbers are printed.* There is something in them of every thing: furniture, dresses, houses, castles, churches, stained glass, paintings, and sculpture. Illuminated MSS. are as freely laid under contribution as are the outsides and insides of buildings, of whatsoever description. Indeed I hardly ever visited the Public Library without finding M. Willemin busied, with his pencil and tracing paper, with some ancient illuminated MS. The style of art in the publication here noticed, is, upon the whole, feeble; but as the price of the work is moderate, no purchaser can reasonably complain. The variety and quantity of the embellishments will always render M. Willemin's work an acceptable inmate in every well-chosen library. I recommend it to you strongly; premising, that the author professedly discards all pretension to profound or very critical antiquarian learning.

For himself, M. Willemin is among the most enthusiastic, but most modest, of his antiquarian brethren. He has seen better days. His abode and manners afford evidence that he was once surrounded by comparative affluence and respectability. A picture of his deceased wife hung over the chimney-piece. The back-ground evinced a gaily furnished apartment. "Yes, Sir, (said M. W.—on observing that I noticed it) such was *once* my room, and its *chief ornament*."—Of course I construed the latter

* [The work is now perfect in 3 volumes.]

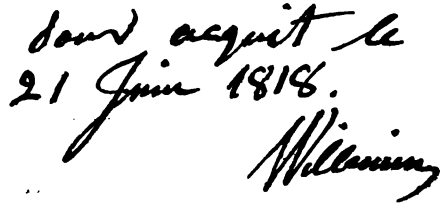
to be his late wife. "Alas! (resumed he) in better days, I had six splendid cabinets filled with curiosities. I have now—not a single one! Such is life." He admitted that his publication brought him a very trifling profit; and that, out of his own country, he considered the *London* market as the most advantageous to him. A large broken phial, containing water and a fleur-de-lis in full bloom, was the only ornament of his mantle piece. "Have you no curiosities of any kind—(said I to him) for sale?" "None—" replied he; but he had *drawings* of a few. "Have the kindness to shew me some of these drawings"—and forthwith appeared the case and *pocket-knife of Diane de Poictiers*, drawn from the original by Langlois. "Where is the original?" observed I, hastily. "Ha, Sir, you are not singular in your question. A nobleman of your country was almost losing his wits because he could not purchase it:—and yet, this original was once to be obtained for *twenty louis!*" I confess I was glad to obtain the drawing of Langlois for two napoleons. It is minutely and prettily executed, and apparently with great fidelity.

M. Willemin proceeded to shew me a few more drawings for his national work, telling me precisely what he *meant*, and what he did *not* mean, to publish. His own drawings with a pen are, some of them, of a masterly execution; and although of a less brilliant and less classical style than those of Le Noir, M. Willemin is still an artist of whom his country will

always have reason to be proud. I bought several drawings of him.* One represents the sculptured figures upon the outside of the *grand portal* of the *Cathedral of Chartres.* These figures seem to be of the thirteenth century. The other drawing is of a rich piece of *fayence,* or of painted and glazed earthen ware dish, and about the middle of the sixteenth century: of which I remember to have seen some very curious specimens at Denon's. But nothing can be more singular, and at the same time more beautiful of its kind, than the present specimen—supposed to be the work of the famous Bernard Palissy. Paris is full of such treasures.

Of all cities, PARIS is probably that which abounds with rich and curious relics of ancient art. Its churches, its palaces, its public buildings—sometimes grotesque and sometimes magnificent—furnish alike subjects for admiration and materials for collection. But the genius of the French does not lie in this pursuit. From the commencement of the sixteenth century, the ANTIQUITIES OF PARIS might have supplied

* [I here annex a fac-simile of his autograph from the foot of the account for these drawings.]



a critical antiquary with matter for a publication which could have been second only to the immortal work of Piranesi. But with the exception of Montfaucon, (which I admit to be a most splendid exception) and recently of MILLIN and LE NOIR, France hardly boasts of an indigenous Antiquary. In our own country, we have good reason to be proud of this department of literature. The names of Leland, Camden, Cotton, Dugdale, Gibson, Tanner, Gough, and Lysons, place us even upon a level with the antiquarians of Italy. It was only the other day that M. Willemin was urging me, on my return to England, to take *Beauvais* in my way, in order to pay a visit to Madame la Comtesse de G., living at a chateau about three leagues from that place. She possesses a collection of carved wood, in bas-reliefs, porches, stair-cases, &c. all from a neighbouring dilapidated abbey; and, among other things, one singular piece of sculpture, descriptive of the temptation of St Anthony. He had reason to think that the Countess might be more successfully tempted than was the Saint just mentioned; in other words, that these things were to be had rather for "money" than for "love."

For specimens of the costume of the lower classes, the *south* side of the Seine must be chiefly visited. The great streets which lead thither are those of *St. Victor*, *St. Jaques*, and *De La Harpe*. Mr. Lewis had frequently strolled to this quarter of Paris; and his attention was one morning particularly directed to

a group of *Blanchisseuses*—who were halting beneath their burdens to have a little gossip with each other. See how characteristically he has treated the subject.

One of the causes of the want of encouragement in NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES, among the French, may arise from the natural love of the people for what is gay and gaudy, rather than for what is grave and instructive. And yet, when will nations learn that few things tend so strongly to keep alive a pure spirit of PATRIOTISM

as *such* a study or pursuit? As we reverence the past, so do we anticipate the future. To love what our forefathers have done in arts, in arms, or in learning, is to lay the surest foundation for a proper respect for our own memories in after ages. But with Millin, I fear, the study of Archaeology will sleep soundly, if not expire, among the Parisians. VISCONTI has doubtless left a splendid name behind him here; but Visconti was an Italian. No; my friend—the ARTS have recently taken an exclusive turn for the admiration, even to adoration, of portrait and historical painters. No LYSONSES, no BLORES, no MACKENZIES are patronised either at Paris or in the other great cities of France. I must however make an honourable exception in favour of the direction given to the splendid talents of MADAME JAQUOTOT. And I cannot, in common justice, omit, on this occasion, paying a very sincere tribute of respect to the PRESENT KING*—who has really been instrumental to this direction. I have lately paid this clever lady a morning visit, with a letter of introduction from our common friend M. Langlès. As I was very courteously received, I begged that I might only see such specimens of her art as would give her the least possible trouble, and afford me at the same time an opportunity of judging of her talents.

Madame Jaquotot was as liberal in the display of her productions, as she was agreeable and polite in

* [Then, Louis XVIII.]

her conversation. I saw all her performances. Her copies of Leonardo da Vinci and Guido, in black crayons, are beautiful of their kind; but her enamel copies, upon porcelaine, of the *Portraits of the more celebrated Characters of France*—executed at the desire and expense of his Majesty—perfectly delighted me. The plan is as excellent as its execution is perfect. But such performances have not been accomplished without a heavy previous expense, on the score of experiments. I was told that the artist had sunk a sum little short of five or six hundred pounds sterling, in the different processes for trying and fixing her colours. But she seems now to walk upon firm ground, and has nothing but an abundant harvest to look forward to. Indeed, for every portrait, square, or oval, (although scarcely more than *three inches* in height) she receives a hundred louis d'or. This is a truly princely remuneration: but I do not consider it overpaid. Some of the earlier portraits are taken from illuminated manuscripts; and, among them, I quickly recognised that of my old friend *Anne of Brittany*,—head and shoulders only: very brilliant and characteristic—but Mr. Lewis is "yet a painter."

As all these bijoux (amounting perhaps to twelve or fifteen in number) were displayed before me, I fancied I was conversing with the very Originals themselves. The whole length of *Henri IV.*, of the same size as the original in the Louvre, is probably the chef d'œuvre of Madame Jaquotot. It is exquisitely per-

feet. When she comes down to the reign of Louis XIV., she has necessarily recourse to the originals of PETITOT; of which the Louvre contains a precious glazed case, enclosing about four or five dozen of them. Here again the copyist treads closely upon the heels of her predecessor; while her portrait of *Anne of Austria* comes fully up to every thing we discover in the original. Upon the whole, I spent a pleasant and most instructive hour with this accomplished lady; and sincerely wish that all talents, like hers, may receive a similar direction and meet with an equally liberal reward. You must not fail to bear in mind that, in my humble judgment, this department of art belongs strictly to NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

For *one*, who would turn his horse's head towards Madame Jaquotot's dwelling, in the *Rue Jacob*, fifty would fly with rapture to view a whole length by GÉRARD, or a group by DAVID. In portrait painting, and historical composition, these are the peculiar heroes. None dare walk within their circle: although I think GIRODET may sometimes venture to measure swords with the latter. Would you believe it? The other day, when dining with some smart, lively, young Parisians, I was compelled to defend RAFFAELLE against David? the latter being considered by them *superior* to the Italian artist in a *knowledge of drawing*. Proh pudor! This will remind you of Jervas's celebrated piece of nonsensical flattery to himself—when, on Pope's complimenting that artist upon one

of his portraits, he compassionately exclaimed "*Poor little Wit!*"—Surely all these national prejudices are as unwise as they are disgusting. Of Gérard, I would wish to speak with respect: but an artist, who receives from fifteen to twenty thousand francs for the painting of a whole length portrait, stands upon an eminence which exposes him to the observation of every man. In the same degree, also, does his elevation provoke the criticism of every man. But, however respectfully I may wish to speak of Gérard, I do not, in my conscience, consider him superior to what may be called the *second rate* class of portrait-painters in England.* His outline is often hard, and full of affectation of a knowledge of drawing: his colouring is as frequently severe and metallic, and there is rarely any expression of mind or soul in his faces. I saw, at Lawgier's the other day, his portrait of Madame de Staël painted from *recollection*. He certainly had forgotten how to *colour* when he executed it. Forster (a very clever, sensible, and amiable young man) is busied, or rather has just finished, the engraving of a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by the same painter. What has depended upon *him* has been

* ["Sir T. Lawrence, who painted the portrait of the late Duke de Richlieu, which was seen at the last exhibition, is undoubtedly of the first class of British Portrait painters; but, according to Mr. Dibdin's judgment, many artists would have preferred to have sided with our Gérard." CRAPELET. vol. iv. 220. I confess I do not understand this reasoning: nor perhaps will my readers.]

charmingly done: but the figure of the great Original —instead of giving you the notion of the FIRST CAPTAIN OF HIS AGE*—is a poor, trussed-up, unmeaning piece of composition: looking out of the canvas with a pair of eyes, which, instead of seeming to anticipate and frustrate (as they *have* done) the movements of his adversary, as if by magic, betray an almost torpidity or vacancy of expression! The attitude is equally unnatural and ungraceful. Another defect, to my eye, in Gérard's portraits, is, the quantity of flaunting colour and glare of varnish with which his canvas is covered.

The French cognoscenti swear by "the *swearing of the Horatii*" of David. I saw a reduced copy of the large picture at the Luxembourg, by the artist himself—at Didot's: and it was while discussing the comparative merits and demerits of this famous production, that I ventured to observe that Raffaelle would have drawn the hands better. A simultaneous shout of opposition followed the remark. I could scarcely preserve common gravity or decorum: but as my antagonists were serious, I was also resolved to enact a serious part. It is not necessary to trouble you with a summary of my remarks; although I am persuaded I never talked so much French, without interruption, for so long a space of time. However, my

* [Here, Mons. Crapelet drily and pithily says, "Translated from the English." What then? Can there be the smallest shadow of doubt about the truth of the above assertion? None—with Posterity.]

opponents admitted, with a little reluctance, that, if the hands of the Horatii were not ill drawn, the *position* of them was sufficiently affected. I then drew their attention to the *Cupid and Psyche* of the same master, in the collection of the Marquis of Sommariva, (in the notice of which my last letter was pretty liberal) but I had here a less obstinate battle to encounter. It certainly appeared (they admitted) that David did not improve as he became older.

Among the Painters of eminence I must not forget to mention LAURENT. The French are not very fond of him, and certainly they under-rate his talents. As a colourist, some of his satins may vie with those of Vanderwerf. He paints portraits, in small, as well as fancy-subjects. Of the former, that of his daughter is beautifully executed. Of the latter, his *Young Falconer* is a production of the most captivating kind. But it is his *Joan of Arc* which runs away with the prize of admiration. The Government have purchased the house in which that celebrated female was born,* and over the door of which an ancient statue of her is to be seen. Laurent's portrait is also purchased to be placed over the chimney-piece of the room; and it is intended to supply furniture, of the character which it originally might have possessed.

But if France cannot now boast her Mignard, Rigaud, or the Poussins, she has reason to be proud of her present race of *Engravers*. Of these, DESNOYERS

* At Domremi, in Lorraine.

evidently takes the lead. He is just now in Italy, and I shall probably not see him — having twice called in vain. I own undisguisedly that I am charmed with all his performances; and especially with his sacred subjects from Raffaelle:—whom, it is just possible, he may consider to be a somewhat better draftsman than David. There is hardly any thing but what he adorns by his touch. He may consider the whole length portrait of *Bonaparte* to be his chef-d'œuvre; but his *Vierge au Linge, Vierge dite la Belle Jardinière,*—and perhaps, still finer, that called *au Donataire*—are infinitely preferable, to my taste. The portrait has too much of detail. It is a combination of little parts; of flowered robes, with a cabinet-like background: every thing being almost mechanical, and the shield of the ex-Emperor having all the elaborate minutiæ of Grignion. I am heretic enough to prefer the famous whole length of poor Louis XVI, by Bervic after Callet: there is such a flow of line and gracefulness of expression in this latter performance! But Desnoyers has uncommon force, as well as sweetness and tenderness, in the management of historical subjects: although I think that his recent production of *Eliezer and Rebecca,* from *Nicolo Poussin,* is unhappy —as to choice. His females have great elegance. His line never flows more freely than in the treatment of his female figures; yet he has nothing of the style of finishing of our STRANGE. His *Francis* I. and *Marguerite de Valois* is, to my eye, one of the most

finished, successful, and interesting of his performances. It is throughout a charming picture, and should hang over half the mantle pieces in the kingdom. His portrait of *Talleyrand* is brilliant; but there are parts very much too black. It will bear no comparison with the glorious portrait of our *John Hunter*, by Sharp—from Sir J. Reynolds. Desnoyers engraves only for himself: that is to say, he is the sole proprietor of his performances, and report speaks him to be in the receipt of some twenty-five thousand francs per annum. He deserves all he has gained—both in fortune and reputation.

Massard works in the same school with Desnoyers. He is harder in his style of outline as well as of finishing; but he understands his subject thoroughly, and treats it with skill and effect. Andouin is lately come out with a whole length portrait of the present king: a palpable copy, as to composition, of that of his late brother. There are parts of the detail most exquisitely managed, but the countenance is rather too severely marked. Lignon is the prince of portrait-engravers. His head of *Mademoiselle Mars*—though, upon the whole, exhibiting a flat, and unmeaning countenance, when we consider that it represents the first comic actress in Europe—is a master-piece of graphic art. It is wrought with infinite care, brilliancy, and accuracy. The lace, over the lady's shoulder, may bid defiance even to what Drevet and Masson have effected of the like kind. The eyes and the gems of

Mademoiselle Mars seem to sparkle with a rival lustre; but the countenance is too flat, and the nose wants elevation and beauty. For this latter, however, neither Gérard nor Lignon are amenable to criticism. Upon the whole, it is a very surprising performance. If I were called upon to notice Lignon's chef d'œuvre, I would mention the frontispiece to the magnificent impression of *Camoens' Lusiad*, containing the head of the author, surrounded by an arabesque border of the most surprising brilliancy of composition and execution. You must however remember, that it is in the splendid work entitled LE MUSÉE FRANÇAIS, that many fine specimens of all the artists just mentioned are to be found. There is no occasion to be more particular in the present place.

I must not omit the notice of FORSTER and LAUGIER: both of whom I have visited more than once. At the same time, I beg it may be distinctly understood that the omission of the names of *other* engravers is no implication that they are passed over as being unworthy of regard. On the contrary, there are several whom I could mention who might take precedence even of the two last noticed. Some of Forster's academic figures, which gained him the prize, are very skilfully treated; both as to drawing and finishing. His print of *Titian's Mistress* exhibits, in the face and bosom of the female, a power and richness of effect which may contend with some of the best efforts of Desnoyers's burin. The reflex-light, in the mirror

behind, is admirably managed; but the figure of Titian, and the lower parts of his Mistress—especially the arms and hands—are coarse, black, and inharmonious. His *Wellington* is a fine performance, as to mechanical skill. M. Bénard, the well-known print-seller to his Majesty, living on the *Boulevards Italiens*, laughed with me the other day at the rival Wellington—painted by Lawrence, and engraved by Bromley,—as a piece of very inferior art! But men may laugh on the wrong side of the face. I consider, however, that what has depended upon Forster, has been done with equal ability and truth. Undoubtedly the great failing of the picture is, that it can hardly be said to have even a faint resemblance of the original.

M. Laugier has not yet reached his full powers of maturity; but what he has done is remarkable for feeling and force. His *Daphne and Chloe*, and *Hero and Leander* are early performances, but they are full of promise, and abound in excellences. Colour and feeling are their chief merit. The latter print has the shadows too dark. The former is more transparent, more tender, and in better keeping. The foreground has, in some parts, the crispness and richness of Woollett. They tell me that it is a rare print, and that only 250 copies were struck off—at the expense of the Society of Arts. Laugier has recently executed a very elaborate print of Leander, just in the act of reaching the shore—(where his mistress is trembling for his arrival in a lighted watch-tower) but about to

be buried in the overwhelming waves. The composition of the figure is as replete with affectation, as its position is unnatural, if not impossible. The waves seem to be suspended over him—on purpose to shew off his limbs to every degree of advantage. He is perfectly canopied by their "gracefully-curled tops." The engraving itself is elaborate to excess: but too stiff, even to a metallic effect. It can never be popular with us; and will, I fear, find but few purchasers in the richly garnished répertoire of the worthy Colnaghi. Indeed it is a painful, and almost repulsive, subject. Laugier's portrait of *Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand* exhibits his prevailing error of giving blackness, rather than depth, to his shadows. Black hair, a black cravat, and black collar to the coat—with the lower part of the background almost "gloomy as night"—are not good accessories. This worthy engraver lives at present with his wife, an agreeable and unaffected little woman, up four pair of stairs, in the *Rue de Paradis*. I told him—and as I thought with the true spirit of prediction—that, on a second visit to Paris I should find him descended—full two stories: in proportion as he was ascending in fortune and fame.

The French are either not fond of, or they do not much patronise, engraving in the *stippling* manner: "*au poinctilliet*"—as they term it. Roger is their chief artist in this department. He is clever, undoubtedly; but his shadows are too black, and the lighter parts of his subjects want brilliancy. What he does "en

The great mart for *Printselling* is the Boulevards; and more especially that of the *Boulevards Italiens*. A stranger can have no conception of the gaiety and brilliance of the print-shops, and print-stalls, in this neighbourhood. Let him first visit it in the morning about nine o'clock; with the sun-beams sparkling among the foliage of the trees, and the incessant movements of the populace below, who are about commencing another day's pilgrimage of human life. A pleasant air is stirring at this time; and the freshness arising from the watering of the footpath—but more particularly the fragrance from innumerable bouquets, with mignonette, rose trees, and lilacs—extended in fair array—is altogether quite charming and singularly characteristic. But my present business is with prints. You see them, hanging in the open air—framed and not framed—for some quarter of a mile: with the intermediate space filled by piles of calf-bound volumes and sets of apparently countless folios. Here are *Moreri*, *Bayle*, the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, *Charpentier*, and the interminable *Encyclopédie*: all very tempting of their kind, and in price:—but all utterly unpurchasable—on account of the heavy duties of importation, arising from their weight.

cially of Gothic churches. Mr. Wild's *Lincoln Cathedral* produced a succession of ecstatic remarks. "When your fine engravings of this kind come over to Paris, we get little committees to sit upon them"—observed Desnoyers to an engraver—who communicated the fact to the author.

However—again I say—my present business is with *Prints.* Generally speaking, these prints are pleasing in their manner of execution, reasonable in price, and of endless variety. But the perpetual intrusion of subjects of studied nudity is really at times quite disgusting. It is surprising (as I think I before remarked to you) with what utter indifference and apathy, even females, of respectable appearance and dress, will be gazing upon these subjects; and now that the art of *lithography* is become fashionable, the print-shops of Paris will be deluged with an inundation of these odious representations, which threaten equally to debase the art and to corrupt morals. This cheap and wholesale circulation of what is mischievous, and of really most miserable execution, is much to be deplored. Even in the better part of art, lithography will have a pernicious effect. Not only a well-educated and distinguished engraver will find, in the long run, his business slackening, from the reduced prices at which prints are sold, but a *bad taste* will necessarily be the result: for the generality of purchasers, not caring for comparative excellence in art, will be well pleased to give *one* franc, for what, before, they could not obtain under *three* or *five.* Hence we may date the decline and downfall of art itself. I was surprised, the other day, at hearing DENON talk so strongly in favour of lithography. I told him "it was a bastard art; and I rejoiced, in common with every man of taste or feeling, that *that*

art had not made its appearance before the publication of his work upon Egypt." It may do well for

"The whisker'd pandour and the fierce hussar"—

or it may, in the hands of such a clever artist as VERNET, be managed with good effect in representations of skirmishes of horse and foot—groups of banditti—a ruined battlement, or mouldering tower—overhanging rocks—rushing torrents—or umbrageous trees—but, in the higher department of art, as connected with portrait and historical engraving, it cannot, I apprehend, attain to any marked excellence.* Portraits however—of a particular description—*may* be treated with tolerable success; but when you come to put lithographic engraving in opposition to that of *line*—the *latter* will always and necessarily be

. . . . . velut inter ignes
LUNA minores!

I cannot take leave of A CITY, in which I have tarried so long, and with so much advantage to myself, without saying one word about the manners, customs, and little peculiarities of character of those with whom I have been recently associating. Yet the national character is pretty nearly the same at Rouen and at Caen, as at Paris; except that you do not meet with those insults from the *canaille* which are but too frequent at these first-mentioned places.

* [The experience of ten years has confirmed THE TRUTH of the above remark.]

Every body here is busy and active, yet very few have any thing *to do*—in the way of what an Englishman would call *business*. The thoughtful brow, the abstracted look, the hurried step . . which you see along Cheapside and Cornhill . . are here of comparatively rare appearance. Yet every body is "sur le pavé." Every body seems to live out of doors. How the *ménage* goes on—and how domestic education is regulated—strikes the inexperienced eye of an Englishman as a thing quite inconceivable. The temperature of Paris is no doubt very fine, although it has been of late unprecedentedly hot; and a French workman, or labourer, enjoys, out of doors—from morning till night—those meals, which, with us, are usually partaken of within. The public places of entertainment are pretty sure to receive a prodigious proportion of the population of Paris every evening. A mechanic, or artisan, will devote two thirds of his daily gains to the participation of this pleasure. His dinner will consist of the most meagre fare—at the lowest possible price—provided, in the evening, he can hear *Talma* declaim, or *Albert* warble, or see *Pol* leap, or *Bigotini* entrance a wondering audience by the grace of her movements, and the pathos of her dumb shew, in *Nina*.

The preceding strikes me as the general complexion of character of three fourths of the Parisians: but then they are gay, and cheerful, and apparently happy. If they have not the phlegm of the German, or the thoughtfulness of ourselves, they are less cold, and

less insensible to the passing occurrences of life. A little pleases them, and they give in return much more than they receive. One thing, however, cannot fail to strike and surprise an attentive observer of national character. With all their quickness, enthusiasm, and activity, the mass of French people want that admirable quality which I unfeignedly think is the particular characteristic of ourselves:—I mean, *common sense*. In the midst of their architectural splendor—while their rooms are refulgent with gilding and plate-glass; while their mantle-pieces sparkle with or-molu clocks; or their tables are decorated with vases, and artificial flowers of the most exquisite workmanship—and while their carpets and curtains betray occasionally all the voluptuousness of eastern pomp . . . you can scarcely obtain egress or ingress into the respective apartments, from the wretchedness of their *locks* and *keys!* Mechanical studies or improvements should seem to be almost entirely uncultivated—for those who remember France nearly half a century ago, tell me that it was pretty much then as it is now. Another thing discomposes the sensitive nerves of the English; especially those of our notable housewives. I allude to the rubbishing appearance of their *grates*—and the dingy and sometimes disgusting aspect of carpets and flowered furniture. A good mahogany dining table is a perfect rarity*—and let him, who stands upon a chair to take down a quarto or octavo, beware how

* [Not so now. Mahogany, according to M. Crapelet, is every where at Paris, and at the lowest prices.]

he encounter a broken shin or bruised elbow, from the perpendicularity of the legs of that same chair.

The same want of common-sense, cleanliness, and convenience—is visible in nearly the whole of the French ménage. Again, in the streets—their cabriolet drivers and hackney coachmen are sometimes the most furious of their tribe. I rescued, the other day, an old and respectable gentleman—with the cross of St. Louis appendant to his button-hole—from a situation, in which, but for such a rescue, he must have been absolutely knocked down and rode over. He shook his cane at the offender; and, thanking me very heartily for my protection, observed, "these rascals improve daily in their studied insult of all good Frenchmen." The want of *trottoirs* is a serious and even absurd want; as it might be so readily supplied. Their carts are obviously ill-constructed, and especially in the caps of the wheels; which, in a narrow street—as those of Paris usually are—unnecessarily occupy a *foot* of room, where scarcely an *inch* can be spared. The rubbish piled against the posts, in different parts of the street, is as disgusting as it is obviously inconvenient. A police "ordonnance" would obviate all this in twenty-four hours.

Yet in many important respects the Parisian multitude read a lesson to ourselves. In their public places of resort, the French are wonderfully decorous; and along the streets, no lady is insulted by the impudence of either sex. You are sure to walk in

peace, if you conduct yourself peaceably. I had intended to say a word upon morals and religion; but the subject, while it is of the highest moment, is beyond the reach of a traveller whose stay is necessarily short, and whose occupations, upon the whole, have been confined rather among the dead than the living.

Farewell, therefore, to PARIS. I have purchased a very commodious travelling carriage; to which a pair of post-horses will be attached in a couple of days —and then, for upwards of three hundred miles of journey towards STRASBOURG! No schoolboy ever longed for a holiday more ardently than I do for the relaxation which this journey will afford me. A thousand hearty farewells!

LETTER XII.

PARIS TO STRASBOURG.

Hôtel de l'Esprit, Strasbourg, July 20, 1818.

I CAN hardly describe to you the gratification I felt on quitting the "trein-trein" of Paris for the long, and upon the whole interesting, journey to the place whence I date this despatch. My love of rural sights, and of rural enjoyments of almost every kind, has been only equalled by my admiration of the stupendous Cathedral of this celebrated city. But not a word about the city of Strasbourg itself, for the present. My description, both of *that* and of its *curiosities*, will be properly reserved for another letter; when I shall necessarily have had more leisure and fitter opportunities for the execution of the task.

On the eleventh of this month, precisely at ten o'clock, the rattling of the hoofs of two lusty post horses—together with the cracking of an *experimental* flourish or two of the postilion's whip—were heard in the court-yard of the Hôtel des Colonies. Nothing can exceed the punctuality of the Poste Royale in the attendance of the horses at the precise hour of ordering them. Travellers, and especially those from our

our country, are not *quite* so punctual in availing themselves of this regularity; but if you keep the horses for the better part of an hour before you start, you must pay something extra for your tardiness. Of all people, the *English* are likely to receive the most useful lesson from this wholesome regulation. By a quarter past ten, Mr. Lewis and myself having mounted our voiture, and given the signal for departure, received the "derniers adieux" of Madame the hostess, and of the whole corps of attendants. On leaving the gates of the hotel, the postilion put forth all his energies in sundry loud smackings of his whip; and as we went at a cautious pace through the narrower streets, towards the *Barriers of St. Martin*, I could not but think, with inward satisfaction, that, on visiting and leaving a city, so renowned as Paris, for the *first* time, I had gleaned more intellectual fruit than I had presumed to hope for; and that I had made acquaintances which might probably ripen into a long and steady friendship. In short, my own memoranda, together with the drawings of Messrs. Lewis and Cœuré, were results, which convinced me that my time had not been mispent, and that my objects of research were not quite undeserving of being recorded. Few reflections give one so much pleasure, on leaving a city—where there are so many thousand temptations to abuse time and to destroy character.

The day of our departure was very fine, tending

rather to heat. In a little half hour we cleared the barrier of St. Martin, and found ourselves on the broad, open, route royale — bordered by poplars and limes. To the right, was the pretty village of *Belleville:* to the left, at the distance of some six or eight English miles, we observed *Montmorenci, St. Germain en Laye,* and, considerably nearer, *St. Denis.* All these places, together with *Versailles,* I had previously visited—Montmorenci and St. Denis twice—and intended to have given you an account of them; but you could have received from me scarcely any thing more than what the pages of the commonest tour would have supplied you with. We first changed horses at *Bondy;* the forest of which was once very extensive and much celebrated. You now behold little more than a formal avenue of trees. The *Castle of Raincy,* situated in this forest, is to the right, well-wooded—and the property of the Duke of Orleans. *Ville-Parisis* was the next prettiest spot, in our route to *Claye,* where we again changed horses. The whole route, from *Ville-Parisis* to *Meaux,* was exceedingly pleasing and even picturesque. At Meaux we dined, and have reason to remember the extravagant charges of the woman who kept the inn. The heat of the day was now becoming rather intense. While our veal-cutlet was preparing, we visited the church; which had frequently, and most picturesquely, peeped out upon us during our route. It is a large, cathedral-like looking church, without transepts, Only one

tower (in the west front) is built—with the evident intention of raising another in the same aspect. They were repairing the west front, which is somewhat elaborately ornamented; but so intensely hot was the sun—on our coming out to examine it—that we were obliged to retreat into the interior, which seemed to contain the atmosphere of a different climate. A tall, well-dressed, elderly priest, in company with a middle-aged lady, were ascending the front steps to attend divine service. Hot as it was, the priest saluted us, and stood a half minute without his black cap—with the piercing rays of the sun upon a bald head. The bell tolled softly, and there was a quiet calm about the whole which almost invited us to *postpone* our attack upon the dinner we had ordered.

Ten francs for a miserable cutlet—and a yet more wretchedly-prepared fricandeau—with half boiled artichokes, and a bottle of undrinkable vin ordinaire—was a charge sufficiently monstrous to have excited the well known warmth of expostulation of an English traveller—but it was really too hot to talk aloud! The landlady pocketed my money, and I pocketed the affront which so shameful a charge may be considered as having put upon me. We now rolled leisurely on towards *La Ferté-sous-Jouarre*: about five French leagues from Meaux—not without stopping to change horses at *St. Jean*, &c. The heat would not even allow of the exercise of the postilion's whip. Every body and every thing seemed to be oppressed

by it. The labourer was stretched out in the shade, and the husbandman slept within the porch of his cottage. We had no sooner entered the little town of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, and driven to the post-house, when not fewer than four blacksmiths came rushing out of their respective forges, to examine every part of the carriage. "A nail had started here: a screw was wanting there: and a fracture had taken place in another direction: even the perch was given way in the centre!" "Alas, for my voiture de voyage!" exclaimed I to my companion. Meanwhile, a man came forward with a red-hot piece of iron, in the shape of a cramp, to fix round the perch—which hissed as the application was made. And all this—before I could say wherefore! or even open my mouth to express astonishment! They were absolutely about to take off the wheels of the carriage; to examine, and to grease them—but it was then, for the first time, that I opened a well-directed fire of expostulation; from which I apprehend that they discovered I was not perfectly ignorant either of their language or of their trickery. However, the rogues had *four* francs for what they had the impudence to ask *six*; and considering my vehicle to be now proof against the probability of an accident, I was resolved to leave the town in the same good humour in which I had entered it.

On quitting, we mounted slowly up a high ascent, and saw from thence the village of *Jouarre*, on a

neighbouring summit, smothered with trees. It seemed to consist of a collection of small and elegant country houses, each with a lawn and an orchard. At the foot of the summit winds the unostentatious little stream of *Le Petit Morin*. The whole of this scenery, including the village of *Montreuil-aux-Lions*—a little onwards—was perfectly charming, and after the English fashion: and as the sky became mellowed by the rays of the declining sun, the entire landscape assumed a hue and character which absolutely refreshed our spirits after the heat of the previous part of the journey. We had resolved to sleep at *Chateau-Thierry*, about seven leagues off, and the second posting-place from where we had last halted. Night was coming on, and the moon rose slowly through a somewhat dense horizon, as we approached our rendezvous for the evening. All was tranquil and sweet. We drove to the inn called the *Sirène*, situated in the worst possible part of the town: but we quickly changed our determination, and bespoke beds for the night, and horses for the following morning, at the *Poste Royale*. The landlady of the Inn was a tartar—of her species. She knew how to talk civilly; and, for her, a more agreeable occupation—how to charge! We had little rest, and less sleep. By a quarter past five I was in the carriage; intending to breakfast at *Epernay*, about twenty-five miles off.

The first post-station is *Parois*. It is a beautiful drive thither, and the village itself is exceedingly pic-

turesque. From *Parois* to *Dormans*, the next post village, the road continues equally interesting. We seemed to go each post like the wind; and reached *Epernay* by nine o'clock. The drive from Dormans to Epernay is charming; and as the sky got well nigh covered by soft fleecy clouds when we reached the latter place, our physical strength, as well as animal spirits, seemed benefited by the change. I was resolved to *bargain* for every future meal at an inn: and at Epernay I bespoke an excellent breakfast of fruit, eggs, coffee and tea, at three francs a head. This town is the great place in France for the manufacture of *Vin de Champagne*. It is here where they make it in the greatest quantities; although *Sillery*, near Rheims, boasts of champagne of a more delicate quality. I learnt here that the Prussians, in their invasion of France in 1814, committed sad havoc with this tempting property. They had been insulted, and even partially fired upon—as they passed through the town,—and to revenge themselves, they broke open the cellars of M * *, the principal wine merchant; and drank the contents of only—*one hundred thousand bottles of champagne!*" "But," said the owner of these cellars, (beyond the reach of the hearing of the Prussians, as you may be well assured!) "they did not break open my *largest vault*.. where I had *half as much again!*" Indeed, I was told that the wine vaults of Epernay were as well worth inspection, as the catacombs of Paris.

I should observe to you that the river *Marne*, one

of the second-rate rivers of France, accompanies you pretty closely all the way from Chateau Thierry to Chalons—designated as *Chalons-sur-Marne*. From Epernay to Chalons you pass through nothing but corn fields. It is a wide and vast ocean of corn—with hardly a tree, excepting those occasionally along the road, within a boundary of ten miles. Chalons is a large and populous town; but the churches bear sad traces of revolutionary fury. Some of the porches, once covered with a profusion of rich, alto-relievo sculpture, are absolutely treated as if these ornaments had been pared away to the very quick! Scarcely a vestige remains. It is in this town where the two great roads to STRASBOURG—one by *Metz*, and the other by *Nancy*—unite. The former is to the north, the latter to the south. I chose the latter; intending to return to Paris by the former. On leaving Chalons, we purposed halting to dine at *Vitry-sur-Marne* —distant two posts, of about four leagues each. *La Chaussée*, which we reached at a very smart trot, was the first post town, and is about half way to Vitry. From thence we had "to mount a huge hill"—as the postilion told us; but it was here, as in Normandy—these huge hills only provoked our laughter. However, the wheel was subjected to the drag-chain—and midst clouds of white dust, which converted us into millers, we were compelled to descend slowly. Vitry was seen in the distance, which only excited our appetite and made us anxious to increase our pace.

On reaching Vitry, I made my terms for dinner

with the landlady of the principal inn—who was literally as sharp as a razor. However, we had a comfortable room, a good plain dinner, with an excellent bottle of *Vin de Beaune*, for three francs each. "Could Monsieur refuse this trifling payment?" He could not. Before dinner I strolled to the principal church—which is indeed a structure of a most noble appearance—like that of St. Sulpice in form, and perhaps of a little more than half its size. It is the largest parish church which I have yet seen; but it is comparatively modern. It was Sunday; and a pleasing spectacle presented itself on entering. A numerous group of young women, dressed almost entirely in white, with white caps and veils, were singing a sort of evening hymn—which I understood to be called the *Chaplet of the Virgin*. Their voices, unaccompanied by instrumental music, sounded sweetly from the loftiness of the roof; and every singer seemed to be touched with the deepest sense of devotion. They sang in an attitude with the body leaning forward, and the head gently inclined. The silence of the place—its distance from the metropolis—the grey aspect of the heavens—and the advanced hour of the day . . all contributed to produce in our minds very pleasing and yet serious sensations. I shall not easily forget the hymn called THE CHAPLET OF THE VIRGIN, as it was sung in the church of Vitry.

After leaving this place we successively changed horses at *Longchamp* and at *St. Dizier*. To our great

[illegible] night to [illegible]. While the horses were being changed at the station, I was driven [illegible] to [illegible] in the night-yard, by the [illegible] with [illegible] and asked her if she remembered the return of Bonaparte in the campaign of [illegible]—she answered in her peasant dialect: "Bonaparte was on horseback, [illegible] at the troops—and smiled gaily, which we were doing when we were sitting. His head was rather bald, and he appeared to be very [illegible]. Bonaparte was the memorable place upon which Bonaparte made a most triumphant march, in order [illegible] the allied troops, and thus [illegible] their conquests. But his desperate [illegible] did not last long, and eventually [illegible]. Tosno is rather a large place, and its houses are almost entirely white. Night was the time of [illegible] as we halted to change [illegible]. But we were [illegible] from another stage—[illegible] were now about entering the de[illegible]

The [illegible] through a murky sky, after [illegible] and as we entered Novaya[illegible] which [illegible] than a miserable village. Travellers [illegible] here but we had gone a very [illegible] distance since five in the morning, and were [illegible] anything in the shape of beds. Not an [illegible] which we had visited, either by day or by night, seemed to be more sorry and wretched

than this, where we—stretched our limbs, rather than partook of slumber. At one in the morning, a young and ardent lover chose to serenade his mistress, who was in the next house, with a screaming tune upon a half-cracked violin—which, added to the never-ceasing smacking of whips of farmers, going to the next market town—completed our state of restlessness and misery. Yet, the next morning, we had a breakfast . . so choice, so clean, and so refreshing — in a place of all others the least apparently likely to afford it—that we almost fancied our strength had been recruited by a good night's sleep. The landlord could not help his miserable mansion, for he was very poor: so I paid him cheerfully and liberally for the accommodation he was capable of affording, and at nine o'clock left Saudrupt in the hope of a late dinner at NANCY—the capital of Lorraine.

The morning was fresh and fair. In the immediate neighbourhood of Saudrupt is the pretty village of *Brillon*, where I noticed some stone crosses; and where I observed that particular species of domestic architecture, which, commencing almost at Longchamps, obtains till within nearly three stages of Strasbourg. It consists in having rather low or flat roofs, in the Italian manner, with all the beams projecting *outside* of the walls: which gives it a very unfinished and barbarous look. And here too I began to be more and more surprised at the meagreness of the population of the *country*. Even on quitting

Epernay, I had noticed it to my companion. The human beings you see, are chiefly females—ill-featured, and ill complexioned—working hard beneath the rays of a scorching sun. As to that sabbath-attire of cleanliness, even to smartness among our *own* country people, it is a thing very rarely to be seen in the villages of France. At Brillon, we bought fine cherries of a countrywoman for two sous the pound.

Bar-le Duc is the next post-town. It is a place of considerable extent and population: and is divided into the upper and lower town. The approach to it, along hilly passes, covered with vineyards, is pleasant enough. The driver wished to take us to the upper town—to see the church of St, Peter, wherein is contained "a skeleton perforated with worm-holes, which was the admiration of the best connoisseurs." We civilly declined such a sight, but had no objection to visit the church. It was a Saint's day: and the interior of the church was crowded to excess by women and lads. An old priest was giving his admonition from the high altar; with great propriety and effect: but we could not stay 'till the conclusion of the service. The carriage was at the door; and, reascending, we drove to the lower town, down a somewhat fearful descent, to change horses. It was impossible to avoid noticing the prodigious quantity of fruit—especially of currants and strawberries. *Ligny* was our next halting place, to change horses. The route thither was sufficiently pleasant. You leave the town

through rather a consequential gateway, of chaste Tuscan architecture, and commence ascending a lofty hill. From hence you observe, to the left, an old castle in the outskirts of the town. The road is here broad and grand: and although a very lively breeze was playing in our faces, yet we were not insensible to the increasing heat of the day. We dined at *St. Aubin.* A hearty good-humoured landlady placed before us a very comfortable meal, with a bottle of rather highly-flavoured vin ordinaire. The inn was little better than a common ale house in England: but every thing was "très propre." On leaving, we seemed to be approaching high hills, through flat meadows—where very poor cattle were feeding. A pretty drive towards *Void* and *Laye*, the next post-towns: but it was still prettier on approaching *Toul*, of which the church, at a distance, had rather a cathedral-like appearance. We drank tea at Toul—but first proceeded to the church, which we found to be greatly superior to that of Meaux. Its interior is indeed, in parts, very elegant: and one lancet-shaped window, in particular, of stained glass, may even vie with much of what the cathedral of this place affords.

At Toul, for the first time since quitting Paris, we were asked for our passports; it being a fortified town. Our next stage was *Dommartin*; behind which appeared to be a fine hilly country, now purpled by the rays of a declining sun. The church of Toul, in our rear, assumed a more picturesque appearance than

before. At *Velaine*, the following post-town, we had a pair of fine mettlesome Prussian horses harnessed to our voiture, and started at a full swing trot—through the forest of Hayes, about a French league in length. The shade and coolness of this drive, as the sun was getting low, were quite refreshing. The very postilion seemed to enjoy it, and awakened the echoes of each avenue by the unintermitting sounds of numberless flourishes of his whip. "How tranquil and how grand!" would he occasionally exclaim. On clearing the forest, we obtained the first glimpse of something like a distant mountainous country: which led us to conclude that we were beginning to approach the VOSGES—or the great chain of mountains, which, running almost due north and south, separates France from ALSACE. Below, glittered the spires of *Nancy* —as the sun's last rays rested upon them. A little distance beyond, shot up the two elegant towers of *St. Nicholas;* but I am getting on a little too fast . . The forest of Hayes can be scarcely less than a dozen English miles in breadth. I had never before seen so much wood in France. Yet the want of water is a great draw-back to the perfection of rural scenery in this country. We had hardly observed one rivulet since we had quitted the little glimmering stream at Chateau-Thierry.

We now gained fast upon NANCY, the capital of Lorraine. It is doubtless among the handsomest provincial towns in Europe; and is chiefly indebted for

its magnificence to Stanislaus, King of Poland, who spent the latter part of his life there, and whose daughter was married to Louis XV. The annexation of Lorraine to France has been considered the masterpiece of Louis's policy. Nancy may well boast of her broad and long streets: running chiefly at right angles with each other: well paved, and tolerably clean. The houses are built chiefly of stone. Here are churches, a theatre, a college, a public library—palace-like buildings—public gardens—hospitals, coffee houses, and barracks. In short, Nancy is another Caen; but more magnificent, although less fruitful in antiquities. The *Place de la Liberté* et *d'alliance* et *de la Carriére* may vie with the public buildings of Bath; but some of the sculptured ornaments of the *former*, exhibit miserable proofs of the fury of the Revolutionists. Indeed Nancy was particularly distinguished by a visit of the Marseillois gentry, who chose to leave behind pretty strong proofs of their detestation of what was at once elegant and harmless. The headless busts of men and women, round the house of the governor, yet prove the excesses of the mob; and the destruction of two places of worship was the close of their devastating labours.

Nancy is divided into the *Old* and the *New Town*. The four principal streets, dividing the latter nearly at right angles, are terminated by handsome arches, in the character of *gateways*. They have a noble appearance.

On the first evening of our arrival at Nancy, we walked, after a late cup of tea, into the public garden —at the extremity of the town. It was broad moon light; and the appearance of the *Caffés*, and several *Places*, had quite a new and imposing effect; they being somewhat after the Parisian fashion. After a day of dust, heat, and rapid motion, a seat upon one of the stone-benches of the garden—surrounded by dark green trees, of which the tops were tipt with silver by the moon beam—could not fail to refresh and delight me: especially as the tranquillity of the place was only disturbed by the sounds of two or three groups of *bourgeoises*, strolling arm in arm, and singing what seemed to be a popular, national air—of which the tune was somewhat psalm-like. The broad walks abounded with bowers, and open seats; and the general effect was at once singular and pleasing. The Hotel-Royal is an excellent inn; and the owners of it are very civil people.

My first visits were paid to churches and to bookseller's shops. Of churches, the *Cathedral* is necessarily the principal. It is large, lofty, and of an elegant construction, of the Grecian order: finished during the time of Stanislaus. The ornamental parts are too flaunting; too profuse, and in bad taste. This excess of decoration pervades also the house of the Governor; which, were it not so, might vie with that of Lord Burlington; which it is not unlike in its general appearance. In the Cathedral, the monument

of Stanislaus, by Girardon, is *considered* to be a chef-d'ouvre. There was a Girardet—chief painter to Stanislaus, who is here called "the rival of Apelles:" a rival with a vengeance! From thence I went to an old church—perhaps of the thirteenth, but certainly of the fourteenth century. They call it, I think, *St. Epreuve.* In this church I was much struck with a curious old painting, executed in distemper, upon the walls of a side aisle, which seemed to be at least three hundred years old. It displayed the perils and afflictions of various Saints, on various emergencies, and how they were all eventually saved by the interposition of the Virgin. A fine swaggering figure, in the foreground, dressed out in black and yellow-striped hose, much delighted me. Parts of this curious old picture were worth copying. Near to this curiosity seemed to be a fine, genuiue painting, by Vandyke, of the Virgin and Child—the first exhibition of the kind which I had seen since leaving Paris. It formed a singular contrast to the picture before described. On quitting this old church, I could not help smiling to observe a bunch of flowers, in an old mustard pot —on which was inscribed "*Moutarde Fine de Nageon, à Dijon*—" placed at the feet of a statue of the Virgin as a sacred deposit!

On leaving the church, I visited two booksellers: one of them rather distinguished for his collection of *Alduses*—as I was informed. I found him very chatty,

very civil, but not very reasonable in his prices. He told me that he had plenty of old books—*Alduses* and *Elzevirs*, *&c.*—with lapping-over vellum-bindings. I desired nothing better; and followed him up stairs. Drawer after drawer was pulled out. These M. Renouard had seen: those the Comte d'Ourches had wished to purchase; and a third pile was destined for some nobleman in the neighbourhood. There was absolutely nothing in the shape of temptation—except a *Greek Herodian*, by Theodore Martin of Louvain, and a droll and rather rare little duodecimo volume, printed at Amsterdam in 1658, entitled *La Comédie de Proverbes*. The next bookseller I visited, was a printer. "Had he any thing old and curious?" He replied, with a sort of triumphant chuckle, that he "once had *such* a treasure of this kind!" "What might it have been?" "A superb missal—for which a goldsmith had offered him twelve sous for each initial letter upon a gold ground—but which he had parted with, for 100 francs, to the library of a Benedictin monastery—now destroyed. It had cost him twelve sous." "But see, Sir, (continued he) is not this curious?" "It is a mere reprint, (replied I) of what was first published three hundred years ago." "No matter—buy it, and read it—it will amuse you—and it costs only five sous." I purchased two copies, and I send you here the title and the frontispiece. "*Le Dragon Rouge, ou l'art de commander les Es-*

prits Célestes, Aériens, Terrestres, Infernaux. Avec le vrai Secret de faire parler les Morts; de gagner toutes les fois qu'on met aux Lotteries; de découvrir les Trésors," &c.

The bookseller told me that he regularly sold hundreds of copies of this work, and that the country people yet believed in the efficacy of its contents! I had been told that it was in this very town that a copy of *the Mazarine Bible* had been picked up for some *half*

dozen francs!—and conveyed to the public library at Munich.

Towards the evening, I visited the public library by appointment. Indeed I had casually met the public librarian at the first Bouquiniste's: and he fixed the hour of half-past six. I was punctual almost to the minute; and on entering the library, found a sort of BODLEY in miniature: except that there was a great mass of books in the middle of the room—placed in a parallelogram form—which I thought must have a prodigiously heavy pressure upon the floor. I quickly began to look about for *Editiones Principes;* but, at starting, my guide placed before me two copies of the celebrated *Liber Nanceidos:** of which *one* might be fairly said to be *large paper*. On continuing my examination, I found civil and canon law—pandects, glosses, decretals, and commentaries—out of number: together with no small sprinkling of medical works.

* A folio volume, printed at St. Nicolas, a neighbouring village, in 1518. It is a poem, written in Latin hexameter verse by P. Blaru [P. de Blarrovivo]—descriptive of the memorable siege of Nancy in 1476, by CHARLES THE RASH, Duke of Burgundy: who perished before the walls. His death is described in the sixth book, *sign.* t. iiij: the passage relating to it, beginning

"Est in Nanceijs aratro locus utilis aruis:"

A wood cut portrait of the commanding French general, Renet, is in the frontispiece. A good copy of this interesting work should always grace the shelves of an historical collector. Brunet notices a copy of it UPON VELLUM, in some monastic library in Lorraine. [Three days have not elapsed, since I saw a SIMILAR copy in the possession of Messrs. Payne and Foss, destined for the Royal Library at Paris. A pretty, rather than a magnificent, book.]

Among the latter was a curious, and *Mentelin*-like looking, edition of *Avicenna*. But *Ludolphus's Life of Christ*, in Latin, printed in the smallest type of *Eggesteyn*, in 1474, a folio, was a volume really worth opening and worth coveting. It was in its original monastic binding—large, white, unsullied, and abounding with rough marginal edges.

It is supposed that the library contains 25,000 volumes. Attached to it is a Museum of Natural History. But alas! since the revolution it exhibits a frightful picture of decay, devastation, and confusion. To my eye, it was little better than the apothecary's shop described by Romeo. It contained a number of portraits in oil, of eminent Naturalists; which are palpable copies, by the same hand, of originals . . that have probably perished. The museum had been gutted of almost every thing that was curious or precious. Indeed they want funds, both for the museum and the library. It was near night-fall when I quitted the library, and walked with the librarian in a pleasant, open space, near one of the chief gates or entrances before mentioned. The evening was uncommonly sweet and serene: and the moon, now nearly full, rose with more than her usual lustre . . in a sky of the deepest blue which I had yet witnessed. I shall not readily forget the conversation of that walk. My companion spoke of his own country with the sincerity of a patriot, but with the good sense of an honest, observing, reflecting man. I had never listened to observations better founded, or which seemed calculated to produce

more beneficial results. Of *our* country, he spoke with an animation approaching to rapture. It is only the exercise of a grateful feeling to record this—of a man—whose name I have forgotten, and whose person I may never see again. On quitting each other, I proceeded somewhat thoughtfully, to an avenue of shady trees, where groups of men and women were sitting or strolling—beneath the broad moon beam—and chanting the popular airs of their country.

The next morning I quitted Nancy. The first place of halting was *St. Nicholas*—of which the elegant towers had struck us on the other side of Nancy. It was no post town: but we could not pass such an ecclesiastical edifice without examining it with attention. The village itself is most miserable; yet it could once boast of a *press* which gave birth to the *Liber Nanceidos*.* The space before the west front of the church is absolutely choked by houses of the most squalid appearance—so that there is hardly getting a good general view of the towers. The interior struck us as exceedingly interesting. There are handsome transepts; in one of which is a large, circular, central pillar; in the other, an equally large one, but twisted. One is astonished at finding such a large and beautiful building in such a situation; but formerly the place might have been large and flourishing. The west front of this church may rival two-thirds of similar edifices in France.

Domballe was the next post: the drive thither being

* See page 362.

somewhat picturesque. *Luneville* is the immediately following post town. It is a large and considerable place; looking however more picturesque at a distance than on its near approach: owing to the red tiles of which the roofs are composed. Here are handsome public buildings; a fountain, with eight jets d'eau—barracks, a theatre, and the castle of Prince Charles of Lorraine. A good deal of business is carried on in the earthenware and cotton trade—of both which there is a manufactory—together with that of porcelaine. This place is known in modern history from the *Treaty of Luneville* between the Austrians and French in 1801. From hence we went to *Bénaménil*, the next stage; and in our way thither, we saw, for the first time since leaving Paris, a *flock of geese!* Dined at *Blamont*—the succeeding post town. While our cutlets were preparing we strolled to the old castle, now in a state of dilapidation. It is not spacious, but is a picturesque relic. Within the exterior walls is a fine kitchen garden. From the top of what might have been the donjon, we surveyed the surrounding country—at that moment rendered hazy by an atmosphere of dense, heated, vapour. Indeed it was uncommonly hot. Upon the whole, both the village and *Castle of Blamont* merit at least the leisurely survey of an entire day.

On starting for *Héming*, the next post, we were much pleased by the sight of a rich, verdant valley, fertilized by a meandering rivulet. The village of

Richevul had particular attractions; and the sight of alternate woods and meadows seemed to mitigate the severity of the heat of the day. At Héming we changed horses, opposite a large fountain where cattle were coming to drink. The effect was very picturesque; but there was no time for the pencil of Mr. Lewis to be exercised. In less than five minutes we were off for *Sarrebourg*. Evening came on as we approached it. Here I saw *hops* growing, for the first time; and here, for the first time, I heard the *German language* spoken—and observed much of the German character in the countenances of the inhabitants. The postilion was a German, and could not speak one word of French. However, he knew the art of driving—for we seemed to fly like the wind towards *Hommarting*—which we reached in half an hour. It was just two leagues from Sarrebourg. We stopped to change horses close to what seemed to be a farm house; and as the animals were being "yoked to the car," for another German Phaeton, I walked into a very large room, which appeared to be a kitchen. Two long tables were covered with supper; at each of which sat—as closely wedged as well could be—a great number of work-people of both sexes, and of all ages. Huge dogs were moving backwards and forwards, in the hope of receiving some charitable morsel; and before the fire, on a littered hearth, lay stretched out two tremendous mastiffs. I walked with fear and trembling. The cooks were carrying the evening

meal; and the whole place afforded such an *interior* —as Jan Steen would have viewed with rapture, and Wilkie have been delighted to copy. Meanwhile the postilion's whip was sounded: the fresh horses were neighing: and I was told that every thing was ready. I mounted with alacrity. It was getting dark; and I requested the good people of the house to tell the postilion that I did not wish him to *sleep* upon the road.

The hint was sufficient. This second German postilion seemed to have taken a leaf out of the book of his predecessor: for we exchanged a sharp trot for a full swing canter—terminating in a gallop; and found ourselves unexpectedly before the gates of *Phalsbourg*. Did you ever, my dear friend, approach a fortified town by the doubtful light of a clouded moon, towards eleven of the clock? A mysterious gloom envelopes every thing. The drawbridge is up. The solitary centinel gives the pass-word upon the ramparts; and every footstep, however slight, has its particular echo. Judge then of the noise made by our heavy-hoofed coursers, as we neared the drawbride. "What want you there?" said a thundering voice, in the French language, from within. "A night's lodging," replied I. "We are English travellers, bound for Strasbourg." "You must wait till I speak with the sub-mayor." "Be it so." We waited patiently; but heard a great deal of parleying within the gates. I began to think we should be doomed to

retrace our course—when, after a delay of full twenty minutes, we heard . . to our extreme satisfaction . . . the creaking of the hinges (but not as " harsh thunder") of the ponderous portals—which opened slowly and stubbornly—and which was succeeded by the clanking of the huge chain, and the letting down of the drawbridge. This latter rebounded slightly as it reached its level: and I think I hear, at this moment, the hollow rumbling noise of our horses' feet, as we passed over the deep yawning fosse below. Our passports were now demanded. We surrendered them willingly, on the assurance given of receiving them the following morning. The gates were now closed behind us, and we entered the town in high glee. " You are a good fellow," said I to the gatesman: come to me at the inn, to-morrow morning, and you shall be thanked in the way you like best."

The landlord of the inn was not yet a-bed. As he heard our approach, he called all his myrmidons about him—and bade us heartily welcome. He was a good-looking, sleek, jolly-faced man: civilly spoken, with a ready utterance, which seemed prepared to touch upon all kinds of topics. After I had bespoken tea and beds, and as the boiling water was getting ready, he began after the following fashion: " Hé bien Mons. Le Comte . . comment vont les affaires en Angleterre? Et votre grand capitaine, le Duc de Vellington, comment se porte il? Ma foi, à ce moment, il joue un beau rôle." I answered that

" matters were going on very well in England, and that our great Captain was in perfectly good health." " Vous le connoissez parfaitement bien, sans doute?" —was his next remark. I told him I could not boast of that honour. " Neanmoins, (added he) il est connu par-tout." I readily admitted the truth of this observation. Our dialogue concluded by an assurance on his part, that we should find our beds excellent, our breakfast on the morrow delicious—and he would order such a pair of horses (although he strongly recommended *four*,) to be put to our carriage, as should set all competition at defiance.

His prediction was verified in every particular. The beds were excellent; the breakfast, consisting of coffee, eggs, fruit, and bread and butter, (very superior to what is usually obtained in France) was delicious; and the horses appeared to be perfect of their kind. The reckoning was, to be sure, a little severe: but I considered this as the payment or punishment of having received the title of *Count* . . without contradiction. It fell on my ears as mere words of course; but it shall not deceive me a second time. We started a little time after nine; and on leaving the place I felt more than usual anxiety and curiosity to catch the first glimpse of the top of *Strasbourg Cathedral*,—a building, of which I had so long cherished even the most extravagant notions. The next post town was *Saverne;* and our route thither was in every respect the most delightful and gratifying of

any, and even of all the routes, collectively, which we had yet experienced. As you approach it, you cross over a part of the famous chain of mountains which divide OLD FRANCE from Germany, and which we thought we had seen from the high ground on the other side of Nancy. The country so divided, was, and is yet, called ALSACE: and the mountains, just mentioned, are called the *Vosges*. They run almost due north and south: and form a commanding feature in the landscape in every point of view. But for Saverne. It lies, with its fine old castle, at the foot of the pass of these mountains: but the descent to it is glorious beyond all anticipation!

It has been comparatively only of late years that this road, or pass, has been completed. In former times, it was almost impassable. As the descent is rapid and very considerable, the danger attending it is obviated by the high road having been cut into a cork-screw-shape,* which presents, at every spiral turn (if I may so speak) something new, beautiful, and interesting. You continue descending, gazing on all sides. To the right, suspended almost in the air—over a bending, perpendicular, rocky cliff—feathered head ways up with fir and beech—stands, or rather nods, an old castle in ruins. It seems to shake with

* When this 'chaussee,' or route royale, was completed, it was so admired, that the ladies imitated its cork-screw shape, by pearls arranged spirally in their hair: and this head dress was called (*Coiffure à la Saverne*).

every breeze that blows: but there it stands — and has stood—for some four centuries: once the terror of the vassal, and now . . the admiration of the traveller! The castle was, to my eye, of all castles which I had seen, the most elevated in its situation, and the most difficult of access. The clouds of heaven seemed to be resting upon its battlements. But what do I see yonder? "Is it the top of the spire of of Strasbourg Cathedral?" "It *is*, Sir," replied the postilion. I pulled off my travelling cap, by way of doing homage; and as I looked at my watch, to know the precise time, found it was just ten o'clock. It was worth making a minute of. Yet, owing to the hills before—or rather to those beyond, on the other side of the Rhine, which are very much loftier—the first impression gives no idea of the extraordinary height of the spire. We continued to descend, slowly and cautiously, with *Saverne* before us in the bottom. To the left, close to the road side, stands an obelisk: on which is fixed, in gilt letters, this emphatic inscription:

ALSATIA.

Every thing, on reaching the level road, bespoke a distinct national character. It was clear that we had forsaken French costume, as well as the French language, among the common people: so obvious is it, as has been remarked to me by a Strasbourgeois, that "mountains, and not rivers, are the natural boundaries of countries." The women wore large, flat, straw

hats, with a small rose at the bottom of a shallow crown; while their throats were covered, sometimes up to the mouth, with black silk cravats. Their hair was platted, hanging down in two equal divisions, The face appeared to be flat. The men wore shovel hats, of which the front part projected to a considerable distance; and the perpetually recurring response of "*yaw yaw*"—left it beyond all doubt that we had taken leave of the language of "the polite nation." At length we reached Saverne, and changed horses. This town is large and bustling, and is said to contain upwards of four thousand inhabitants. We did not stop to examine any of its wonders or its beauties; for we were becoming impatient for Strasbourg. The next two intermediate post towns were *Wasselonne* and *Ittenheim*—and thence to Strasbourg: the three posts united being about ten leagues. From Ittenheim we darted along yet more swiftly than before. The postilion, speaking in a germanised French accent, told us, that "we were about to visit one of the most famous cities in the world—and *such* a CATHEDRAL!" The immediate approach to Strasbourg is flat and uninteresting; nor could I, in every possible view of the tower of the cathedral, bring myself to suppose it—what it is admitted to be—the *loftiest ecclesiastical edifice in the world!*

The fortifications about Strasbourg are said to afford one of the finest specimens of the skill of Vauban. They may do so; but they are very flat, tame, and

unpicturesque. We now neared the barriers: delivered our passports; and darted under the first large brick arched way. A devious paved route brought us to the second gate;—and thus we entered the town; desiring the post-boy to drive to the *Hôtel de l'Esprit.* "You judge wisely, Sir, (replied he) for there is no Hotel, either in France or Germany, like it." So saying, he continued, without the least intermission, to make circular flourishes with his whip—accompanied by such ear-piercing sounds, as caused every inhabitant to gaze at us. I entreated him to desist; but in vain. "The English always enter in this manner," said he—and having reached the hotel, he gave *one* super-eminent flourish—which threw him off his balance, and nearly brought him to the ground. When I paid him, he pleaded hard for an *extra five sous* for this concluding flourish!

I am now therefore safely and comfortably lodged in this spacious hotel, by the side of the river *Ill*—of which it is pleasing to catch the lingering breezes as they stray into my chamber. God bless you.

P. S. One thing I cannot help adding—perhaps hardly deserving of a postcript. All the way from Paris to Strasbourg, I am persuaded that we did not meet *six* travelling equiqages. The lumbering diligence and steady Poste Royale were almost the only vehicles in action besides our own. Nor were *villas* or *chateaux* visible; such as, in our own country, enliven the scene and put the traveller in spirits.

LETTER XIII.

STRASBOURG. ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PROTESTANT RELIGION. THE CATHEDRAL. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Hôtel de l'Esprit, July 26, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

IT is Sunday; and scarcely half an hour ago, I heard, from a Lutheran church on the other side of the water, what I call good, hearty, rational psalm-singing: without fiddles or trombones or serpents. Thus, although considerably further from home, I almost fancied myself in old England. This letter will touch chiefly upon topics of an antiquarian cast, but of which I venture to anticipate your approbation; because I have long known your attachment to the history of ALSACE—and that you have Schoepflin's admirable work* upon that country almost at your finger's ends. The city of Strasbourg encloses within its walls a population of about fifty thousand souls. I suspect, however, that in former times its population was more numerous. At this present moment there are about two hundred and fifty streets, great and small, including squares and alleys. The main streets, upon the whole, are neither wide nor narrow; but to

* *Alsatia Illustrata,* 1751-61, folio, two volumes.

a stranger they have a very singular appearance, from the windows being occasionally covered, on the outside, with *iron bars,* arranged after divers fashions. This gives them a very prison-like effect, and is far from being ornamental. The glazing of the windows is also frequently very curious. In general, the panes of glass are small, and circular, confined in leaden casements. The number of houses in Strasbourg is estimated at three thousand five hundred.

There are not fewer than forty-seven bridges in the interior of the town. These cross the branches of the rivers *Ill* and *Bruche*—which empty themselves into the *Rhine.* The fortifications of Strasbourg are equally strong and extensive; but they assumed formerly a more picturesque, if not a more powerful aspect.*

There are *seven parishes;* of which four are catholic, and three protestant. This brings me to lay before you a brief outline of the rise and progress of PROTESTANTISM in this place. Yet, as a preliminary remark, and as connected with our mutual antiquarian pursuits, you are to know that, besides parish

* In the middle of the fifteenth century there were not fewer than nine principal gates of entrance: and above the walls were built, at equal distances, fifty-five towers—surmounted, in turn, by nearly thirty towers of observation on the exterior of the walls. But in the beginning of the sixteenth century, from the general adoption of gunpowder in the art of war, a different system of defence was necessarily adopted; and the number of these towers was in consequence diminished. At present there are none. They are supplied by bastions and redoubts, which answer yet better the purposes of warfare.

churches, there were formerly *fourteen convents*, exclusively of chapelries. All these are minutely detailed in the recent work of M. Hermann,* from which indeed I have gleaned the chief of the foregoing particulars. A great many of these convents were suppressed in the sixteenth century, upon the establishment of the protestant religion.

But for a brief outline of the rise and progress of this establishment. It must indeed be brief; but if so, it shall at least be clear and faithful. The forerunner of Luther (in my opinion) was JOHN GEYLER; a man of singular intrepidity of head and heart. He was a very extraordinary genius, unquestionably; and the works which he has bequeathed to posterity evince the variety of his attainments. Geyler preached boldly in the cathedral against the lax manners and doubtful morality of the clergy. He exhorted the magistrates to do their duty, and predicted that there must be an alteration of religious worship ere the general morals of the community could be amended. They preserve a stone chair or pulpit, of very curious workmanship, but which had nearly been destroyed during the Revolution, in which Geyler used to deliver his lectures. He died in 1510; and within a dozen years after his

* This work is entitled "*Notices Historiques, Statistiques et Littéraires, sur la Ville de Strasbourg.*" 1817, 8vo. A second volume, published in 1819, completes it. A more judicious, and, as I learn, faithful compilation, respecting the very interesting city of which it treats, has not yet been published.

death the doctrines of LUTHER were sedulously inculcated. The ground had been well prepared for such seed. The court of Rome looked on with uneasiness; and the Pope sent a legate to Strasbourg in 1522, to vent his anathemas, and to raise a strong party against the growth of this new heresy—as it was called. At this time, the reformed doctrine was even taught in the cathedral; and, a more remarkable thing to strike the common people, the RECTOR of the church of St. Thomas (the second religious establishment of importance, after that of the cathedral) VENTURED TO MARRY! He was applauded both by the common people and by many of the more respectable families. His example was followed: and the religious of both sexes were allowed to leave their establishments, to go where they would, and to enter upon the married state. In 1530 the mass was generally abolished: and the protestant religion was constantly exercised in the cathedral.

The spirit both of Geyler and of Luther might have rejoiced to find, in 1550, the chapter of St. Thomas resolutely avowing its determination to perform the protestant—and nothing but the protestant—religion within its own extensive establishment. The flame of the new religion seemed now to have reached all quarters, and warmed all hearts. But a temporary check to its progress was given by the cautious policy of Charles V. That wary and heartless monarch (who had even less religion than he had of the ordinary

feelings of humanity) interfered with the weight of his power, and the denunciations of his vengeance. Yet he found it necessary neither wholly to suppress, nor wholly to check, the progress of the protestant religion: while, on the other hand, the Strasbourgeois dreaded too much the effects of his power to dispute his will by any compact or alliance of opposition. In 1550, therefore, the matter stood thus. The cathedral, and the collegiate and parish churches of St. Peter the Elder and St. Peter the Younger, as well as the Oratory of all Saints, adopted the *catholic* form of worship. The other parish churches adopted that of the *protestant*. Yet in 1559 there happened such a serious affray in the cathedral church itself—between the Catholics and Protestants—as taught the former the obvious necessity of conceding as much as possible to the latter. It followed, that, towards the end of the same century, there were, in the cathedral chapter, *seventeen protestant*, and *eight catholic* canons. Among the *latter*, however, was the celebrated Cardinal de Lorraine:—one of the most powerful, the most furious, and the most implacable of the enemies of Protestantism. The part he took in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, consigns his name to everlasting ignominy and detestation.

In 1610 a league was formed for the adjustment of the differences between the Catholics and Protestants: but the unfortunate thirty years war breaking out in 1618, and desolating nearly the whole of Germany,

prevented the permanent consolidation of the interests of either party. All this time Strasbourg was under the power, as it even now speaks the language, and partakes of the customs and manners, of GERMANY: but its very situation rendered it the prey of both the contending powers of Germany and France. At length came the memorable, and as I suspect treacherous, surrender of Strasbourg to the arms of Louis XIV, in Septemb r 1681; when the respective rights and privileges of the Catholics and Protestants were placed upon a definite footing: although, before this event, the latter had considerably the ascendancy. These rights were endeavoured to be shaken by the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685—not however before the Jesuits had been striving to warp the feelings of the latter in favour of the former. The catholic religion was, by the articles of the surrender of the city, established in the cathedral, in the subordinate churches of St. Peter the Elder and St. Peter the Younger, and in the Oratory of All Saints: and it has continued to be exercised pretty much in the same proportion unto this day. The majority of the inhabitants are however decidedly Protestants. Such is a succinct, but I believe not unfaithful, account of the establishment of the PROTESTANT RELIGION at Strasbourg.

This subject therefore naturally brings me to notice the principal *Temple of Worship* in which the rites of either religion seem, for a long time, to have been alternately exercised; and this temple can be no other

than *the Minster*—or, as we should say, the *Cathedral.* Ere I assume the office of the historian, let me gratify my inclinations as a spectator. Let me walk round this stupendous structure. At this moment, therefore, consider me as standing in full gaze before its west front—from which the tower springs. This tower seems to reach to heaven. Indeed the whole front quite overwhelms you with alternate emotions of wonder and delight. Luckily there is some little space before it, in which trees have been recently planted; and where (as I understand) the fruit and vegetable market is held. At the further end of this space in approaching the Cathedral, and in running the eye over the whole front, the first thing that strikes you is, the red or copperas colour of the stone—which I presume to be a species of sand stone. This gives a sort of severe metallic effect. However you are riveted to the spot wherein you command the first general survey of this unparalleled front. The delicacy, the finish, the harmonious intricacy, and faëry-like lightness, of the whole—even to the summit of the spire; —which latter indeed has the appearance of filigree work, raised by enchantment, and through the interstices of which the bright blue sky appears with a lustre of which you have no conception in England—all this, I say, perfectly delights and overwhelms you. You want words to express your ideas, and the extent of your gratification. You feel convinced that the magnificent edifice before you seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of human skill in ornamental gothic architecture.

Undoubtedly one regrets here, as at Antwerp, the absence of a corresponding tower; but you are to form your judgment upon what is *actually* before you, and, at the same time, to bear in mind that this tower and spire—for it partakes of both characters—is full *four hundred and seventy four* English feet in height!* —and, consequently, some twenty or thirty feet only lower than the top of St. Peter's at Rome. One is lost in astonishment, on bearing such an altitude in mind, considering the delicacy of the spire. There is no place fitting for a satisfactory view of it, within its immediate vicinity.†

This western front, or façade, is divided into three stages or compartments. The bottom or lower one is occupied by three magnificent porches; of which the central is by far the loftiest and most ornamental.

* [I had before said 530 English feet; but a note in M. Crapelet's version (supplied, as I suspect, by my friend M. Schweighæuser, says, that from recent strict trigonometrical measurement, it is 437 French feet in height.]

† The *Robertsau*, about three quarters of a mile from Strasbourg, is considered to be the best place for a view of the cathedral. The Robertsau is a well peopled and well built suburb. It consists of three nearly parallel streets, composed chiefly of houses separated by gardens—the whole very much after the English fashion. In short, these are the country houses of the wealthier inhabitants of Strasbourg; and there are upwards of seventy of them, flanked by meadows, orchards, or a fruit or kitchen garden. It derives the name of *Robertsau* from a gentleman of the name of *Robert*, of the ancient family of *Bock*. He first took up his residence there about the year 1200, and was father of twenty children. Consult *Hermann*; vol. i. p. 209.

The period of their execution is from the year 1270 to 1320: a period, when gothic architecture was probably at its highest pitch of perfection. The central porch is divided into five compartments on each side—forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the door-way. The lower parts of these divisions contain each a statue, of the size of life, upon its respective pediment. The upper parts, which blend with the arch-like construction, are filled with small statues, upon pediments, having a sort of brilliant, fretted appearance. All these figures are representations of characters in Scripture. Again, above this archway, forming the central ornaments of the sharper angles, are the figures of the Almighty, the Virgin and Child, and Solomon. In front, above the door way, upon a flat surface, are four sculptured compartments; devoted to scriptural subjects. The same may be said of the right and left porch. They are equally elaborate, and equally devoted to representations of scriptural subjects. They will have it, that, according to tradition, the daughter of Ervin de Steinbach, the chief architect of the western front, worked a great deal at this central porch, and even sculptured several of the figures. However this may be, the *tout ensemble* is really beyond any thing which could be satisfactorily conveyed by a written description.

We now cast our eye upon the second division of this stupendous façade; and here our attention is almost exclusively devoted to the enormous circular or

marygold window, in the central compartment. It is filled with stained glass—and you are to know that the circumference of the outer circle is one hundred and sixty English feet: or about fifty-three feet in diameter; and I challenge you to shew me the like—in any building of which you have any knowledge!

Perhaps the most wonderful part of this structure is the open filigree work of the tower, immediately above the platform: though I admit that the *spiral* part is exceedingly curious and elaborate. Of course there was no examining such a wonder without mounting to the platform, and ascending the tower itself. The platform is about three hundred feet from the pavement. We quitted this tenement, and walked straight forward upon the platform. What a prospect was before us. There flowed the RHINE! I felt an indescribable joy on my first view of that majestic river. There it flowed . . broad and rapid . . and apparently peaceful, within its low banks. On the other, or eastern side of it, was a range of lofty hills, of a mountainous character. On the opposite side of the town ran the great chain of hills—called the VOSGES—which we had crossed in our route hither; and of which we had now a most extensive and unobstructed view. These hills were once the abode of adventurous chieftains and powerful nobles; and there was scarcely an eminence but what had been formerly crowned by a baronial castle.* Below, appeared the houses of

* "The engineer Specklin, who, in order to complete his

Strasbourg . . shrunk to rabbit-hutches — and the people . . to emmets!

It remained to ascend the opposite tower. At each of the four corners there is a spiral stair-case, of which the exterior is open work, consisting of slender but lofty pillars; so that the ascending figure is seen at every convolution. It has a fearful appearance to the adventurer: but there is scarcely the possibility of danger. You go round and round, and observe three distinct terminations of the central work within—forming three roofs—of which the *third* is eminently beautiful. I could not help expressing my astonishment at some of the exterior columns, which could not be much less than threescore feet in height, and scarcely twelve inches in diameter! Having gained the top of one of these corner spiral stair-cases, I breathed and looked around me. A new feature presented itself to my view. About one hundred feet beneath, was the body of this huge cathedral. Immediately above, rose the beautifully-tapering and curiously or-

MAP of ALSACE, traversed the whole chain of the VOSGES, estimates the number of these castles at little short of *two hundred*: and pushes the antiquity of some of them as far back as the time of the Romans." See *Hermann*; vol. i. p. 128, note 20: whose compressed account of a few of these castellated mansions is well worth perusal, I add this note, from something like a strong persuasion, that, should it meet the eye of some enterprising and intelligent English antiquary, it may stimulate him—within the waning of two moons from reading it, provided those moons be in the months of Spring—to put his equipage in order for a leisurely journey along the VOSGES!

namented SPIRE — to the height of probably one hundred and twenty-five feet! It seemed indeed as if both tower and spire were direct ladders to the sky. The immortal artist who constructed them, and who lived to witness the completion of his structure, was JOAN HÜLTZ, a native of Cologne. The date of their completion is 1449. Thus, on the continent as well as in England, the period of the most florid style of gothic architecture was during the first half of the fifteenth century.

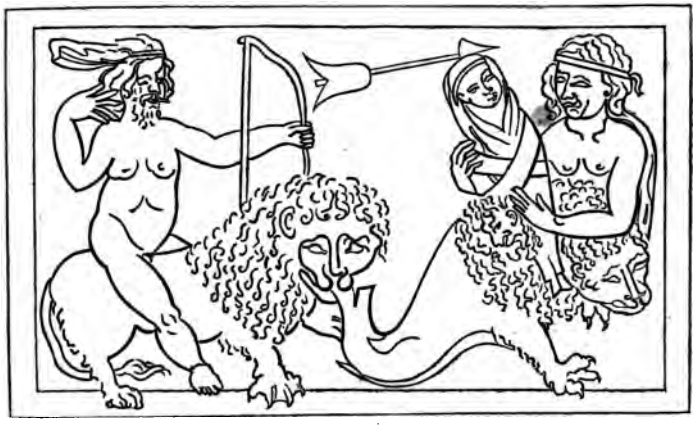
I essayed to mount to the very pinnacle, or *bouton* of the spire; but the ascent was impracticable—owing to the stair-case being under repair. On the summit of this spire, there once stood a *statue of the Virgin*, above a cross. That statue was taken down at the end of the fifteenth century, and is now placed over the south porch. But, what do you think supplied its place during the late Revolution, or in the year of our Lord 1794, on the 4th day of May? Truly, nothing less than a large cap, made of tin, and painted red—called the *Cap of Liberty!* Thank heaven, this latter was pulled down in due time — and an oblong diamond-shaped stone is now the finishing piece of masonry of this wonderful building. In descending, I stopped again at the platform, and was requested to see the GREAT BELL; of which I had heard the deep-mouthed roar half a dozen times a day, since my arrival. It is perhaps the finest toned bell in Europe, and appeared to me terrifically large—being nearer

eight than seven feet high.* They begin to toll it at four or five o'clock in the summer-mornings, to announce that the gates of the town are opened. In case of fire at night, it is very loudly tolled; and during a similar accident in the day-time, they suspend a pole, with a red flag at the end of it, over that part of the platform which is in a line with the direction of the fire.

A grand defect in the structure of this Cathedral, as it strikes me, is, that the nave and transepts do not seem to belong to such a western front. They sink into perfect insignificance. Nor is the style of their exterior particularly deserving of description. Yet there is *one* feature in the external architecture of this Cathedral — namely, a series or suite of DROLLERIES . . . of about four or five feet high . . which cannot fail to attract the antiquary's especial notice. These figures are coarsely but spiritedly cut in stone. They are placed upon the bracket which supports the galleries, or balcony, of the eastern side of the façade of the tower, and are about sixty-five English feet from the ground. They extend to thirty-two feet in length. Through the kind offices of my friend Mr. Schweig-

* This was formerly called the bell of the HOLY GHOST. It was cast in 1427, by John Gremp of Strasbourg. It cost 1300 florins; and weighs eighty quintals, or 8320lb.: nearly four tons. It is twenty-two French feet in circumference, and requires six men to toll it. In regard to the height, I must not be supposed to speak from absolute data. Yet I apprehend that its altitude is not much over-rated. Grandidier has quite an amusing chapter (p. 241, &c.) upon the thirteen bells which are contained in the tower of this cathedral.

hæuser, junior, (of whom by and by) I have obtained drawings of these droll subjects,* and I am sure that, in common with many of our friends, you will be amused with the sight of a few of them. They are probably of the date of 1370.



* It was necessary, on the part of my friend, to obtain the

The common people call this series the *Sabbath of Demons*, or *the Dance of the Witches*. You are to know, however, that on the opposite side of the cathedral there is a series of figures, of the same size, and executed nearly in the same style of art, descriptive of scriptural events, mixed with allegorical subjects. Having now pointed out what appears to me to be chiefly interesting in the *exterior* of this marvellous building, it is right that I give you some notion of its *interior*: which will however occupy but a short portion of your attention. Indeed—I grieve to speak it—both the exterior and interior of the *nave* are wholly unworthy of such a magnificent west-front.

The nave and choir together are about three hundred and fifty-five English feet in length; of which the nave is two hundred and forty-four—evidently of too scanty dimensions. The width of the nave and side aisles is one hundred and thirty-two feet: the

consent of the Prefect to make these drawings. A moveable scaffold was constructed, which was suspended from the upper parts—and in this *nervous* situation the artist made his copies—of the size of the foregoing cuts. The expense of the scaffold, and of making the designs, was very inconsiderable indeed. The worthy Prefect, or Mayor, was so obliging as to make the scaffold a mere gratuitous affair; six francs only being required for the men to drink! [Can I ever forget, or think slightly of, such kindness? Never.]

Cicognara, in his *Storia della Scultura*, 1813, folio, has given but a very small portion of the above dance; which was taken from the upper part of a neighbouring house. It is consequently less faithful and less complete. [In the preceding edition of this work, there are not fewer than *eleven* representations of these Drolleries.]

height of the nave is only seventy-two feet. The larger of the nine clustered columns is full seventy-two feet in circumference; the more delicate, thirty feet. There is really nothing striking in this nave; except that, on turning round, and looking up to the painted glass of the circular or marygold window, you observe the colours of it, which are very rich, and absolutely gay, compared with those of the other windows. There is a profusion of painted glass in almost all the windows; but generally of a sombre tint, and of a correspondent gloomy effect. Indeed, in consequence of this profusion, the cathedral absolutely wants light.

The choir is sixty-seven feet wide, without side aisles, and is much lower than the nave. It is impossible to speak of this choir without indignation. My good friend—the whole of this interior has recently undergone rather a martyrdom than a metamorphosis. The sides are almost entirely covered with *Grecian* pilasters and pillars; and so are the ornaments about the altar. What adds to the wretched effect of the whole, is, a coat of *white-wash*, which was liberally bestowed upon it some forty years ago; and which will require at least the lapse of another century to subdue its staring effect. There are only three chapels in this cathedral. Of *altars* there are not fewer than twelve: the principal being in the chapels of St. Lawrence and St. Catharine.

It was near the chapel of *St. Catharine*, that, on

the morning of our first visit, we witnessed a group of country people, apparently from the neighbourhood of *Saverne*—from their huge, broad, flat hats—engaged in devotion before the image of some favourite saint. The rays of a bright sun darted through the windows, softened by the varied tints of the stained glass, upon their singular countenances and costumes; and the effect was irresistibly striking and interesting.

In the centre of the south transept, there rises a fine, slender, clustered column, reaching to its very summit. On the exterior of this column—placed one above another, but retreating or advancing, or in full view, according to the position of the spectator—are several figures, chiefly females; probably five feet high, with labels or scrolls, upon each of which is an inscription. I never saw any thing more elegant and more striking of its kind. These figures reach a great way up the pillar — probably to the top — but at this moment I cannot say decidedly. It is here, too, that the famous Strasbourg *Clock*, (about which one Dasypodius hath published a Latin treatise in a slim quarto volume*) is placed. This, and the tower, were called the *two great wonders of Germany*. This clock

* I think this volume is of the date of 1580. CONRAD DASYPODIUS was both the author of the work, and the chief mechanic or artisan employed in making the clock—about which he appears to have taken several journeys to employ, and to consult with, the most clever workmen in Germany. The wheels and movements were made by the two HABRECHTS, natives of Schaffhausen.

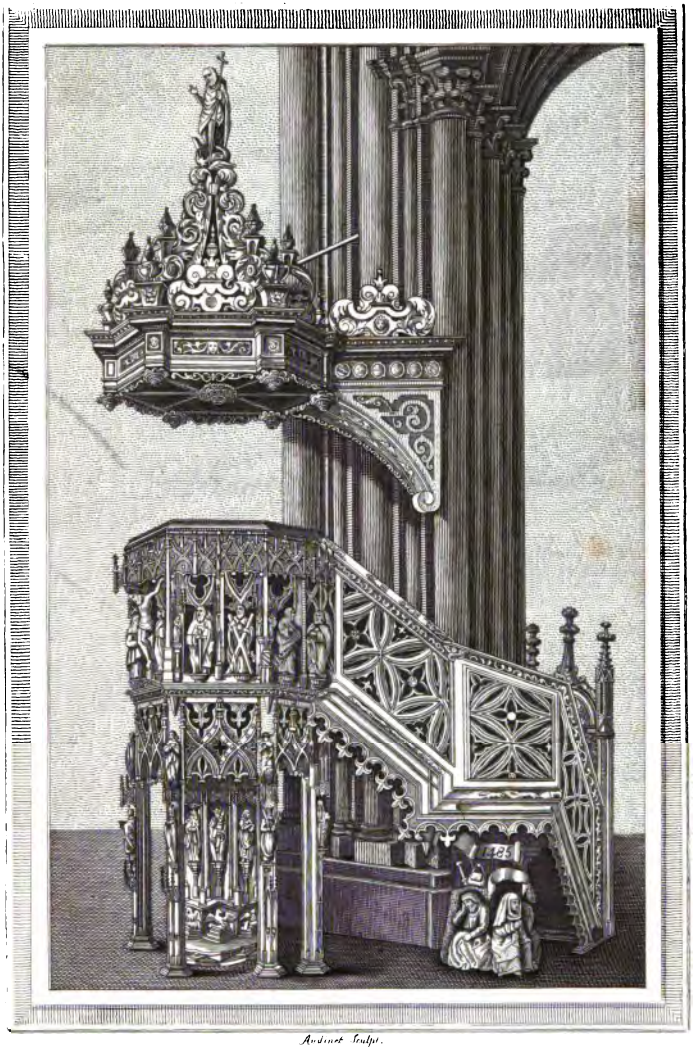
may be described in few words: premising, that it was preceded by a clock of very extraordinary workmanship, fabricated in the middle of the fourteenth century—of which, the *only* existing portion is, a *cock*, upon the top of the left perpendicular ornament, which, upon the hourly chiming of the bells, used to flap his wings, stretch out his neck, and crow twice; but being struck by lightning in the year 1640, it lost its power of action and of sending forth sound. No modern skill has been able to make this cock crow, or to shake his wings again. The clock however is now wholly out of order, and should be placed elsewhere. It is very lofty; perhaps twenty feet high: is divided into three parts, of which the central part represents *Our Saviour* and *Death*, in the middle, each in the act as if to strike a bell. When, in complete order, Death used to come forward to strike the *quarters*; and, having struck them, was instantly repelled by our Saviour. When he came forward to strike the *hour*, our Saviour in turn retreated:—a whimsical and not very comprehensible arrangement. But old clocks used to be full of these conceits.

Upon throwing an eye over what I have just written, I find that I have omitted to notice the celebrated STONE PULPIT, in the nave, enriched with small figures —of the latter end of the fifteenth century. In fact, the date of 1485, in arabic numerals, (if I remember rightly) is at the bottom of it, to the right of the steps. This pulpit, my good friend, is nothing less

than the very ecclesiastical rostrum from which the famous *John Geyler* thundered his anathemas against the monkish clergy. You may remember that some slight notice was taken of it at the beginning of this letter, in which the progress of Protestantism at Strasbourg was attempted to be traced. I will frankly own to you, that, of all pulpits, throughout Normandy, or in Paris—as yet examined by me—I have seen none which approaches to THIS; so rich, varied, and elaborate are its sculptured ornaments.* The Revolutionists could only contrive to knock off the figure which was upon the top of the canopy, with other contiguous ornaments; all of which might be easily restored.

A word now about the great *Organ*. If Strasbourg have been famous for architects, masons, bell-founders, and clock-makers, it has been not less so for organ builders. As early as the end of the thirteenth century, there were several organs in this cathedral: very curious in their structure, and very sonorous in their notes. The present great organ, on the *left side* of the nave, on entering at the western door, was built by Silbermann about a century ago: and is placed about fifty feet above the pavement. It has six bellowses, each bellows being twelve feet long and six wide: but they are made to act by a very simple and sure process. The tone is tremendous—when all the

* [The Reader may form some notion of its beauty and elaboration of ornament, from the OPPOSITE PLATE: taken from a print published about u century and a half ago.]



Andrinet Sculpt.

STONE PULPIT, STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

London, Published June 1829, by R. Jennings, Poultry.

stops are pulled out — as I once heard it, during the performance of a particularly grand chorus! Yet is this tone mellow and pleasing at the same time. Notwithstanding the organ could be hardly less than three hundred feet distant from the musicians in the choir, it sent forth sounds so powerful and grand—as almost to overwhelm the human voice, with the accompaniments of trombones and serpents. Perhaps you will not be astonished at this, when I inform you that it contains not fewer than two thousand two hundred and forty-two pipes. This is not the first time you have heard me commend the organs upon the Continent.

One of the most remarkable features belonging to the history of Strasbourg cathedral, is, the number of *shocks of earthquakes* which have affected the building. It is barely possible to enumerate all these frightful accidents; and still more difficult to give credence to one third of them. They seem to have happened two or three times every century; and, latterly, yet more frequently. Take one recital as a specimen: and believe it — if you can. In the year 1728, so great was the agitation of the earth, that the tower was moved one foot out of its perpendicular direction—but recovered its former position presently. "What however is *quite certain*—(says Grandidier)—the holy water, contained in a stone reservoir or basin, at the bottom of a column, near the pavement, was thrown by this same agitation, to upwards of *half the heighth of a man*—and to the distance of *eighteen feet!*

The record of this marvellous transaction is preserved in a Latin inscription, on a slab of black marble, fastened to the lower part of the tower, near the platform." * In 1744 a severe tempest of thunder and lightning occasioned some serious injuries to portions of the cathedral; but in 1759 it suffered still more from a similar cause. Indeed the havoc among the slighter ornamental parts, including several delicately carved figures, is recorded to have been dreadful.

Of the subordinate churches of Strasbourg, the principal, both for size and antiquity, is that of *St. Thomas*. I visited it several times. The exterior is one of the most tasteless jumbles of all styles and ages of art that can be imagined; and a portion of it is covered with brick. But I question if there be not parts much older than the cathedral. The interior compensates somewhat for the barbarism of the outside. It is large and commodious, but sadly altered from its original construction; and has recently been trimmed up and smartened in the true church-warden style. The great boast of this church is its MONUMENTS; which, it must be confessed, are upon the whole exceedingly interesting. As to their antiquity, I noticed two or three of the thirteenth century; but they pretend to run up as high as the tenth. Indeed

* See Grandidier; p. 177: where the Latin inscription is given. The *Ephémérides de l'Académie des Curieux de la Nature*, vol. ii. p. 400, &c. are quoted by this author—as a contemporaneous authority in support of the event above mentioned.

I saw one inscription of the eleventh century—executed in gothic letters, such as we observe of the latter end of the sixteenth. This could not be a coeval inscription; for I doubt whether there exist, any where, a monumental tablet of the eleventh century executed in *coeval gothic* letters. The service performed here is after the confession of Augsbourg; in other words, according to the reformed Lutheran church. A small crucifix, placed upon an altar between the nave and the choir, delicately marks this distinction; for Luther, you know, did not wage an interminable war against crucifixes.

Of *modern* monuments, the boast and glory of this chuch is that of the famous MARSHAL SAXE; who died at the age of 55, in the year 1755. While I was looking very intently at it, the good verger gently put a printed description of it into my hands, on a loose quarto sheet. I trust to be forgiven if I read only its first sentence:—*Cette grande composition réunit aux richesse de l'art des Phidias et des Bouchardon, les traits de la grande poésie.*" "Take any shape but this"—thought I to myself—and, folding it up as gently as it had been delivered to me, I put it into my pocket. My good friend, I do beseech you to hear me out—when I preface my remarks by saying, that, of all monuments, *this* is one of the most tasteless and uninteresting. Listen to a brief but faithful description of it.

An immense pyramidal-shaped gray marble forms

[illegible] a back-ground there [illegible] a group of a dozen figures at least. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

frolicksome attitude. The lion is also not less abstracted from the general grief of the figures. And this large, ugly, unmeaning composition—they have the temerity to call the union of art by Phidias and Bouchardon—with the inspiration of sublime poetry! I will make no comments.* It is one of those *felicitous* efforts which have the enviable distinction of carrying its own text and commentary. Below this vast mural monument, is a vault, containing the body of the Marshal. I descended into it, and found it well ventilated and dry. The coffin is immediately obvious: it contains the body of the chieftain enclosed in two cases—of which the first is *silver*, and the second *copper*. The heart is, I believe, elsewhere.

Forming a strikingly happy contrast to this huge, unmeaning production—are the modest and unassuming monuments of *Schoepflin*, *Oberlin*, and *Koch*: men, of whom Strasboug has good reason to be proud. Nor let the monument of old *Sebastian Schmidt* escape the notice and commendation of the pensive observer. These were all "fine fellows in their day:" and died, including the illustrious Marshal, steady in the faith they had espoused—that is, in the belief and practice

* [My French translator will have it, that, "this composition, though not without its faults, is considered, in the estimation of all connoisseurs, as one of the finest funereal monuments which the modern chisel has produced." It may be, in the estimation of *some*—but certainly of a *very small* portion of—Connoisseurs of first rate merit. Our Chantry would sicken or faint at the sight of such allegorical absurdity.]

of the tenets of the reformed church. I have no time for a particular description of these monuments. Schoepflin's consists of a bronze bust of himself placed in the front of a white marble urn, between two cinnamon-colour columns, of the Corinthian order—of free stone. The head is thought to be very like. Oberlin's is in better taste. You see only his profile, by Ohmacht, in white marble—very striking. The accompaniments are figures in white marble, of which a muse, in rilievo, is larger than life. The inscriptions, both for Schoepflin and Oberlin, are short and simple, and therefore appropriate. The monument of Koch is not less simple. It consists of his bust—about to be crowned with a fillet of oaken leaves—by a figure representing the city of Strasbourg. Below the bust is another figure weeping—and holding beneath its arms, a scroll, upon which the works of the deceased are enumerated. Koch died in his seventy-sixth year, in the year 1813. Ohmacht is also the sculptor of Koch's monument. Upon the whole, I am not sure that I have visited any church, since the cathedral of Rouen, of which the interior is more interesting, on the score of monuments, than that of St. Thomas at Strasbourg.

I do not know that it is necessary to say any thing about the old churches of St. Stephen and St. Martin: except that the former is supposed to be the most ancient. It was built of stone, and said to be placed upon a spot in which was a Roman fort—the materials

of which served for a portion of the present building. St. Martin's was erected in 1381 upon a much finer plan than that of *St. Arbogaste*—which is said to have been built in the middle of the twelfth century. Among the churches, now no longer *wholly* appropriated to sacred uses, is that called the *New Temple*—attached to which is the Public Library. The service in this church is according to the Protestant persuasion. I say this Church is not *wholly* devoted to religious rites: for what was once the *choir*, contains, at bottom, the BOOKS belonging to the public University; and, at top, those which were bequeathed to the same establishment by Schoepflin. The general effect—both from the pavement below, and the gallery above—is absolutely transporting. Shall I tell you wherefore? This same ancient choir—now devoted to printed tomes—contains some lancet-shaped windows of *stained glass* of the most beautiful and exquisite pattern and colours!... such as made me wholly forget those at *Toul*, and *almost* those at *St. Ouen*. Even the stained glass of the cathedral, here, was recollected.. only to suffer by the comparison! It should seem that the artist had worked with alternate dissolutions of amethyst, topaz, ruby, garnet, and emerald. Look at the first three windows, to the left on entering, about an hour before sun-set:—they seem to fill the whole place with a preternatural splendor! The pattern is somewhat of a Persian description, and I should apprehend the antiquity of the workmanship to be

scarcely exceeding three hundred years. Yet I must be allowed to say, that these exquisitely sparkling, if not unrivalled, specimens of stained glass, do not belong to a place now *wholly* occupied by *books*. Could they not be placed in the chapel of St. Lawrence, or of St. Catharine, in the cathedral?

As I am now at the close of my account of ecclesiastical edifices—and as this last church happens to be closely connected with a building of a different description—namely, The PUBLIC LIBRARY—you will allow me to *colophonise* my first Strasbourg epistle with some account of the *contents* of this library.

The amiable and excellent younger Schweighæuser, who is head librarian, and one of the Professors in this Gymnase, was so obliging as to lend me the key of the library, to which I had access at all hours of the day. The public hours are from two till four, Sundays excepted. I own that this accommodation was extremely agreeable and convenient to me. I was under no restraint, and thus left to my own conscience alone not to abuse the privilege conceded. That conscience has never given me one "prick" since the conclusion of my researches.*

* [This avowal has subjected me to the gentle remonstrance of the Librarian in question, and to the tart censure of M. Crapelet in particular. "Voilà le Reverend M. Dibdin (exclaims the latter) qui se croit obligé de déclarer qu'il n'a rien derobé!" And he then quotes, apparently with infinite delight, a passage from the *Quarterly Review*, (No. LXIII. June 1825) in which I am designated as having "extraordinary talents for ridicule!" But how my talents "for ridicule" (of which I very honestly de-

My researches were usually carried on above stairs, at the table where the visitors sat. Of the MSS. I did not deem it worth while to take any particular account; but there was *one*, so choice, so splendid, so curious, so interesting, and in such an extraordinary state of preservation, that you may as well know it is called the famous *Hortus Deliciarum* of *Herarde, Abbess of Landsberg*. The subjects are miscellaneous, and most elaborately represented by illuminations. Battles, sieges, men tumbling from ladders which reach to the sky—conflagrations, agriculture—devotion, penitence—revenge, murder,—in short, there is hardly a passion, animating the human breast, but what is represented here. The figures in armour have *nasals*, and are in quilted mail: and I think there can be little doubt but that both the text and the decorations are of the latter end of the twelfth century. It is so perfect in all its parts, and so rich of its particular description, that it not only well merits the labour which has been bestowed upon it by its recent editor Mr. Engleheardt, but it may probably vie with any similar production in Europe.*

clare my unconsciousness) can be supposed to bear upon the above "prick of conscience," is a matter which I have yet to learn. My amiable friend might have perhaps somewhat exceeded the prescribed line of his duty in letting me have the key of the Library in question—but, can a declaration of such confidence not having been MISPLACED, justify the flippant remarks of my Annotator ?]

* [It is now published in an entire state by the above competent Editor.]

However, of other MSS. you will I am sure give me credit for having examined the celebrated *Depositions in the law-suit between Fust and Gutemberg* — so intimately connected with the history of early printing, and so copiously treated upon by recent bibliographers.* I own that I inspected these depositions (in the German language) with no ordinary curiosity. They are doubtless most precious; yet I cannot help suspecting that the *character* or letter is *not* of the time; namely of 1440. It should rather seem to be of the sixteenth century. Perhaps at the commencement of it. These documents are written in a small folio volume, in one uniform hand—a kind of law-gothic—from beginning to end. The volume has the following title on the exterior; "*Dicta Testium magni consilij Anno dni m°. cccc°. Tricesimo nono.* The paper is strong and thick, and has a pair of scales for the water-mark. The younger Schweighæuser thinks my doubts about its age not well founded; conceiving it to be a coeval document. But this does not affect its authenticity, as it may have been an accurate and attested copy—of an original which has now perished. Certainly the whole book has very much the air of a *Copy:* and besides, would not the originals have been upon separate rolls of parchment?†

* See the authorities quoted, and the subject itself handled, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 316, &c.

† [Here again my sensitive Annotator breaks out into something little short of personal abuse, for my DARING to *doubt* what all

I now come to the PRINTED BOOKS: of which, according to the MS. catalogue by Oberlin, (who was head librarian here) there are not fewer than *four thousand three hundred, printed before the year* 1520:—and of these, again, upwards of *eleven hundred without dates.* This, at first hearing, sounds, what the curious would call, promising; but I must say, that of the *dated* and *dateless* books, printed before the year 1500, which I took down, and carefully opened—and this number could not be less than four or five hundred—there was scarcely one in five which repaid the toil of examination: and this too, with a thermometer frequently standing at eighty-nine and ninety, in the shade in the open air! Fortunately for my health, and for the exertion of physical strength, the public library happened to be very cool—while all the windows were opened, and through the openings was frequently heard the sound of young voices, practising the famous *Martin Luther's Hymn*—as it is called. This latter was particularly grateful to me. I heard the master first sing a stave, and he was in general accurately followed by his pupils—who displayed the well-known early tact of Germans in the science of music. But to revert to the early printed books.

FIRST GERMAN BIBLE; supposed to have been *printed by Mentelin;* without date: Folio. Towards the latter half of this copy, there are some interesting

the world before had held in solemn *belief!* Still, I will continue to doubt; without wishing this doubt to be considered as "paroles d'Evangile"—as M. Crapelet expresses it,]

embellishments, in outline, in a bistre tint. The invention and execution of many of them are admirable. Where they are *coloured*, they lose their proper effect. An illumination, at the beginning of the book of *Esther*, bears the unequivocal date of 1470: but the edition was certainly four or five years earlier. This Bible is considered to be the earliest German version: but it is not so.

LATIN BIBLE, BY MENTELIN: in his second character. This Bible I saw for the first time; but Panzer is decidedly wrong in saying that the types resemble the larger ones in Mentelin's *Valerius Maximus*, *Virgil* and *Terence*: they may be nearly as tall, but are not so broad and large. From a ms. note, the 402d leaf appears to be wanting. This copy is a singularly fine one. It is white, and large, and with rough edges throughout. It is also in its first binding, of wood.

LATIN BIBLE; *printed by Eggesteyn.* Here are several editions, and a duplicate of the first — which is printed in the second smallest character of Eggesteyn.* The two copies of this first edition are pretty much alike for size and condition: but *one* of them, with handsome illuminations at the beginning of each volume, has the precious coeval ms. date of 1468—as represented by the fac-simile of it in *Schoepflin's Vind. Typog. Tab. V.* Probably the date of the printing might have been at least a year earlier.

* Fully described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 39, with a fac-simile of the type.

LATIN BIBLE: *printed by Jenson*, 1479. Folio. A fine copy, upon paper. The first page is illuminated.

To this list of impressions of the SACRED TEXT, may be added a fine copy of the SCLAVONIAN BIBLE of 1584, folio, with wood cuts, and another of the HUNGARIAN Bible of 1626, folio: the latter in double columns, with a crowdedly-printed margin, and an engraved frontispiece.

As to books upon miscellaneous subjects, I shall lay before you, without any particular order, my notes of the following. Of the *Speculum Morale* of P. Bellovacensis, here said to be printed by Mentelin in 1476, in double columns, roman type, folio—there is a copy, in one volume, of tremendously large dimensions; as fine, clean, and crackling as possible. Also a copy of the *Speculum Judiciale* of Durandus, *printed at Strasbourg by Hussner and Rekenhub*, in 1473, folio. Hussner was a citizen of Strasbourg, and his associate a priest at Mentz. Here is also a perfect copy of the Latin PTOLEMY, of the supposed date of 1462, with a fine set of the copper-plates.

But I must make distinct mention of a *Latin Chronicle, printed by Gotz de Sletztat* in 1474, in folio. It is executed in a coarse, large gothic type, with many capital roman letters. At the end of the alphabetical index of 35 leaves, we read as follows:

DEO GRATIAS.

A tp̄e adē vsq; ad annos cristi 1474
Acta et gesta hic sufficienter nuclient

Sola spes mea. In virginis gracia
Nicolaus Gotz. De Sletzstat.

The preceding is on the recto; on the reverse of the same leaf is an account of Inventors of *arts*: no mention is made of that of *printing*. Then the prologue to the Chronicle, below which is the device of Gotz;* having his name subjoined. The text of the Chronicle concludes at page CCLXXX—printed numerals—with an account of an event which took place in the year 1470. But the present copy contains another, and the concluding leaf—which may be missing in some copies—wherein there is a particular notice of a splendid event which took place in 1473, between Charles Duke of Burgundy, and Frederick the Roman Emperor, with Maximilian his Son; together with divers dukes, earls, and counts attending. The text of this leaf ends thus;

SAVE GAIRT VIVE BVRGVND.

Below, within a circle, "Sixtus quartus." This work is called, in a ms. prefix, the *Chronicle of Foresius*. I never saw, or heard of, another copy. The present is fine and sound; and bound in wood, covered with leather.

Here are two copies of St. *Jerom's Epistles, printed*

* A fac-simile of this device appears in a Latin Bible, without name of printer, particularly described in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*; vol. ii. p. 41. Hence we learn that the Bible in question, about the printer of which there appears to be some uncertainty among bibliographers, was absolutely printed by Gotz.

by Schoeffher in 1470; of which that below stairs is one of the most magnificent imaginable; in two folio volumes. Hardly any book can exceed, and few equal it, in size and condition—unless it be the theological works of ARCHBISHOP ANTONIUS, *printed by Koeberger*, in 1477, in one enormous folio volume. As a specimen of Koeberger's press, I am unable at the present moment to mention any thing which approaches it. I must also notice a copy of the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis, printed at Basle, by Richel*, in 1476, folio. It is a prodigious volume, full of wood cuts, and printed in double columns in a handsome gothic type. This work seems to be rather a *History of the Bible;* having ten times the matter of that which belongs to the work with this title usually prefixed. The copy is in its original wooden binding.

JUNIANUS MAIUS. *De Propriet. Priscor. Verborum, printed at Treviso by Bernard de Colonia*, 1477, folio. I do not remember to have before seen any specimen of this printer's type: but what he has done here, is sufficient to secure for him typographical immortality. This is indeed a glorious copy—perfectly large paper—of an elegantly printed book, in a neat gothic type, in double columns. The first letter of the text is charmingly illuminated. I shall conclude these miscellaneous articles by the notice of two volumes, in the list of ROMANCES, of exceedingly rare occurrence. These romances are called *Tyturell* and *Partzifal*. The author of them was *Wolfram von Escenbach*.

They are each of the date of 1477, in folio. The Tyturell is printed prose-wise, and the Partzifal in a metrical form.

We now come to the Roman Classics, (for of the Greek there are *few or none*)—before the year 1500. Let me begin with *Virgil.* Here is *Mentelin's* very rare edition; but cropt, scribbled upon, and wanting several leaves. However, there is a most noble and perfect copy of Servius's Commentary upon the same poet, *printed by Valdarfer* in 1471, folio, and bound in primitive boards. There are two perfect copies of *Mentelin's* edition (which is the first) of Valerius Maximus, of which one is wormed and cropt. The *other* Mentelin copy of the Valerius Maximus, without the Commentary, is perhaps the largest I ever saw—with the ancient ms. signatures at the bottom-corners of the leaves. Unluckily, the margins are rather plentifully charged with ms. memoranda.

Of Cicero, there are of course numerous early editions. I did not see the *De Officiis* of 1465, or of 1466, of which Hermann speaks, and to which he affixes the *novel* date of 1462:—but I did see the *De Oratore,* printed by *Vindelin de Spira* without date; and *such* a copy I shall probably never see again! The colour and substance of the paper are yet more surprising than the size.

It is hardly possible to see a finer copy of the *Scriptores Hist. Augustæ, printed by P. de Lavagna* in 1475, folio. It possesses all the legitimate evidences

of pristine condition, and is bound in its first coat of oak. Here is a very fine copy of the *Plutarchi Vitæ Paralellæ*, printed in the letter R, in two large folio volumes, bound in wood, covered by vellum of the sixteenth century. But, if of *any* book, it is of the first edition of *Catullus Tibullus et Propertius*, of 1472, folio—that this Library has just reason to be proud. Here are in fact *two* copies, equally sound, pure and large: but in *one* the *Propertius* is wanting;* in lieu of which, however, there is the first edition of JUVENAL and PERSIUS by V. de Spira—in equal purity of condition. The perfect copy has the SYLVÆ of STATIUS subjoined. It should seem, therefore, that the Juvenal and Persius had supplied the place of the Propertius and Statius, in one copy. You are well aware of the extreme rarity of this first edition of Catullus Tibullus et Propertius.

I now take leave of the *Public Library of Strasbourg*; not however without mentioning rather an amusing anecdote connected with some of the books just described; nor without an observation or two upon the present state of the library. The anecdote is thoroughly bibliographical. After having examined some of the finer books before mentioned, and especially having dwelt upon the Latin Bible of Mentelin,

* The imperfect copy, being a duplicate, was disposed of for a copy of the *Bibl. Spenceriana*; and it is now in the fine library of the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville. The very first glance at this copy will shew that the above description is not overcharged.

and a few copies of the rarer Classics, I ventured to descant upon the propriety of *parting* with those for which there was *no use*, and which, without materially strengthening their own collection, might, by an advantageous sale, enable them to enrich their collection by valuable modern books: of which they obviously stood in *need*. I then proposed so many hundred francs, for such and such volumes. Messrs. Schweighæuser, jun. Dahler, and several other professors were standing round me—when I made this proposition. On the conclusion of it, professor Dahler put his hand upon my shoulder—stooped down—(for I was sitting the whole time)—and looking half archly, replied thus: "Monsieur le Bibliographe, vous raisonnez bien: mais—nous conserverons nos anciens livres." These sturdy conservators were not to be shaken; and none but *duplicates* were to be parted with.*

* ["These Duplicates related to some few articles of minor importance belonging to the library of the Public School, and which had escaped a former revision. The cession was made with due attention to forms, and with every facility." Such (as I have reason to believe) is the remark of M. Schweighæuser himself. What follows—evidently by the hand of M. Crapelet—is perfectly delicious .. of its kind. "That M. Dibdin should have preferred such an indiscreet request to the Librarians in question—impelled by his habitual vivacity and love of possessing books—is conceivable enough: but, that he should *publish* such an anecdote—that he should delight in telling us of the rudeness which he committed in SITTING while the gentlemen about him were STANDING, is to affect a very uncommon singularity"! ! ! Ω πόποι!]

The next observation relates to the collection. Never did a collection stand in greater need of being weeded. There are medical books sufficient to supply six copies for the library of every castellated mansion along the Vosges*—should any of them ever be repaired and put in order. Schoepflin's library furnishes many duplicates both in history and theology; and in *Classics* they should at least make good their series of the more important *first Editions.* The want of a perfect *Virgil* by *Mentelin,* and the want of a *first Terence,* by the same printer—their boasted townsman—are reproachful wants. At any rate, they should not let slip any opportunity of purchasing the first *Ovid, Horace, Ausonius,* and *Lucretius.* No man is more deeply impressed with a conviction of these wants, than the present chief librarian, the younger Schweighæuser; but, unfortunately, the pecuniary means of supplying them are slender indeed. I find this to be the case wherever I go. The deficiency of funds, for the completion of libraries, may however be the cry of *other* countries besides *France.*

As to booksellers, for the sale of modern works,

* There are yet libraries, and rare books, in the district. I obtained for my friend the Rev. H. Drury, one of the finest copies in England of the first edition of *Cicero's Offices,* of 1465, 4to. UPON VELLUM—from the collection of a physician living in one of the smaller towns near the Vosges. This copy was in its ancient oaken attire, and had been formerly in a monastic library. For this acquisition my friend was indebted to the kind offices of the younger M. Schweighæuser.

and for doing, what is called "a great stroke of business," there is no one to compare with the house of TREUTTEL and WÜRTZ—of which firm, as you may remember, very honourable mention was made in one of my latter letters from Paris. Their friendly attention and hospitable kindness are equal to their high character as men of business. It was frequently in their shop that I met with some of the savants of Strasbourg; and among them, the venerable and amiable LICHTENBERGER, author of that very judicious and pains taking compilation entitled *Initia Typographica*. I was also introduced to divers of the learned, whose names I may be pardoned for having forgotten. The simplicity of character, which here marks almost every man of education, is not less pleasing than profitable to a traveller who wishes to make himself acquainted with the literature of the country through which he passes.

LETTER XIV.

SOCIETY. ENVIRONS OF STRASBOURG. DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. LITÉRATURE. LANGUAGE.

My last letter, however copious, was almost wholly confined to *views of interiors*; that is to say, to an account of the Cathedral and of the Public Library. I shall now continue the narrative with views of interiors of a different description; with some slight notices of the *society* and of the city of Strasbourg; concluding the whole, as well as closing my Strasbourg despatches, with a summary account of manners, customs, and literature.

The great *Greek luminary*, not only of this place, but perhaps of Germany—the Elder Schweighæuser—happens to be absent. His son tells me that he is at *Baden* for the benefit of the waters, and advises me to take that "enchanting spot" (as he calls it) in my way to Stuttgart. "'Twill be only a trifling détour." What however will be the *chief* temptation—as I frankly told the younger Schweighæuser—would be the society of his Father; to whom the son has promised a strong letter of introduction. I told you

in my last that I had seen LICHTENBERGER at Treuttel and Würtz's. I have since called upon the old gentleman; and we immediately commenced a bibliographical parley. But it was chiefly respecting Lord Spencer's copies of the *Letters of Indulgence of Pope Nicolas V.* of the date of 1455, that he made the keenest enquiries. "Was the date legitimate?" I assured him there could be no doubt of it; and that what Hæberlin had said, followed by Lambinet, had no reference whatever to his Lordship's copies—for that, in *them*, the final units were compressed into a V and not extended by five strokes, thus—*iiiij*. As he was unacquainted with my account of these copies in the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, I was necessarily minute in the foregoing statement. The worthy old bibliographer was so pleased with this account, that he lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed, "one grows old always to learn something."

M. Haffner, who was one of the guests at a splendid, but extremely sociable dinner party at *Madame Franc's** the principal banker here—is a pleasing, communicative, open-countenanced, and open-hearted gentleman. He may be about sixty years of age. I viewed his library with admiration. The order was excellent; and considering what were his *means*, I could not but highly compliment him upon his pru-

* [This dinner party is somewhat largely detailed in the preceding edition of this work; but it scarcely merits repetition here; the more so, since the presiding Hostess is NO MORE!]

dence and enthusiasm. This was among the happiest illustrations of the Bibliomania which I had ever witnessed. The owner of this well chosen collection shewed me with triumph his copy of the first Greek Testament by *Erasmus*, and his copies of the same sacred book by *R. Stephen* and *Wetstein*, in folio. Here too I saw a body of philological theology (if I may use this term) headed by *Walchius* and *Wolff*, upon the possession of a similar collection of which, my late neighbour and friend, Dr. Gosset, used to expatiate with delight.

Let me now take you with me out of doors. You love architecture of all descriptions: but "the olden" is always your "dear delight." In the construction of the streets of Strasbourg, they generally contrive that the corner house should *not* terminate with a right angle. Such a termination is pretty general throughout Strasbourg. Of the differently, and sometimes curiously, constructed iron bars in front of the windows, I have also before made mention. The houses are generally lofty; and the roofs contain two or three tiers of open windows, garret-fashioned; which gives them a picturesque appearance; but which, I learn, were constructed as granaries to hold flour—for the support of the inhabitants, when the city should sustain a long and rigorous siege. As to *very ancient* houses, I cannot charge my memory with having seen any; and the most ancient are those on the other side of the *Ill;* of which several are near the convent before mentioned.

The immediate environs of Strasbourg (as I have before remarked) are very flat and poor, in a picturesque point of view. They consist chiefly of fields covered with the *tobacco plant*, which resembles that of our horse-radish; and the trade of tobacco may be considered the staple, as well as the indigenous, commodity of the place. This trade is at once extensive and lucrative; and regulated by very wholesome laws. The outskirts of the town, considered in an architectural point of view, are also very indifferent.

As to the general character, or rather appearance, of the Strasbourgeois, it is such as to afford very considerable satisfaction. The manners and customs of the people are simple and sober. The women, even to the class of menial servants, go abroad with their hair brushed and platted in rather a tasteful manner, as we even sometimes observe in the best circles of our own country. The hair is dressed *à la grecque*, and the head is usually uncovered: contrary to the broad round hats, and depending queues, of the women inhabiting the neighbourhood of *Saverne*. But you should know that the farmers about Strasbourg are generally rich in pocket, and choice and dainty in the disposition of their daughters—with respect to wedlock. They will not deign to marry them to bourgeois of the ordinary class. They consider the blood running in their families' veins to be polluted by such an intermixture; and accordingly they are oftentimes saucy, and hold their heads high. Even some of the fair dames coming from the high "countre," whom

we saw kneeling the other day, in the cathedral, with their rural attire, would not commute their circular head pieces for the most curiously braided head of hair in the city of Strasbourg.

The utmost order and decency, both in dress and conduct, prevail in the streets and at spectacles. There seems to be that sober good sense among the Strasbourgeois—which forms a happy medium between the gaiety of their western, and the phlegm of their eastern, neighbours; and while this general good order obtains, we may forgive "officers for mounting guard in white silk stockings, or for dancing in boots at an assembly—and young gentlemen for wearing such scanty skirts to their coats:"—subjects, which appear to have ruffled the good temper of the recent historian of Strasbourg.* It seems clear that the morals of the community, and especially of the female part, were greatly benefited by the Reformation,† or establishment of the protestant religion.

* *Hermann;* vol. i. p. 154.

† *greatly benefited by the Reformation.*]—Among the benefactors to the cause of public morality, was the late lamented and ever memorable KOCH. Before the year 1536, it should seem, from Koch's statement, that even whole streets as well as houses were occupied by women of a certain description. After this year, there were only two houses of ill fame left. The women, of the description before alluded to, used to wear black and white hats, of a sugar-loaf form, over the veil which covered their faces; and they were confined strictly to this dress by the magistrates. These women were sometimes represented in the sculptured figures about the cathedral. Hermann says that there may yet

In alluding to manners and customs, or social establishments of this place, you ought to know that some have imagined the origin of *Free-masonry* may be traced to Strasbourg; and that the first *lodges* of that description were held in this city. The story is this. The cathedral, considered at the time of its erection as a second *Solomon's temple*, was viewed as the wonder of the modern world. Its masons, or architects, were the theme of universal praise. Up rose, in consequence, the cathedrals of *Vienna*, *Cologne*, *Landshut* and others: and it was resolved that, on the completion of such stately structures, those, whose mechanical skill had been instrumental to their erection, should meet in one common bond, and chant together, periodically, at least their *own* praises.

be seen, over the door of a house in the *Bickergase* (one of the streets now called *Rue de la fontaine*, which was formerly devoted to the residence of women of ill fame) a bas-relief, representing two figures, with the following German inscription beneath:

Diss Haus steht in Gottes Hand
Wird zu den freud'gen kindern genannt.

which he translates thus:

Cette maison, dans la main de Dieu,
S'appelle aux enfans bien joyeux.

It should seem, therefore, (continues Hermann) that this was one of the houses in which a public officer attended, to keep order, prevent quarrels, and exact municipal rights. The book, in which the receipt of this tax was entered, existed during the time of the Revolution, and is thought to be yet in existence. Hermann, vol. i. p. 156.

Their object was to be considered very much above the common labourer, who wore his apron in front, and carried his trowel in his hand: on the contrary, *they* adopted, as the only emblems worthy of their profession, the level, the square, and the compass. All the lodges, wherever established, considered that of Strasbourg as the common parent; and at a meeting held at Ratisbon in 1459, it was agreed that the ARCHITECT OF STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL should be the *Grand Master of Free-masons;* and one DOTZINGER of Worms, who had succeeded Hulz in 1449, (just after the latter had finished the spire) was acknowledged to be the FIRST GRAND MASTER. I own my utter ignorance in the lore of free-masonry, but have thought it worth while to send you these particulars: as I know you to be very "curious and prying" in antiquarian researches connected with this subject.

Strasbourg has been always eminent for its literary reputation, from the time of the two STURMII, or rather from that of GEYLER, downwards. It boasts of historians, chroniclers, poets, critics, and philologists. At this present moment the public school, or university, is allowed to be in a most flourishing condition; and the name of SCHWEIGHÆUSER alone is sufficient to rest its pretensions to celebrity on the score of *classical* acumen and learning. While, within these last hundred years, the names of SCHOEPFLIN, OBERLIN, and KOCH, form a host in the department of *topography* and *political economy*.

In *Annals* and *Chronicles*, perhaps no provincial city in Europe is richer; while in *old Alsatian poetry* there is an almost inexhaustible banquet to feast upon. M. Engelhardt, the brother in law of M. Schweighæuser junr. is just now busily engaged in giving an account of some of the ancient love poets, or *Minne-Singers*; and he shewed me the other day some curious drawings relating to the same, taken from a MS. of the XIIIth century, in the public library. But Oberlin, in 1786, published an interesting work "*De Poetis Alsatiæ eroticis medii ævi*"—and more lately in 1806, M. Arnold in his "*Notice littéraire et historique sur les poëtes alsaciens*," 1806, 8vo.—enriched by the previous remarks of Schoepflin, Oberlin, and Frantz—has given a very satisfactory account of the achievements of the Muses who seem to have inhabited the mountain-tops of Alsatia—from the ninth to the sixteenth century inclusively. It is a fertile and an interesting subject. Feign would I, if space and time allowed, give you an outline of the same; from the religious metres of *Ottfried* in the ninth—to the charming and tender touches which are to be found in the *Hortus deliciarum** of *Herade* Abbess of Landsberg, in the twelfth—century: not meaning to pass over, in my progress, the effusions of philology and poetry which distinguished the rival abbey of *Hohenbourg* in the same century. Indeed, not fewer than three Abbesses—*Rélinde*, *Herade*,

* See p. 401 ante.

and *Edelinde*—cultivated literature at one and the same time: when, in Arnold's opinion, almost the whole of Europe was plunged in barbarism and ignorance. Then comes *Günther*, in the fifteenth century; with several brave geniuses in the intervening period: and, latterly, the collection of the *Old Troubadour Poetry of Alsace*, by *Roger Maness*—of which there is a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris; and another (containing matter of a somewhat later period) in the Public library here; of which latter not a specimen, as I understand, has seen the light in the form of a printed text.

In later times, *Brandt*, *Wimphelin*, *Locher*, *Baldus*, *Pfeffel*, and *Nicolay*, are enough to establish the cause of good poetry, and the celebrity of this city in the production of such poets. As to the *Meister-Sængers* (or Master-Singers) who composed the strains which they sang, perhaps the cities of Mentz and Nuremberg may vie with that of Strasbourg, in the production of this particular class. *Hans Sachs* of Nuremberg, formerly a cobler, was considered to be the very *Coryphæus* of these Master-Singers. At the age of fourscore he is said to have composed four thousand three hundred and seventy verses.

A word or two only respecting the language spoken at Strasbourg. From the relative situation of the town, this language would necessarily be of a mixed character: that is to say, there would be intermarriages between the Germans and French—and

the offspring of such marriages would necessarily speak a *patois*. This seems to be generally admitted. The ancient language of Strasbourg is said to have been the pure dialect of *Suabia;* but, at present, the dialect of *Saxony*, which is thought to be purer as well as more fashionable, is carefully taught in the schools of both sexes, and spoken by all the ministers in the pulpit. Luther wrote in this dialect, and all protestant preachers make use of it as a matter of course. Yet Hermann labours to prove how much softer the dialect of High Germany is than that of High Saxony. There have lately appeared several small brochures in the *common language* of the town —such, of course, as is ordinarily spoken in the shops and streets: and among others, a comedy called *Der Pfingst-Montag*, written (says Hermann) with much spirit; but the author of this latter work has been obliged to mark the pronunciation, which renders the perusal of it somewhat puzzling. It is also accompanied with a glossary. But that you, or your friends, may judge for yourselves, I send you a specimen of the *patois*, or common language spoken in the street —in the enclosed ballad: which I purchased the other day, for about a penny of our money, from an old goody, who was standing upon a stool, and chanting it aloud to an admiring audience. I send you the first four stanzas.*

* For the English metrical version I am indebted to "an old hand at these matters."

Im Namen der allerheiligsten Dreifaltigkeit

das goldene A B C,

Neu verfasst für Jedermann, dass er mit Ehr' bestehen kann.

Alles ist an Gottes Segen,
Was wir immer thun, gelegen,
Arbeit aber bleibt doch unsre Pflicht:
Der Träge hat den segen Gottes nicht.

Behalt' ein weises Maass in allen Stücken;
Das Uebertriebne kann dich nicht beglücken.
Dies Sprichwort trifft in allen Dingen ein:
Das Gute selbst muss eingeschränket seyn.

Christ! sey der Rache nicht ergeben,
Der Zorn verbittert nur das Leben;
Und wer dem Feinde gern verzeiht,
Geniesst schon hier der Seligkeit.

Der wird verachtet von der Welt,
Der das gegebne Wort nicht hält:
Drum gieb dein Wort nich leicht von dir;
Hast du's gethan, so steh' dafür.

In the name of the most Holy Trinity.

THE GOLDEN A B C.

Newly set forth to enable every man to stand fast in honour.

Howe'er employed, we ev'ry nerve should strain
On all our works God's blessings to obtain.
Whilst here on earth to labour we're ordain'd;
The lazy never yet God's blessing gain'd.

In all things strive a medium to procure;
Redundance never can success insure:
This proverb will in all things be found true,
That good itself should have its limits due.

Christian! avoid revenge and strife,
For anger tends to embitter life:
And he who readily forgives his foe,
Ev'n here on earth true happiness shall know.

He who the promise he hath given denies,
Will find the world most justly him despise;
Be cautious then how thou a promise make,
But, having made it, ne'er that promise break.

DANNBACH is the principal Greek printer of this place; his Greek type (which I cannot too much commend) is precisely that used in the *Bipont Thucydides* and *Plato*. The principal printers, for works in which the Greek type is not introduced, is LEVRAULT *Pere et Fils:* and I must say that, if even a fastidious author, a resident Strasbourgeois, — whose typographical taste had been formed upon the beautifully executed volumes of Bodoni, Didot, or Bulmer —chose to publish a fine book, he need not send it to *Paris* to be printed; for M. Levrault is both a skilful, intelligent, and very able printer and publisher. I visited him more than once. He has a considerable commercial establishment. His shop and warehouses are large aud commodious; and Madame Levrault is both active and knowing in aiding and abetting the concerns of her husband. I should consider their house to be a rich one. M. Levrault is also a very fair typographical antiquary. He talked of Fust and Jenson with earnestness, and with a knowledge of their productions; and told me that he had, up stairs, a room full of old books, especially of those printed by

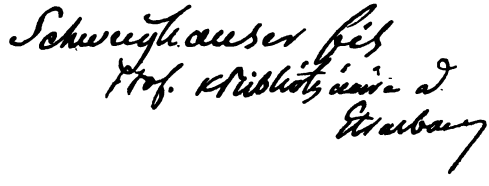
Aldus—and begged I would walk up and inspect them. You will give me credit for having done so readily. But it was a "poor affair,"—for the fastidious taste of an Englishman. There was literally nothing in the way of temptation; and so I abstained from tempting the possessor by the offer of napoleons or golden ducats. We had a long and a very gratifying interview; and I think he shewed me (not for the purpose of sale) a copy of the famous tract of St. Austin, called *De Arte prædicandi*, printed by *Fust* or by *Mentelin*; in which however, as the copy was imperfect, he was not thoroughly conversant. They are all proud at Strasbourg of their countryman Mentelin, and of course yet more so of Gutenberg; although this latter was a native of Mentz. Mr. Levrault concluded his conversation by urging me, in strong terms, to visit *Colmar* ere I crossed the Rhine; as that place abounded with "DES INCUNABLES TYPOGRAPHIQUES." I told him that it was impossible; that I had a great deal on my hands to accomplish on the other side of the Rhine; and that my first great stroke, in the way of BOOK-ACQUISITIONS, must be struck at *Stuttgart*. M. Levrault seemed surprised—"for truly," (added he) "there are no *old* books there, save in the *Public Library*." I smiled, and wished him a good day.

Upon the whole, my dear friend, I have taken rather an affection for this place. All classes of people are civil, kind, and communicative: but my obligations are due, in a more especial manner, to the

younger Mr. Schweighæuser and to Madame Francs. I have passed several pleasant evenings with the former, and talked much of the literature of our country with him and his newly married spouse: a lively, lady-like, and intelligent woman. She is warm in commendation of the *Mary Stuart* of Schiller; which, in reply to a question on my part, she considers to be the most impassioned of that Dramatist's performances. Of English she knows nothing; but her husband is well read in Thomson, Akenside, and Pope; and of course is sufficiently well acquainted with our language. A more amiable and zealous man, in the discharge of his duties as a teacher of youth, the town of Strasbourg does not possess. His little memoir of Koch has quite won my heart.*

You have heard me mention the name of OHMACHT, a sculptor. He is much caressed by the gentry of this place. Madame Francs shewed me what I consider to be his best performance; a profile, in white

* [Since the publication of this Tour, I have received several pleasant and thoroughly friendly letters from the above excellent Individual: and I could scarcely forgive myself if I omitted this opportunity of annexing his autograph:—as a worthy companion to those which have preceded it.]



marble, of her late daughter, who died in childbed, in her twenty-first year. It is a sweet and tender production: executed upon the Greek model—and said to be a strong resemblance of the deceased. Madame Francs shewed it to me, and expatiated upon it with tears in her eyes: as she well might—for the *character* of the deceased was allowed to have been as attractive as her countenance.* I will candidly confess that, in other respects, I am a very *qualified* admirer of the talents of Ohmacht. His head of Oberlin is good; but it is only a profile. I visited his *Studio*, and saw him busy upon a colossal head of Luther—in a close-grained, but coarse-tinted, stone. I liked it as little as I have always liked heads of that celebrated man. I want to see a resemblance of him in which vulgarity shall be lost in energy of expression. Never was there a countenance which bespoke greater intrepidity of heart.

I am hastening to the close of this despatch, and to take leave of this place. Through the interposition of Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz, I have hired a respectable servant, or laquais, to accompany me to Vienna, and back again to Manheim. His name is *Rohfritsch*; and he has twice visited the Austrian capital in the rear of Napoleon's army,—when he was only in his sixteenth or seventeenth year—as a page or attendant

* [Madame Francs, whose kind and liberal conduct towards me can never be forgotten, has now herself become the subject of a monumental effigy. She DIED (as I learn) in the year 1826.]

upon one of the Generals. He talks the French and German languages with equal fluency. I asked him if we needed fire arms; at which he smiled—as if wondering at my simplicity or ignorance. In truth, the question was a little precipitate; for, the other evening, I saw two or three whiskered Bavarian travellers, starting hence for Munich, in an open, fourgon-shaped travelling carriage, with two benches across it: on the front bench sat the two gentlemen, wrapped round with clokes: on the hinder bench, the servant took his station—not before he had thrown into the carriage two huge bags of *florins*, as unconcernedly as if they had been bags of *pebbles*. They were to travel all night—without sabre, pistol, or carbine, for protection.

I own this gave me a very favourable opinion of the country I was about to visit; and on recollecting it, had good reason to acquiesce in the propriety of the smiles of Rohfritsch. Every thing, therefore, is now settled: gold ducats and silver florins have been obtained from Madame Francs; and to morrow we start. My next will be from *Stuttgart*—where a "deed of note" will, I trust, be accomplished. Fare you well.

END OF VOL. II.

London: Printed by W. Nicol,
Cleveland-row, St. James's.

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